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NEW SERIES

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JULY, 1899.

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ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

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MONTHLY EDITION OF THE LIVING AGE.

VOL. LXX.
NEW SERIES. VOL. II. }

JULY, 1899.

No. 1.

A WEEK IN THE PHILIPPINES.*

IN NOVEMBER, 1897.

On board the "Esmerelda,"

Saturday, Nov. 20th, 1897.

At about ten o'clock this morning we descried across an azure sea the mountainous and seemingly barren archipelago of the Philippines, and shortly after we entered the bay of Manila. The strait is divided into two passages of unequal width by the island of Corregidor, and a local proverb says that fools choose the broader, and clever folk the narrower, of these ways. We took the narrower, and found the bay encircled by verdant plains, broken at intervals by isolated mountain peaks. The surface of the bay is immense, but it is agreeably sheltered from the monsoons, which blow from May to September. The wild and thickly wooded country on our right is, I am told, inhabited by the Negritos, the aborigines of the islands, whom the Spaniards have never subjugated. Like the Ainos of Japan, they are steadily declining, and will presently disappear, taking with them the secret of their origin and the legend of their life. There is nothing more to be said about them except that they have massacred and been massacred by turns,—which is the epitaph of many a people.

*Translated for The Eclectic.

At eleven o'clock the captain has the bell rung for lunch.

"Isn't this rather early, captain?"

"It is; but we shall cast anchor in an hour, and if the Custom-House officers catch us at table, do you know what will happen? They will all sit down with us. You don't know by sight either the officers or the carabineers, or the doctors of these Spanish ports, and the rascals are always famished. The minute the cloth is laid they plant their elbows on it and show their teeth."

So lunch was served promptly and cleared, and an hour later we had stopped within a mile of Manila.

This, then, was the city of which I had heard so much from refugees at Hong Kong,—the city which, on the 3d of August, 1896, was all but captured by two thousand insurgents, armed with knives, bamboo lances and amulets. I knew something about the history of the place, and of the war which has attacked and undermined it during the past fourteen months. I knew that military tribunals were working with the regularity of *mitrailleuses*, and that the town was reeking with the patriotic intoxication of national guards. I had read somewhere or been told that the poet, To-

mas Caraves, had laid aside the lyre to assume the sword; that the judge, Don Isaac de las Pozas, and the Magistrate Ricafort had traded off their togas for officers' uniforms, and that Don José Moreno Lacalle was amusing his compatriots by a sort of naval guerilla warfare. One old Filipino, who was condemned to death twenty years ago, and has been living peaceably at Hong Kong ever since, urged me by all means to go to Luneta.

"A certain number of people are shot in the plaza there every morning, and they have music at night."

Meanwhile, I am looking with all my eyes, and what I see is a chain of hills with a strip of country at their base, whence rise the domes and towers and spires of innumerable churches. There are so many that the place appears like a cemetery full of mausoleums. Round about them are a circle of house-roofs half hidden in foliage. A line of masts, gilded by the sun, reveals the course of a river, the mouth of which is masked by a long break-water dazzlingly white against the intense blue of the sea.

A silence as of death broods over the whole scene, reminding one of the buried cities of Ceylon; those cities full of convents and Buddhist temples, isolated amid the jungle, and glassing their ruins in stagnant ponds.

Saturday Evening, Nov. 20th, 1897.

My first impression of Manila is so strong that it confuses my brain like a heavy wine with a rich bouquet. I expected to see a place haunted by the spectre of war: I find instead a careless and light-hearted city—a little disorganized, it is true, but quite as if it had been so from time immemorial. It is a strange town, unlike any I have yet seen in the far east. It is dirty and dilapidated, muddy and dusty at the same time, but it lies in a bath of quivering light, amid its sunny groves

and gardens, worm-eaten wooden houses, crumbling stone houses, tumbling mud-houses, ramparts that sink under their burden of gigantic vines and creepers, rickety, rusty gates, buildings blackened by time and fire, huge churches of an architecture so elementary that they seem to have grown out of the earth; the mute shadow of convents, oddly shaped plazas; quarters where Chinamen sell Paris goods in sordid shops; ill-paved streets lined with sparkling goldsmiths' windows, cross-ways which are like an evocation of old Spain; the authorized *Botica* of Fernandez, and a little further on the Bank of Great Britain; a river whose broad curves, diminishing in the distance, wash the basements of long lines of attractive-looking painted houses; a bridge much too narrow for the traffic which crosses it; impossible vehicles, goaded buffaloes and horses cruelly beaten; the solemn immensity of tropical parks, with their dark vaults crossed by undulations of light as the wind stirs the branches; fragile drawbridges locked by nature's hand in a tangle of creepers; roads bordered by irregular villas, clumps of bamboo and miserable huts; roads ruinous and well-nigh abandoned, leading to churches;—such was the panorama that I beheld, all in one wild confusion of dazzling colors and somber shadows most grateful to the eye, as my cab jolted over the deeply rutted pavement in the hot sunshine, covering me with splashes of warm mud. Manila is not sumptuous like Colombo, where the reddish soil under the long vistas of cocoanut palms turns purple in the light of the setting sun; it has not the hard splendor of Singapore, which is an English manufacturing town, with lawn-tennis courts bordered by Chinese tombs; nor the raw splendor of Saigon; nor the concentrated picturesqueness of Macao, that gaudy stage-scene peopled by Chinamen who have

fattened on piracy and dead-beat Portuguese adventurers. Manila has nooks and corners which remind one of all these places; but the latter are of recent date, except Macao, which is dead and falling into decay; while here the ancient Spanish colonial civilization still subsists, though in a shaky, decrepit and moribund condition. Its grandeur is a thing of the past; its misery is unmistakable. The life of the laity is one of makeshifts and lazy provisional arrangements; that of the clergy seems based upon a sense of some mysterious connection between the prizes of time and the promises of eternity. It all reeks of Spain—the Spain of “Carmen”—the Spain whose ingrained sensuality, aggravated by bloodshed, intensified in the shade of the cloister, has penetrated to the marrow even of the races that she has conquered. Mother of massacres, and yet mistress of delights! Manila would be a doleful town, indeed, but for that perfume of amorous pleasure which floats out of its open windows and exhales from its very walls and paving-stones.

The moment I had stepped off the dock into a seemingly deserted street, I discerned that odor of rice-powder and musk with which the whole air of the Philippines appears to be saturated. Everywhere, along the streets, upon the door-steps, before the shops, in gardens and under colonnades, I saw women wearing trained skirts, black aprons, white chemisettes with full short sleeves, and their handkerchiefs crossed over the breast; bare-armed, bare-throated, bare-footed except for low slippers, with cigarettes between their lips and loose hair falling to the waist. Their movements are languid, but there is authority in their indolence, and sovereignty in their grace. With their bold foreheads, brilliant eyes, wide, quivering nostrils and pouting lips that seemed formed for the

sucking of ripe fruit, they walk secure in admiration of men, and in the efficacy of the scapulary, which is visible as a black patch under the transparent scarf. If these women are sinners, they evidently feel that they carry their absolution with them. The native Indians move about like tame and gentle animals, in their long shirts and white drawers, as though they had just gotten out of bed. The shirt, which is white or cream-color, is either made of some stuff softer than silk and finer than linen, or of cotton, opening in front and starched like ours, and one hardly knows whether the whole get-up is more absurd or indecent.

A far-away sound of tambourines and clarionets envelops the silence with an atmosphere of music. Before one of the churches I saw a band of musicians dressed in white and accompanied by banner-bearers practising for the *festa* of the local saint, which was to occur next day. Toward night-fall the narrow streets began to resound with footsteps and the broader ways with the rattle of vehicles. The Spaniards and the rich half-breeds were all awake and abroad, adorned and perfumed and hurrying to their evening *rendezvous* upon the beach, to which they were summoned by a flourish of trumpets. All crowd toward the Luneta. They cross the bridges, roll under the huge leafy arches of a park which has the dignity of a forest, come out upon an open square where the sound of breaking waves is distinctly audible and gather at an illuminated kiosk. There, in a twilight vaguely reflecting the bluish glare of the electric light, and rent, at intervals, by the clang of a brass band, crowds of shadowy beings are seated side by side, rubbing shoulders amid a general buzz of gaiety broken by peals of laughter, while a long procession of cabs and landaus defiles before them, bearing behind the inevitable two lackeys,

priests in their cassocks, gold epaulettes, tall hats and feathered hats. A suggestion of perfumed tresses and mantillas comes from the open victorias, and by and by, being already enervated by the heat of the day, I find the fragrance oppressive, and tell my man to drive faster. Just then a particularly splendid equipage goes by us with a perfect blast of iris-powder, and my Indian turns round upon his box to say, "That is the Archbishop's carriage."

He was perhaps making game of me, but the fact is indisputable that women and priests between them rule Manila. One feels from the first moment that *she* is powerful here, and *he* omnipotent. He has flung aside, as a quite unnecessary constraint, the traditional discretion of manners and humility of bearing. The world and the souls that dwell therein belong to him, and he struts about his domain. The soldiers who stroll along the pavements, the volunteers in gray, who turn up their straw sombreros so jauntily, are merely his body-guard, or the men whom he employs to do his dirty work. We meet him everywhere, lolling back in his barouche, with a cigar between his teeth, and bestowing upon all and sundry the self-satisfied gaze of a *parvenu* millionaire. This very afternoon, when we came back to the Hotel de l'Orient, there was a big Capuchin seated near the entrance with a "book" before him, who dropped his breviary to look at us. I have met both Augustines and Franciscans, who were fine figures of men, with shoulders well adapted to the wearing of armor, and hands fit to wield the rapier of heroic times. Compare them with the pitiable Tagals, and one understands why they should so long have continued to inspire a kind of superstitious awe. Compare them, on the other hand, with the youth from among whom Spain recruits her army of

defence: those children of Seville and Cadiz, exhausted by hereditary privation, shivering with fever, too weak to endure the weight of their uniforms under a tropical sun, and you will get a vivid idea of the decline of the Spanish power. This evening, on my way back from the French Consulate, I passed a long line of barracks erected on piles. They were improvised hospitals and though they were built but yesterday, their accommodations are insufficient. The doors were thrown wide open to admit the evening breeze, and the hanging lamps that depended from the cross-beams at intervals revealed countless little black heaps like the mounds in a grave-yard. The silence was broken only by a few moans or an occasional rattle. They were soldiers who had dropped in the ranks without a glimpse of the enemy: slain by the sun of Manila. Far away among the trees I could distinguish a triangle of fire and some illuminated house-fronts. I asked some people whom I met on a bridge what it meant, and they could not tell me, but at length one man explained that it was the *fête* either of some saint or some *padre*. The town appeared to be quite deserted, but its heavy perfumes are omnipresent and make their way even through my closed blinds.

Sunday Morning.

I have taken up my abode in the principal hotel of the city, and an extraordinary hotel it is. Situated upon the great square where the streets all issue that lead from the port, it has a majestic entrance, and stairways yet more majestic leading to the gallery of the first floor. Upon this gallery, which is very broad and has a waxed floor, and a row of lounging chairs all round it, alternating with plants in pots, open the folding doors that lead to the bed-chambers. The latter are too large and too high, and the impres-

sion of emptiness which they convey is but enhanced by the canopied bedstead, without bed or mattress of any kind, where a sheet is carelessly spread at night over a trellis of cane. The hotel is kept by a Spanish woman who never appears, and might well be supposed not to exist. Here, there and everywhere, astride on the railing of the stairway, or leaning over that of the balcony, are sly-looking little Tagals, all dressed in white, like the pastry-cooks in a comic opera, who observe your movements with a certain curiosity. Sometimes you find them ensconced in the arm-chairs reading the newspapers, or lying flat on the divans with their legs in the air, fanning themselves with pocket handkerchiefs; or else fast asleep. These are the hotel waiters. A bell rings: nobody stirs. It rings again: still the same indifference. The guest then gets impatient and gives a resounding peal, whereupon the brown heads of the pastry-cooks all turn toward the door of the bell-ringer, but nobody starts. Finally the traveller bursts out of his room in a fury, lays hands on the fellow nearest him and thunders his order into his ears. It is exactly as if a cat had stirred up a nest of white mice. The man who has received the order stands, for a moment, as if dazed, then repeats it to his neighbor, who passes it on to a third, and he, in his turn, to a fourth. A general commotion ensues, and a series of hurried slides back and forth over the polished floor. But should the trustful traveller retire within his chamber, the excitement will immediately subside, and the little white waistcoats return to their accustomed places.

I awoke at seven in the morning, and had to wait for my coffee till nearly nine, when the news venders brought in the morning papers. I heard the son of the admiral say last night that in three months' time the insurrection

would be a thing of the past. I was told that Aguinaldo was treating with the home government, and had offered to make peace for a million dollars; but when I came to read the long list of brilliant victories over the natives in the Gazette, it seemed to me that Aguinaldo must be the most impudent of Asiatic rascals, beaten as he was, to ask a million dollars for being beaten no more! There were certain of the Spanish generals who so disconcerted the foe by the amazing rapidity of their manœuvres that they must have had the gift of ubiquity. Aguinaldo resembled them, but with this difference, that wherever he popped up Castilian valor immediately beat him back into the ground. He is defeated at morn, at noon, at eve and at night of the same day, at the four cardinal points of the compass, and the whole war appears to be full of miracles. The long lists of decorations for valor in the columns of the newspaper confirmed me in this impression. Such a rain of medals and crosses, and such a display of heroic breasts! And how was it possible to believe that a handful of rebels could long continue to disturb the peace, when they were already talking about erecting a monument in honor of the loyal natives who had fallen?

The Governor Primo di Rivera is just back from a tour through the enthusiastic provinces, and has issued a highly lyrical proclamation, which ends, however, as follows: "To resist these miscreants you will spare neither your lives nor your goods!"

Sunday Evening.

I had heard so much about the cock-fights here that I wished to see one. I do not expect to witness any other kind of fight in this time of guerilla warfare. The Spaniards affect to despise these contests as a ridiculous and cruel sport. The slayers of bulls dis-

dain the blood of feathered creatures. My neighbor at breakfast, a professor in the Medical School, remarked to me, "We leave this low amusement to the Indians and the half-breeds. Their passion for it shows plainly how childish and barbarous they are. They would sell their wives and daughters to keep a fighting cock, and would save him in case of fire before ever thinking of their children." Accordingly I turned my steps towards the *gallera*, or cock-pit, at the hour when the women sally forth for vespers, dressed as for the ball-room and laden with more perfumery than ever. The shops were all closed, excepting the gay stands of the cigarette venders; and by good luck those of the Chinamen were also open, for I was overtaken, as I crossed one of the squares, by a perfect deluge of rain, and I owed my salvation to a grocer from the Celestial Empire. I made my way into a little hole of a place which constituted the outermost angle of a jumble of bulging buildings. There were no windows, but there was a large door on either side, with cracked and dingy panels, and there were no tiles or flooring of any kind, only a three-legged stool planted somewhat askew in the naked earth.

Behind a counter were shelves laden with all manner of nameless objects; the family were reclining round about upon bags of potatoes, and a woman stood upon the threshold of a still darker room combing her hair. The square outside was presently transformed into a marsh, and the water overflowed into the premises of mine host. The doors were then closed, and we all remained shut up in a nauseating darkness lighted only by the twinkle of pipes. Then the rain began to drive in under the ruinous doors, and a vain attempt was made to repair their breaches with mud. The flood gradually surrounded the counter and

finally gained the potato-bags; whereupon the woman set her comb between her teeth and administered a slap to her husband, who bestirred himself in silence and made some further efforts to repel the deluge. At last the rain ceased and I effected my escape from that frightful shop, the counterpart of many others which the taciturnity of the Chinamen renders mysterious. There are eighty thousand Chinese in Manila; eighty thousand impassive witnesses of the duel between the Spaniard and the native. Massacre and pillage go on about them, but they stick to their work. The hostile camps are agreed not to molest them, for they represent the future of the country. They insure it for tomorrow. Without them we should not get even one meal a day at the Hotel de l'Orient. They reckon five elements in Asia: air, fire, water, earth,—and the Chinaman. The last brings the others together, and is thus not the least essential to the life of the people.

I was fortunate enough to find a cab, which conveyed me to the uttermost extremity of the town, and set me down before a vast barrack of bamboo roofed with thatch. I made my way inside and found myself in the midst of a deafening din of cries, cheers, bets, trampling of feet, clinking of bottles, confused appeals and altercation. To this there succeeded a silence of what seemed almost agonizing suspense, broken only by the sound of people moving in and out, eating and drinking. Then suddenly the uproar broke out again, all the more violent for its brief suspension, so tremendous indeed that I think the roof must have been lifted from the stout beams on which it was laid, if there had been no gaps in the thatch to let out the sound. I made my way between tables laden with fruit and dusty cakes, bottles and slices of pork, and the stale odor of the food, mixed with the pungent exhalation

tion of the barn-yard, was rather sickening. Some of the cocks, who were tied by the foot to the legs of the tables, appeared to be in an agony of terror; others, more familiar with the place, picked up what they could between the feet of the passers-by. On either side ascended rows of wooden seats crowded with Tagals, and in the center of the place I could now discern upon a platform, railed around like an enormous cage and approached by wooden steps, a seething mass of black heads, white shirts, European costumes, heads thrust forward and other heads peering over them. More than two thousand people were collected on the steps and inside the cage; but they recognized me for a stranger and made way for me to approach the platform, where I was presently thrust forward into the front row. I was even offered one of the two stools with which the place was provided; the other being occupied by a big, black-bearded Spaniard with a band of crape around his arm. All about us were Chinamen, half-breeds and Indians, either standing or squatting upon their heels. The Indians were the most numerous; the half-breeds fewer, while the Chinamen in their splendid robes were easily counted. One of these last fumbled in a large bag with fingers that glittered with diamonds. But of Spaniards I saw not more than three or four.

The *gallera* is opened at nine o'clock, after which hour the contests go on without intermission. Rich amateurs keep up yards where the cocks are trained, as men with us have racing-studs and stables. The Manila cocks have no occasion to envy the horses of Long-champs; they are treated with the same high consideration; their pedigrees are preserved; they are most expensive articles to own. A good fighting cock is worth six or seven hundred francs. His education demands firm and delicate fingering, together with a

thorough knowledge of the cock's anatomy. The cook attached to his person must see that his charge does not get too fat. Every morning a *masseur* works his muscles till they are pliable, and a fencing-master exercises his spurs. On the morning of the conflict the steel spur must be attached by a professional hand before the creature is ready for the fray. On no account would a proprietor suffer the shadow of a strange hand to fall upon his bird before the duel; for the art of training these plumed gladiators is no better understood than the things which mysteriously fascinate and paralyze them. The merest trifle may undo the work of six months and throw the ingenious live fighting-machine out of gear. A tap of the finger may discourage; a misplaced caress completely enervate him. He must arrive intact upon the platform of the *gallera*. There his master takes him between his hands and presents him to another cock; and as soon as the impatient rivals begin to ruffle their feathers and peck at one another, they are let go. For an instant they eye one another warily, with inflated crests, necks bristling as if with iron spikes, and rigid wings lifted high above the play of the spur; then there is a rush, a tumble, a whirlwind. The duel continues for the space of a lightning-flash. The vanquished often falls without any one having seen the fatal stroke. If both are hit and one mortally, the one who retreats has lost, and is plucked alive. Wounded or not, the defeated one is always put to death. Nothing remains for him but the pot or the spit, unless his master, wishing to spare him this last disgrace, has him interred in his own garden. *Sta Viator: heroem calcas.* Before the conflict takes place the bets are recorded, and the *pesos* which have been staked are all piled up in the most orderly manner. When the duel is decided, the money is paid up, amid deafening cheers. I

must confess, though perhaps I ought to be ashamed to do so, that I rather enjoyed the contests of this arena. A few drops of blood were shed, but the thing seemed to me quite innocent, upon the whole. I am convinced that a cock would much rather die by the spur than at the hands of a cook, they go into it with such enthusiasm! And if you look at them dispassionately, unbiased by any pecuniary interest, they offer a wonderful parody, or epitome, of ourselves and our prejudices and antipathies. Have we not evolved the conception of gods who treat human beings exactly like cocks, and bet, between two cups of nectar, on their savage mania for needless murder? To the honor of the human race be it said, that among the cocks whom we passed in review, there were some who gave proof of extraordinary sagacity. They looked one another over from head to foot, and simultaneously turned their backs. They then walked gravely away, lifting their claws disdainfully, as though to avoid the stain of senseless insult.

I was about to leave the place, when an unprecedented uproar arose at the sight of two fresh combatants, one thin and black, the other ruddy, his wings all shimmering with purple and gold. The first had the hang-dog look of a conspirator; the second, the majestic mien of an Emperor. The betting immediately became more lively, and a half-breed close beside me, whom I had not before observed, whose bald head, smooth face, false eyes, and vicious mouth made him a perfect type of the freedman of the Lower Empire, emptied his purse upon the black cock's board, crying, "I bet on the Indian!" The two cocks were then let go, and we all held our breath. They scanned one another for an instant with blood-shot eyes, neck thrust forward, and tail-feathers all a-quiver; then suddenly the black bird bent his legs and

bowed his crop to the ground, yet without ever taking his eyes off the foe. The latter, stiffening his outspread wings like the quills of a porcupine, opened his beak like a pair of shears, and made a plunge. After a moment of suspense the unfortunate black cock was assailed by a tempest of hisses, of which he appeared to take no notice. This could not go on forever, and accordingly they were parted, and then set on afresh, but no sooner was this done than the black cock fell on his knees again, as though hypnotized by the dazzling aspect of his rival. The public assailed him with cheers and laughter; those who had betted on him yelled out the most abusive epithets, applauding at the same time the splendid vermillion cock, who let fall his wings as though disgusted by the cowardice of his adversary, and pranced about before the spectators. "It's not my fault," he seemed to say; "I wanted nothing better than to fight, but what can you do with such a poltroon as this? It would be beneath me to kill so contemptible a thing! Gentlemen, I appeal to you!" Once more they were parted. Their beaks were sharpened; the spur of the wretched black cock was re-adjusted; but the moment they were released, down went the black upon his knees again, with eyes fastened upon the Emperor. The latter came up as though to have done with the business, head thrust out and spurs erect; then suddenly he, too, seized by a mysterious panic, turned tail and fled like a partridge into a furrow. An indescribable frenzy of noise ensued, accompanied by a perfect hail-storm of canes, hats, handkerchiefs and bunches of cigars. The spectators appeared to have taken leave of their wits. They invaded that part of the cage reserved for the combatants, and went striding about, turning somersaults, or walking on their hands and flourishing their legs in air. My half-

breed, meanwhile, was yelling with an ugly smile, "*Viva la España!*"

Monday.

I have been trying to get a plan of the town, but they tell me that the military government has bought up all the plans and maps, and nothing but paper seems to be sold in the book-shops. Spain distrusts printed matter; and high officials, who chance to need information, evade the street censorship by applying to the European consuls. I remember once going into a book-shop near a big church which projected far out into the square, and asking the Spaniard who kept it to show me whatever he had about Manila and the Philippines. He smiled a sad smile, and produced several shabby tomes and a pamphlet or two, whose titles had disappeared under the destructive hand of time. The volumes whose backs I could see gleaming upon the shelves in the dark depths of the shop were without exception missals and books of devotion, and they were no newer or more attractive than the others. The dust which covered them was not like that dust which makes the shelves of our old collectors like cellars filled with rare elixirs. It was redolent of decaying commerce, and an indifference worse than death. The shopman followed the direction of my glance, and shrugged his shoulders despondently, "Ah, Monsieur," he said, "to you as a Frenchman I can speak freely. I am ashamed to receive you in so poor a shop, but there is no place for book-sellers in this country. You will find nothing to read anywhere, and I am reduced to the ignominy of selling almanacs and these hideous little images, which I blush to offer you."

But if the book-trade is dull at Manila, there are other industries which flourish famously. Women weave out of pineapple fibre the light fabrics out of which they make their perfumed

neckerchiefs. I visited, in the alley of San Sebastiano, on the first floor of a huge silent house, rooms which are not swept twice in a year, but where the little fingers of the Malay women produce marvels. Their mistress, a toothless old half-breed, showed me *panuclas*, or simple kerchiefs, worth a hundred dollars, mantillas of so sheer a texture as to be almost invisible, and scarfs like those the fairies must have sported when they wound their spindles with Virgin's threads and made themselves robes of morning mist. I liked even better the chemisettes, kerchiefs and mantillas of the San Christo quarter, because the saleswomen there have all their teeth,—not to speak of claws,—and resemble somewhat, in other respects, a band of sad and sentimental cats. They sit behind a counter, which is roofed over and surrounded by open-work screen, and their soft glances and murmuring speech, the sweet seductive manner in which they invite you to buy, their utter self-surrender to a languid rapture of gratitude if you make a purchase, form a strange contrast to the apathy of the Chinaman smoking opium amid his piles of straw hats.

I could hardly have torn myself away from this quarter if the fierce heat of the sun and the thirst induced thereby had not drawn me toward the brewery of San Miguel in the Rue del l'Escolta. Opposite the Grand Restaurant de Paris and the *cafés* frequented by the national guards, are the dressmakers' and goldsmiths' shops. If the Indian will give his wife for a fighting cock, the Spaniard will sell his soul for a trinket. The meanest functionaries wear diamond scarf-pins and load their fingers with rings. The custom-house officers are especially distinguished by the richness of their jewelry. They are all privately married and have no scruple about sporting their wives' wedding presents . . .

Tuesday.

To whom do the Philippines really belong? I had supposed before I came to Manila that they belonged to Spain: and so they do—nominally. The civilized world which makes maps has accepted, on the authority of I know not what treaty or what historians, the fact that they are Spanish territory; but the Sultan of Mindanao and of the Jolo and Sulu groups of islands, maintains the contrary; and his claim is founded on the undeniable fact that he has preserved his independence for five hundred years. The Spaniards found the Moors in the Philippines before them, and they never drove them out. The Negritos in the mountains recognize no master whatever. The Igorretes, distant only a two days' journey from Manila, have their own forms of government, and give a very ugly reception to the heaven-sent stranger. From time immemorial the country has been infested by bands of brigands, who haunt the environs of Manila,—and sometimes even penetrate the city, Spain holds the seaboard, but, unless I have been greatly misinformed, the interior of the country defies her. Many different races live there side by side without co-mingling; and though three centuries have passed since the introduction of the Spanish language, the native idioms continue to prevail. Out of fifty-six districts I found only six where the people talk a little *Christian*: for so it has always been called; not Spanish. If the natives have balked at the Castilian tongue, the victors have taken their revenge by an almost complete neglect of Tagal and Visaya, the two principal indigenous dialects. Since the Spaniards claim sovereignty over these islands, why have they never thoroughly explored them? They have never even made a complete map of the archipelago; and the best proof that their empire is an imaginary one, lies in the fact that the

insurrection which they are at present attempting to put down has never extended beyond a single small canton. It is not that the neighboring populations take sides with Spain, but simply because they are not interested in anything outside their own boundaries. The Spanish government has raised regiments of Visayas, and formidable fighters they are; but the Visayas themselves may be in revolt by to-morrow. After three hundred years in the Philippines, Spain finds herself confronted by islanders who have yet to be subdued. She is curiously ignorant of the country, and can only count on the disunion among the native races to enable her to conquer them one by one. We speak of the Philippine insurrection, but there are no Philippines. It is merely the Tagals of a few districts who have taken up arms; and if we pity Spain for having so long been held in check by the tenth part of the only nation she has ever absolutely dominated, we are equally compelled to smile at Aguinaldo's dream of establishing a Philippine republic!

I have gone over the ancient history of the colony with the same feeling of mingled admiration and sadness that I derive from the story of Peru. In what a frenzy of mingled heroism, avarice and faith did Spain precipitate herself upon the peaceful slumber of the newly discovered islands and continents! Never was nation so carried away by the dream of greatness. There was a moment in her life when her wildest illusions wore an aspect of reality,—even the strange illusion that God smiled upon her massacres. We also have committed massacres in our day, and so have the English and the Dutch traders. Where is the people whose history, and especially whose colonial history, is not stained with bloodshed? But Spain gave to wholesale murder the aspect of a holocaust, and the torch which she applied to the

Indian villages was lighted at her *auto-da-fés*. Her cross was no less malign than the crescent itself; but if the blood of the Moor yet runs in her veins, and if her sons are more easily acclimated in the tropics, and at the equator, on account of their African blood, they are also consumed by a fanaticism which occidental influences have never been able to extinguish, but which no longer feeds the amazing energy of the olden time. They are enervated fanatics to-day; souls at once fierce and indolent; feeble rulers.

The Spaniards began in the Philippines by accomplishing their usual prodigies. Juan de Salcedo, the Cortes of the archipelago, sailed through the islands, vanquished the savage tribes, erected forts, and dispersed the fleet of the pirate Limahon, who was threatening Manila. This preliminary conquest was like a path hewn with a hatchet through the splendors of a virgin forest. Up to the middle of the seventeenth century the Governor of Manila made peace or war at his own sweet will, and treated as a sovereign upon equal terms with the King of Cambodia and the Emperor of China. His soldiers were backed by a priesthood, sprung often from the ranks of the people, and not yet corrupted by wealth, whose very privations fed the flame of their missionary zeal. They were capable of a frenzy of devotion, but also of unflinching self-sacrifice. They did not so much convince the idolater as to magnetize him. When the shadow of their benediction fell upon him, he felt like a hunted creature. They learned his language, lived his life, and, better still, they protected him from the violence of his own compatriots. The political organization of the country seemed to favor the enterprise of the conqueror,—a land of scattered tribes without reigning families or any sacerdotal caste, whose prestige had to be annihilated, and

whose ruins would necessarily become a nest for the hatching of future insurrections. The invaders contented themselves with destroying the authority of the chiefs, and reducing the hereditary aristocracy to a state of vassalage. They suppressed slavery, either out of pure generosity, or because they found it for their interest to do so. Under their surveillance, which is still exercised, the Tagals and the Visayas are exempt from the terrors of intestine war. But little by little, with the decline of religious faith, and the establishment of official routine, the story of the Philippines has become one of unsuccessful expeditions against pirates, and of contests between the civil authorities and the monks. The Spaniards forget, in their greed, that about two-thirds of the archipelago yet remain to be subdued. Their own historians describe that "pearl of the Orient," Manila, as a sink of iniquity. The clergy and the laity vie with one another in their oppressive exactions, and if the Indians and the half-breeds contrive to save a portion of their goods from pillage, they owe the fact to the rivalry among their tyrants. The church titles and the secular taxes confront, intimidate and often neutralize one another. But the temporary official is at a disadvantage, as compared with the permanent monk. The individual is checkmated by the community; the spirit of lawlessness by the *esprit de corps*; single cupidities by organized avarice; a government where everything is for sale by congregations rich enough to buy anything. Undoubtedly there have been, from time to time, honest men in Manila, who have striven to introduce into the life of the place an element of right and justice; but they have left behind them only the memory of their shadows—the vanquished Spaniards acquiesced in the degradation of the civil authority; but when power fell from his hands, it

was the Indian who picked it up. The layman submitted, and the struggle was over, from which, while it lasted, he had always derived a certain advantage. Henceforth he had no protection against the rapacity of those who had but defended in him their own anticipated prey of the morrow.

No end of striking testimony on this point may be gathered from the lips of the Spaniards themselves. Freemasonry was deliberately encouraged by several of the Governors, merely as an indirect means of recovering some part of the power they had lost. I do not quite think that in the flowery words of Marshall Blanco his admission to these societies "enhanced the wild poetry of the Indian's nature;" but I do think that all their mysterious fol-de-rol furnished him with arguments which he turned against his masters. An officer of the Spanish marine told me that a brother of his settled in the northern part of the island of Luzon, intending to cultivate and improve the land, but that the monks forbade the Indians to work for him under pain of excommunication, and he had no choice but to return to Manila. I have before me at this moment the manuscript of a petition, drawn up in prison by a half-breed of the province of Ilocos, and addressed with touching simplicity to the Queen. The worn and soiled pages bear the marks of all the fingers that have turned them as they passed, in secret, from hand to hand through the world of tacit insurgents who abide within the precincts of Manila. I find in this memorial a plain, unvarnished statement of grievances against the monks, who are accused of having raised their rents without regard to the financial crisis, the ravages of the locust, or the diseases which have attacked the hemp and coffee-plants; of having taxed the trees planted by their tenants for the adornment of the properties occupied; of arbitrarily fix-

ing the price of crops; of setting their faces against any form of industry which, while developing the wealth of the country, might also open it to the laity, and invite lay criticism upon their own methods; of refusing gratuitous burial to the natives; and finally of robbing the Filipinos of lands inherited from their ancestors, and causing such as seek redress in the courts to be transported. The Tagals also protest, in the name of native priests who have been turned out of their parishes, exiled from their kindred, and persecuted as accomplices of the insurgents whose confessions they have received. And, alas, what the Indians affirm, the Spaniards involuntarily confirm. Truly it is a singular spectacle this, of two parties enslaved and ruined by the same foe, and cutting one another's throats under the eyes of the conqueror. And all the while the victor is vehemently urging the Spaniards, from whom he has nothing to fear, to act and even, where need is, furnishing him with the means! It was an Augustinian monk, one Mariano Gil, who discovered the papers relative to the *Katipunan* conspiracy.

I have seldom read anything more curious than the memorial presented to the Spanish Senate by Marshall Blanco. Blanco assumed the authority on March 8th, 1893, on the eve of the great outbreak, just as the Masonic lodges were beginning to murmur ominously. Intelligent, rather skeptical, more anxious for peace than for military renown, and caring far less to make himself famous by the sanguinary suppression of a revolt, than to bequeath to his successors a situation of which the difficulties could be resolved by diplomacy alone, at heart a kindly man, he might, in the opinion of some of the insurgents themselves, have spared to Spain the scourge of the war, if interested parties, perceiving that he did not answer to the spur,

had not excited against him the animosity of the scribblers, the insolence of the crowd, the loud clamor of the students, and even the distrust of his own generals. When he returned to Madrid, in 1897, both preceded and pursued by accusations of apathy, improvidence and over-indulgence, he composed or caused to be prepared the *apologia* of which I speak. He pleads his own cause, but also, to some extent, that of justice and humanity. Through the elaborate and slightly inflated Spanish phraseology one cannot fail to discern the pathetic accent of the man who cannot tell all, and who is constrained by his very aversion to a system of pitiless tyranny to publish, and even to exaggerate, the number of his own victims. The plea is urgent, vehement, even fierce; crossed by gleams of eloquent indignation which recall the trumpet blasts of the "Romancero." "What, noble Senators, do you accuse of weakness a general who has commanded four armies, directed difficult campaigns where not a soldier has flinched, governed Navarre, Aragon, Estramadura, Catalonia and Cuba? Even before the insurrection broke had he not caused to be transported one thousand and forty-two persons? Were not thirty-seven shot during the month of September? What more would you have? Is the strength and energy of a government proved by fusillades? Must the policy of concession, which the colonies regard as a ridiculous farce, constantly give place to one of violence and intimidation?" . . . The indictment against Blanco had been drawn up by an Augustinian monk, the R. P. Fray Eduardo Navarro, and it was at the instigation of the monks that the following telegram was sent on October 31st, from Hong Kong to Madrid: "Situation more serious; rebellion spreading; apathy of Blanco inexplicable; peril only to be averted by the appointment of a commander-

in-chief." The "chief" so earnestly expected and desired was the Marquis of Polavieja, lauded by some for his ruthless severity, and very severely condemned by others for the results thus obtained. The general in question, under whose *régime* Rizal, the noblest, perhaps the only really noble, figure in the insurrection, was most regrettably shot, by no means appeased the fury of the Indians.

The Spaniards, who had relied on the weakness and instability of the insurgents, began to tremble. Polavieja covered his retreat by asking for reinforcements from Madrid, was relieved of his command, and Primo di Rivera was appointed his successor. The blood which had been shed had not quenched the fire. Should an attempt now be made to smother it with gold? It would be sufficiently consistent with Spain's traditional policy, but I hardly think that Primo di Rivera, who is now proclaiming war to the death against the Indians, will consent to treat with them.

Wednesday.

"Do you belong to the *Katipunan*?" I asked an Indian boatman.

"No, Señor. I am a *buena gente*."

"Whom would you rather obey—the insurgents or the Spaniards?"

"The Spaniards, Señor; they are good masters."

I put the same question a little less abruptly to a highly-perfumed half-breed, and he answered: "I, one of the *Katipunan*? Why, sir, I have a place under government!"

Are the rebel ranks recruited from unsuccessful candidates? The truth would seem to be that the insurrection is less popular than aristocratic. The government can count on the support of a large number of natives, whose fidelity is essentially an affair of the purse, and who think, like my boatman, that all is for the best in a world

where the cocks fight with spirit and the saints have no objection to promenading the streets in full pomp. Moreover, the alliance between the half-breeds and the Indians is a thing of yesterday. All travellers who visited Manila before there was any suspicion of the approaching rebellion were shocked and disgusted by the brutality of the half-breeds toward their Indian underlings; while the half-breeds themselves were rent by endless dissensions. Marcello R. de Pilar, whom Blanco calls the most intelligent of all the separatists, wrote to a friend in 1894: "The defection of some, and those among our wealthiest, and the indifference of others, are fast thinning our ranks. It is enough to make one weep tears of blood." The Pedro Rojas and other great capitalists of the archipelago are in no hurry to risk their millions in a doubtful contest. If they have privately flung an obolus into the insurrection-box, it is merely by way of a financial precaution against the eventualities of the future. Huge wealth is always conservative. But between the colossal fortunes and the populace are many grades of folk who have had money enough to get a little education, and education enough to aspire to hold office; petty proprietors, old, independent families, the rural middle class, village-mayors who have been, in some sort, the chiefs of their tribe, and who have lived far away from Manila, secure from Spanish, or rather let us say European, infection; for at Hong-Kong as at Singapore, at Saigon as at Shanghai, the rush of white men bodes no good to the yellow, and it makes me smile to hear our parliamentary orators expatiating still on the moral effect of our conquests! It is the small landed proprietors, whose children or friends have perchance travelled in Europe, the "jolly millers who care for nobody," who have openly or secretly to resist encroach-

ment, far too poor materially to assist the government, too proud to pay it any ransoms,—these are the men who have attracted to themselves and formed into a party all the malcontents, the dead-beats and the *demi-savants* with their Indian households; and relying upon the mountain-tribes, and relying even more upon the ignorance of Spain, have dared the risk of utter ruin and organized the guerillas.

They needed a leader, and the leader was forthcoming—Aguinaldo. Fifty years ago this young schoolmaster would never have dreamed of anything more than the captaincy of a troop. Under the influence of those European ideas which have been let in upon Asia by way of the Suez Canal, he aspired to be the founder of a republic. I greatly fear he is under a delusion; though far be it from me to speak slightly of the twenty-seven-year-old chief, who, piqued by the glories of Washington and Bolivar, has drawn strength from their example to discipline an army, while keeping his cause clear of all those bloody and shameful excesses which blacken the great name of Spain. The bandits, of whom the Spanish police has never been able to clear the islands, may cry out upon him, but they deceive nobody. It is perfectly well known that Aguinaldo is as generous as Menelik to his prisoners, and that he scorns making reprisals. One of his first acts, as commander, was to bring to trial and condemn to be shot a certain Bonifacio, Grand-Master of the *Katipunan*, who was bent only on pillage and assassination. He scrupulously respects the religious prejudices of the Indians, well knowing that the decline of their faith would mean a diminution of his own prestige. All human authority verges on the supernatural. There is something inexplicable in the power a man has of imposing his own proud ascendancy upon other men.

These Tagal souls, clouded by superstition and enamored of mystery, ascribe to the young hero a superhuman might. He may live in their tents and share their toils, cast bullets, cook maize, or bake black bread; he walks encompassed by a mist of fable none the less, and if he were to declare himself invulnerable the Indians would believe him. Even the tidings which travel about this country and the watchwords transmitted from place to place assume a legendary form. Before the insurrection broke out it was rumored in the suburb of Tondo that a light had been seen in the heavens at about ten o'clock which resembled a woman with serpents for hair: whereby all the world knew that the hour was nigh. Rumor also had it that a woman named Biacnabato had been delivered of a child in a general's uniform, which signified that arms had been landed. These tales of portents and apparitions excited the popular imagination, which paid little heed to the hidden sense but revelled in phantasmagoria. Certain writers have attempted to show that the Spanish conquest robbed the subject races of their native palsy, and took all the color out of their lives. But there always comes a time when the spirit of the race revives, and the very earth feeds it with new sap. What the Spaniards have to contend against today are not only men, but phantoms of the past, nature awakening from sleep, legends of the mountain solitudes, and dead men risen from their graves. This is why the regular soldier shrinks from his task and fights ineffectively, while the insurgents give proof of so furious a valor upon the field that they have been known to rush with drawn cutlasses upon lines of levelled guns and to retire unwounded though covered with blood.

There is always this good thing about war: that it occasions a prodigious development of energy, and endows with

moral courage individuals who would otherwise have none.

The half-breeds and Indians whom one sees all about Manila do not differ greatly, either by nature or education, from Aguinaldo's Tagals. Like the latter, they have small heads, limbs moulded with feminine grace, and like them also they are very apt to have broad, smooth faces, hydrocephalous foreheads, and upper lips so long as to impart to the whole countenance a sad and stupid expression. Yet the Spaniards and other resident foreigners all agree in pronouncing them a pack of crafty, lazy, avaricious gamblers. They prostitute their wives to the European, and the wives yield with the less scruple because it is considered an honorable distinction to have a child with an *alto nariz*. They are profoundly vicious. I dined to-day with a charming European lady, who told me the following anecdote: "We live near a military station, and the window of my room opens upon the parade-ground. I have seen Indians brought in, of course under some sort of an accusation, and laid one after another upon a bench, where the soldiers beat them on the soles of their feet. The patient howls and the soldiers laugh. The wretch is compelled himself to count aloud the blows which he receives. By the time he gets to forty or so he is mad with pain and loses tally, and then I shriek out, 'You horrible assassins!' which only makes them laugh the more. Alas, Monsieur," she added with half-closed eyes, turning pale as she spoke and trembling visibly, "I have not told you the worst. There are always others present who laugh louder than the soldiers. They are the Indians who are waiting their turn, and the women and children who throng the street behind them."

Thursday Morning.

The Spaniards are most affable. I

have seen Don Pepe again, seated at a ministerial desk strewn with official papers. I cannot exactly say that he was *enthroned*, for his native dignity is tempered by an easy good nature; nor that he magnified his office, for he has none of the airs of a pompous half-breed, or a parvenu financier. He seemed entirely at home amid a circle of abject flatterers whom he did not take the trouble to keep at a distance. His manners were at once noble and familiar. He was as one conscious of a formidable responsibility, but quite accustomed to the burden of empire; an Atlas and at the same time a man of the world. He welcomed me with great politeness. "You are France; I am Spain. Let us shake hands." And shake hands we did, over piles of papers which probably represented the Pyrenees. "And how," he pursued, "do you like the women of Manila?" "Oh, they are exquisite." "That was precisely the opinion of the Japanese consul and his secretary, MM. Shimizu and Yamada, who came to Manila last year from Hong-Kong. His Excellency the civil governor asked them what had most struck them during their journey, and they replied, with one accord: 'The beauty of the women.'" "But I suppose they also wanted to get some idea of the strength of the men." "I understand you," replied Don Pepe, twisting his moustache, "but we kept a tolerably close watch on them; and as soon as they had sailed for home we secured the person of a certain filibuster, Balbino Ventura by name, who had received them in his province. The man was thrown into prison, where he played us the nasty trick of poisoning himself. The Japanese are an inferior race, Monsieur. So are the Tagals; and two inferior races very easily discover their secret affinities, and the interests they have in common against a superior race." "It appears, however," I remarked, "that inferiority of race is no

bar to the appreciation of beauty, since M. Shimizu——"

"Exactly so! Beauty is omnipotent! But you cannot suppose that God ever intended such companions for those pitiable Malays?"

"God was thinking of the Spaniards, no doubt——"

"By Heaven, Monsieur, the Spaniards have their hands full, and I only wish God had given them strength better proportioned to their task."

"Of course, in a time of insurrection——"

"Oh," interrupted Pepe, with vivacity, "the *insurrection*, as you call the brigandage that goes on here, will soon be over. We have drawn a cordon round it already. We have it by the throat. Our military organization is admirable. I would like particularly to call your attention to our hospitals."

"Will Aguinaldo sell himself?"

"He will have no occasion," replied Pepe, gravely. "I do not know what will be decided on, but for my own part I would have him shot."

"But are the causes of the insurrection, or the brigandage, as you call it, likely to be removed?"

"Monsieur," answered Don Pepe, "we have all been to blame, and I trust we shall improve. We shall, at least, not follow the example of England, who leaves her wretched Cingalese to rot——"

I dared not interrupt him so far as to suggest that he did not altogether understand English colonization, for he was deaf to everything just then except his own eloquence. "We have educated our Indians, we have instructed them in the precepts of religion, we have admitted them to our tables, we have given them comfort and safety, we have shared everything with them; and if these wretches are determined to go back into the mire, let them at least repay us the money we have spent and the blood we have shed for them! No more indulgence, though it may

go against our feelings to deny it! No more education, however the hearts of our good priesthood may bleed for their flocks! Inexorable justice and an army who shall not be composed of conscripts! Isn't it a pity, Monsieur, for them to have sent us from Spain a parcel of boys, who the minute a shot is fired huddle round their officers like a swarm of bees round their queen, and think they have seen the devil if they catch sight of an Indian face? Have they lost their senses at Madrid? It positively compromises our prestige! Happily the raw troops they have sent us are beginning to recover from their first panic, and our ultimate victory is, as it were, a matter of hours!"

I cannot say that I came away from Don Pepe entirely reassured.

Thursday Evening.

Don Alberto Isaac is a jeweller; a young man of great promise. He has received a medal from the government for his bravery on several occasions; and especially at the sack of a certain village, where he routed, single-handed, and pursued with his pistol, a pack of robbers who called themselves insurgents. Don Alberto is not a Spaniard. He belongs to the foreign colony, but he knows more of the country than any Spaniard knows; and through the sale of his precious stones to officers in Manila, or through hawking them about the country, as he sometimes does, he has come to be on terms of great familiarity both with the army and the monks. Small, active, supple, his nose a little out of drawing, and his eyes a trifle oblique, he displays a mixture of clownish dexterity, audacious bluff and commercial sagacity. I went with him to Tarlac, one of the provincial capitals, where some regular troops are quartered, and he had to take some brand new enamel decorations to the young lieutenants. We took the train

at noon, by the only railway in the Philippines, and even that was constructed by English enterprise. I was glad to get a glimpse of the seat of war, even at the cost of a six hours' scorching in that rolling furnace.

Our route lay at first through a country of rice-fields, dotted here and there with patches of sombre woodland, groups of bamboos, and straw huts raised on slender piles and looking rather like dovecots. The heat was broiling; the vast silence of the tropics brooded over the green levels, bordered on the horizon by chains of pallid hills. I could have fancied myself in Ceylon if the landscape had been grander, and if the cocoa-palms, instead of coming up only to the roofs of the huts, had lifted high in air, as they do in Hindostan, their swirls of foliage; if also the whole country, which looks as though it had been consumed by fire from heaven, had not worn an aspect less wild than utterly forsaken. We crossed, in this way, the province of Bulacan, one of the richest in Luzon. The stations were all occupied by troops, who either slept in the carriages, or mounted guard behind earthworks. The neat aspect of the Indian troopers, who were Viscayas, formed a painful contrast with the filthiness of the Spanish soldier, his ragged uniform and pitiable air. From time to time, Don Alberto pointed out, in a waste of abandoned fields, a massive group of convent buildings; the strongholds erected by the invader after the conquest. Life had ebbed away from the shadow of those feudal towers; the insurgents had burned some; but in general there was no sign of man's ravages upon those forlorn ruins, gradually calcining in the hot sunshine. Occasionally from behind a mass of blanched bamboos or a dome of mango foliage, rounded and resting on the ground, a village came into view, looking like a row of scare-

crows. Its ruinous barns, their thatched roofs all askew, emerged from bouquets of stately bananas. At Calumpit, the station was full of Indians. The baskets of the fish-merchants diffused a vile odor, and the blinding sunshine fell full on the unbound tresses of many a copper-colored Magdalene. As the train wound its leisurely way along the banks of a stream, we could see the soldiers hanging out their garments to dry and our fellow travellers in the carriage laughed and talked incessantly of Aginaldo. Among them was a Spanish woman, thin and brown as a grasshopper, yet with a certain piquant charm about her, who kept teasing an elderly officer. She handed him a half-orange, which he declined. "What! Afraid of a bit of fruit, yet not afraid of Aginaldo?"

"Señora," replied the soldier, "'tis the fruit I refused, and not the hand that offers it; but I must confess that at my age I would rather encounter Aginaldo than an adversary like yourself."

The heat was deadly, and the marshy plain seemed to widen before us as we went on, stretching to where the gentle slopes and indented crest of Mt. Arayat rose above the horizon bathed in hues of the opal. We were now entering the Pampango. Confusion pervaded the sugar-cane fields and their huddled stacks of green swords and bristling lances. Not a laborer was to be seen; not the rounded back of a single peasant. At San Fernando, where we made a change, three Franciscans got into our carriage, and they and Don Alberto rushed at one another, with a torrent of *Como va, Muy bien, Mil gracias*, which lasted for about five minutes. The biggest of the monks, who snorted, "*Pues! Pues hombre!*" between every two words, jeered at the cowardice of the volunteers, and recounted to his neighbor, who looked keener than a razor,

and had the face of an inquisitor, how it had taken eleven hundred cartridges, only the other day, to kill six insurgents. Whereupon Don Alberto produced from his coat-pocket a pair of pistols, which he laid across the fat monk's knees, remarking that they had not been fired a thousand times, but that they had hit more than six men. The three Franciscans all drew closer, and the third, who had an oblong face and expressionless eyes, took the pistols in his hand and weighted them, wagging his head sagaciously: "Ah," said he to his companion, "these are good fellows, and they have done good work! Where did you buy them, Alberto?" "I took them from the enemy," said the jeweller, modestly. "*Pues hombre!*" And waving his hand toward the door,—"There's something to be done in this country, Alberto," remarked the monk. "How many good families do you suppose I can count in all this region? Not more than two! As far the rest—*que canalla!*"

We were now running alongside an open wood, splendidly illumined by the rays of the sinking sun. Over slender tree-stems, broad waving leaves, riotous vines and tall grasses poured a perfect flood of light. A pearly translucence was in the air, and a roseate glow like that of sunrise on the sea. Then suddenly, though the skies did not darken in the least, a shower of diamond hail fell athwart the fairy vision.

We arrived at Tarlac in a deluge of rain, were huddled into a filthy cabriolet and drove off, through the down-pour, across a desolate country, to the house of the governor. There we found files of soldiers lining the galleries, or floundering, bare-footed, in the mud of the court-yard. Their utter disorder, the rain and the darkness, and the fumes of perspiration mingled with swamp stench that filled the place, suggested the temporary halt of

an army in full retreat. It was a long time before we could learn where the officers were to be found whom Don Alberto had come to see. There was a street to cross, a foundry to traverse, and finally we climbed up into a house raised upon piles, a sort of attic divided into three compartments, and containing a most extraordinary jumble of old European furniture, broken glass, rickety chandeliers, heaps of old rags, guns and victuals: the whole fitfully illuminated by the yellow rays of a few candles stuck in the necks of bottles. From around a table furnished with some cracked wine-glasses and a slice of cheese, four officers rose to receive us. The captain was a heavily-moulded half-breed, with a low forehead, and eyes so small that they wholly disappeared when he laughed. His broad mouth was a little one-sided, and barely veiled by the stiff hairs of his moustache. Beside him were two young Spanish lieutenants, who might have been brothers,—very graceful and melancholy. Their sad faces brightened, however, when Don Alberto gave them the decorations which they had ordered of him. They opened the cases, took out the jewels, and pinned them upon their tunics, then each took up a lighted candle and surveyed himself in the cracked mirror suspended upon the wall under an old guitar. "*Por la sangre del Cristo,*" cried the captain. "It shan't be said that our guests visited Tarlac and never saw its café; but they must have an aperient first! Come on!"

The coffee-house of Tarlac consisted of a rude hut, where behind a counter decked with a few bottles and pots of preserves a small gambling saloon had been established. The rain had ceased, but the moon had not yet risen, and the skies were black. By the red glow of two huge fires, which seemed to suffuse the night with blood, soldiers were cooking their supper in the open air,

and there was no more trace of any Indian village near by than if we had been in a boundless desert. There were some officers seated before the counter in the café, and most of them looked very grave. They said that they saw no probable end to the insurrection; that even if they succeeded in buying Aguinaldo, the whole thing would break out again in three months, and that if they could not buy him Spain would eventually be exhausted; that the European soldier cannot stand the climate, and that they were in a very bad strait. The spectacle of these men, whose courage is unimpeachable, stranded there, and spent with fatigue and homesickness, was heart-rending; and the memory of all that the imagination and fancy of mankind owes to Spain, of the legends lighted by her enchanted lamp, made me feel, for the moment, as though I was the compatriot of these men, and their brother in sorrow. Before those stern faces levity was stricken dumb, and the shadow of the flag for which they fought seemed to enfold them like a shroud. Behind the counter furious play was going on, and the jeers and laughter of our half-breed captain rang loud above the voices of the gamblers. He smiled with satisfaction whenever he made a happy stroke, and he was so impatient to clutch his winnings that you could hear the joints of his fingers crack while the banker was shuffling the cards.

We returned to our barn for dinner, at which we were served by emaciated soldiers. One of them was from Aragon, another from Andalusia, a third from Catalonia. We were in at the death of all the provinces. Occasionally a candle fell out of its bottle into the plate of one of the feasters. The two lieutenants ate in silence, but the captain and Don Alberto were each louder and more boastful than the other. They shot Aguinaldo with one

flourish of the fork. *Shot*, do I say? Shooting would have been nothing. The burly half-breed was apparently a past master in human torture. When the dessert came on Don Alberto requested the company's attention to his own extraordinary prowess; betting that he could turn over a glass of water without spilling a drop; that he could swallow a lighted candle, or send off a *peso* in smoke, by the mere breath of his nostrils; and he proceeded forthwith to roll up his sleeves after the fashion of a professional prestidigitator, and put himself in a position to accomplish these marvels. The two lieutenants, who did not have such an entertainment every night, shook off their sadness, and laughed like the boys they were in expectation of the fun. The captain lolled in his chair, with his hands in his pockets, and gazed admiringly at Don Alberto. An old adjutant stared at him without a word, and the soldiers lurking in the shadow lost not an incident of the scene. The experiment with the glass of water was most successful; that of the *peso* equally so: he merely swept it across his nostrils and blew it into the air. But before swallowing his candle, Don Alberto seized and opened his valise, and I at once perceived that his principal conjuring trick was hidden therein. He pulled out gold watches that struck the hours, and silver watches with cupids blowing trumpets upon their cases. Handfuls of rings, chains, cigar-cases and purses made of gilded mail, were then produced from the same receptacle, and the feats of legerdemain were quite forgotten. The officers tried on the rings, held the watches to their ears, or thrust them into their pockets, and twisted the chains about their fingers to that degree that it seemed as if they could never be disentangled. Suddenly a voice was uplifted outside in the silence of the night: "Gentlemen, the tables are ready!" and they all readjusted their

belts and decamped. Don Alberto collected his trinkets with a slightly disappointed air. "And where are you going?" I asked. "Oh, to the gaming table," was his answer, and I was left alone. In the next room was an old Indian woman, ironing shirts, while her husband squatted on his heels with hands clasped about his knees, vaguely ruminating, and a poor little soldier from Cadiz sat between them and coughed distressingly.

Friday.

Our house is completely surrounded by banana trees, the tallest of which has thrust itself inside the window, so that I slept all night fanned gently by the waving of a huge green leaf. It was the best night's rest I have had in the Philippines, and when I woke this morning and saw fluttering above me that great green banner shot with gold, it seemed to me that I was enjoying Nature's own hospitality, and that no rajah could have slumbered more deliciously under a *punkah* worked by Hindoos. Summoned by the morning drum beat, I rose and went out. The village, or rather the Indian town, consists entirely of structures of woven bamboo, which line the main street, and also border the cross-ways. In the midst of a large, irregular open space stands a huge church, which absorbs and shelters under its primitive canopy the straggling life of the place, and behind the church are the fruit and fish-markets. The Indians let both these comestibles decay before they eat them. In the doorways of many of the dwellings young men were kneeling, embracing lusty fighting-cocks and giving them their first fencing lessons. Women leaned from the windows, bare-shouldered, with flowing tresses. The roofs of their huts were buried in foliage; the piles on which they rested were indistinguishable from the tree-trunks, and the whole effect was that of birds awakened in their nests at

dawn. Farther off, at the end of an alley bordered by palms, I could see young girls bathing in a pool. It was all primitive except the church, the shops of the Chinamen roofed with zinc to protect them from fire, and one miserable cabin with an inscription scrawled upon the wall in red letters: *Infermeria de la Sangre*.

Returning to our café, I found my hosts of the night before and Don Alberto all making the best of a bad business, they having lost all their money at play the night before, and he everything but his trinkets. We had intended to pass the morning at Tarlac, but were urged to go on to San Fernando, where the troops were concentrating. While Aguinaldo and Primo di Rivera exchanged proposals, the soldiers continued their march under the burning sky. They moved listlessly—at least the Spaniards did so. With bandaged feet which had evidently bled, and soiled handkerchiefs knotted loosely about the neck, they wound away amid the ferns and bamboos across the dazzling marshland, and the most vigorous among them looked as though just recovered from illness. The Viscayas, on the other hand, active little men, with jaws thrust forward and black faces as devoid of expression as so many death's heads, took long strides, and reminded me vaguely of the Turcos of whom I had a glimpse in my infancy. We were detained at the station for more than an hour, trains being held up waiting for orders which did not come. No proper preparation had been made for this mobilization of troops; and when at last the locomotive started we were twelve hours going the distance which had taken but six the day before.

I had opposite me a lieutenant-colonel with a big frame and a small head, instinct with intelligence and finesse. When he opened his lips he displayed two perfect rows of small, close-set and

absolutely regular teeth. He entertained us by tales of his skirmishes with the insurgents, expressing his hearty detestation of a campaign of snares and ambushes. They were perpetually harassed, he said, by invisible foes who never would stand up to a fair fight. "We are tired of it," he said. "We want a regular engagement, but Aguinaldo knows too much to risk it. That man," he went on, reflectively, "is humane toward his prisoners, but we cannot be so to ours. The wretches, if you will believe it, know the number of our troops to a man, while we cannot possibly ascertain whether they are five, ten, or a hundred thousand. They dance and brandish their *bolos* at the very muzzle of our guns. And they die without breathing their secret. Nothing moves them; neither pain, nor the fear of annihilation. They fling away their lives as though they had no idea of what they were losing. Only the day before yesterday I had two of them shot, whose combined ages did not exceed forty years, and, upon my word, I admired, in spite of myself, the perfect simplicity with which they knelt down and perished in the flower of their years." Don Alberto here took up the tale, and began to expatiate about an adventure of his, but my officer smiled and relapsed into reverie—while the jeweller dug up the bodies of his victims. An invincible feeling of sadness came over me. I had heard of too many horrors in one week, and seen too much human distress, and I fancy my dejection must have appeared in my looks, for the officer roused himself and took me by the arm. "You are ill, Monsieur," he said. "Take a drop of wine out of my gourd." "No, thanks." He paused a moment, then patted me on the shoulder. "Ah, well, *Camarade*," he said, "I am sad, too." And he spoke not another word during our journey except to mutter, now and again, "*Pobre España! Pobre España!*"

When we came in sight of Mt. Arayat, there was a great commotion and a rush for the doors. One officer cried, "I see smoke! Aguinaldo is there!" A faint trail of smoke, like a light cloud, was indeed visible above that solitary crest, the fortified stronghold of the insurrection. And as my companions crowded to the windows and stared at the fluctuating puff of vapor, I was reminded of a legend which had been told me by a Tagal. "Once upon a time there lived on that same mountain a great spirit named *Sinu Kwan*, which means the conqueror. He did his cooking there, and the smoke of it was often to be seen in the sky above; but nobody was afraid of him, for he was kind. He had heaps of gold and beautiful gardens; and if people went to see him he received them very handsomely, and fed them well and let them dance, and told them to take away as much gold as they could carry. But the farther they went down the mountain the heavier their load became, and they began to pant and sweat, and their legs gave way under them, and they staggered like drunken porters. Or sometimes a big wind would buffet them in the face, and they would stand rooted to the ground. If they had taken another step their bags of gold would all have collapsed. *Sinu Kwan* had some daughters, too, and they were the loveliest princesses in all the world. They used to come down into the villages and buy stuffs for their gowns, and pay for them with their father's gold. And they gave the poor old people money to cheer them up, and the sick to make them well. All this was before the Conquest. But the Spaniards insulted the daughters of *Sinu Kwan*, and in their wrath they went back to their mountain, and never came down any more."

At Bulacan we found the whole town *en fête*: drums beating, horns braying, and the huts all dressed in flowers, and

looking at a little distance like so many straw hats drawn at a lottery. Had there been a victory, I wondered. "Sure enough," cried Don Alberto, "and I had promised to be present on the occasion!"

"What occasion?"

"Did you not see it in the newspapers? 'Tis an old friend of mine, and he will be very angry that I was not there."

"Be so good as to explain——"

"Why, to-day," said Don Alberto, impatiently, disgusted by my ignorance, "my friend the Governor of Bulacan has been adopted *Son of the Province*."

Happy mother!

Saturday.

My last walk in Manila was inside the walled town, my last visit to the University of St. Thomas. I shall probably remember those ancient fortifications longer than anything else about the place. Thousands of miles away from Europe, under a sun whose fierce heat would be inconceivable there, I have seen the structures and the men of our own Middle Ages. The moment I had crossed the drawbridge and entered by the Isabella gateway I went back three hundred years. As though I had been asleep under the ashes of time, and awakened by an echo of the past, I suddenly found myself in the old, old town where I was born. I had made an excursion into the future, and come back to knock at my father's door. I understand perfectly that that citadel with its grass-grown walls has nothing very original about it; that there are many others in existence both more venerable and more picturesque; that it would look insignificant if transported to Spain or Italy. But I had my eyes full of Cingalese villages whose ruins did not appeal to the heart; of the stupendous temples and magnificent sewers of China, which aroused no emotion save one of amazement and re-

pulsion. I had been homesick, and all at once I came into the abandoned heritage of my own race. Narrow streets, houses with massive walls, doorways surmounted by the pointed arch, windows whose gratings project so as to form a balcony; a life confined, monotonous and sweet with the sweetness which survives buried generations, as the fire which has gone out still warms the room. Old haunts of love, and old lairs of mean rivalries and bitter hatreds as well; a silence peopled by keen questionings and hidden snares; a peace like that of the cloister, submerging all the dim stonework; and then—the church! It was as if all the dreams engendered in those sombre dwellings had given one another rendezvous at the church to enhance its beauty, and render it a palace of light and shade, color and perfume. The gorgeous taste of the half-caste women has draped the Virgin in robes fit for a queen, and adorned her with gold and precious stones. The pride of the conqueror has gilded the altars; inquisitors have suspended great Christs amid purple draperies; artists in colored glass have captured the rainbow to illustrate their legends; the bold *cabelleros* have let light into the dusky chapels; the piety of the monks has created a cloister which is one harmony of delicate hues running around a green space adorned with vases of stone. I saw issue from the church no company of self-scourged penitents, nor any procession of women in full dress, or of Indians wearing a little black vest above the white shirt; but only half-caste women in nun-like veils, some white, and some dun-colored; and these same women, bare-necked and perfumed, falling on their knees in the narrow streets when the Angelus rang.

The University is divided from the church of San Domingo only by a small square, with a bronze statue of the founder of the house in the centre.

The building lays no claim to beauty of architecture. Earthquakes are so frequent here that one must build with reference to solidity rather than grace. I was attended on my visit by the most agreeable man in Manila—an advocate, M. Lacalle. We were received at the head of a staircase, worn by generations of feet, by the Reverend Father Pedro N. de Medio and other Dominicans. They showed us first their library, where, though the sun is excluded by blinds, a pleasant odor of old morocco prevails. These men delighted me by their cordial simplicity and abundant politeness as much as the Franciscans of a few days before had annoyed. The R. P. de Medio, in particular, has a grace of spirit, beneath a slightly hard exterior, which surrounds one like an invisible atmosphere. They were all tall, strong men, and all but one of them, who was excessively corpulent, betrayed in their clear-cut features and the dark fire of their eyes the keen purpose of men who have renounced the world that they may the more perfectly command it. As I glanced at the titles of the folios the Reverend Father said to me: "We have another library, for ourselves and our intimate friends only." So saying he threw open a door leading out of the great hall into a much smaller room, where the works of Voltaire, Jean Jacques and Diderot were ranged side by side with those of Jouffroy and Jules Simon.

"Why, really, my good fathers," I exclaimed, "French literature is admirably represented in your infernal chambers."

"Ah, but this is not all," the Dominicans replied, laughing, and pointed out upon the lowest shelf a complete set of Zola, with the yellow paper backs of two copies of "*L'Argent*" gleaming amid the dark bindings.

"My opening discourse this year," said the R. P. de Medio, "was a refutation of the romance of Lourdes, of

which I shall beg you to accept a copy in token of my esteem."

From the library we passed to the museum, which occupies a gallery along one side of the inner court. There were several young students, mostly half-breeds, walking softly about. But for their scholars' badges I should have taken them for servants. The museum was really too small for the marvels that it contained. The ethnological, mineralogical and natural history collections constituted a brilliant poem on the conquests of the Philippines. Trophies taken on the mountains, in the forests, by the sea-shore, and piously classified by learned men with their thoughts fixed on eternity! There were all sorts of weapons, from the arrow of the savage to the fiery sword of the Moor; all sorts of monsters, from the shark to the tiniest insect; spoils of ocean-pink pearls and saffron shells, ancient divinities, human skulls, and hideous fetuses; freaks which are like an insulting laugh of Nature in her own face; fantastic birds, and a fairy multitude of butterflies. I could not take my eyes off some of these exquisite little creatures, with their starry delicacy and sunset hues. There were some like skies of fire above peaks of snow, others which call up the whole sumptuous Orient, stuffs of Benares, and splendors of Persian nights; and others yet which sparkle like the eyes of a fair woman under black lace after a ball. "Do you not think," said the sweet husky voice of the Reverend Father, "that one of these Philippine butterflies would look better in a lady's hair than a diamond aigrette?"

Not a word was said about the insurrection. All the Fathers told me was that the islanders have some artistic tastes, but not enough to raise them above mediocrity; that they have no scientific aptitude at all; that philosophy with them becomes a mere jug-

glery with words, and that their indolence is equalled only by the wealth of their country.

"Are there no industries among them, then?"

"Industries? Did you ever look at them? They have the air of strangers from another sphere!"

When I asked whether the Order of Saint Dominic was not the most powerful in Manila, they replied, "Yes. But the Augustinians will not tell you so."

"I suspect the monks are a necessity," said Lacalle as we came out; but the Tagals are not of his mind, and they pass the same sweeping condemnation upon Dominicans, Franciscans, Augustinians and Récollets. They make an exception, however, in favor of the Jesuits, who control the secondary education and have won a reputation for liberalism and tact in their manner of doing so. It was under their tutelage that the leaders of the present revolt were trained. Rizal was their pupil, and many people think they would have saved him if they could. More than one of the insurgents has confessed in my hearing to a grateful respect for his old teachers. "From them," said one of these men, "we learned for the first time that school-masters may be both enlightened and just. If we came to fisticuffs with the little Spaniards, who cried '*Down with the Filipinos*,' while we shouted '*Down with Spain*!' we were all punished alike. It seemed a wonderful thing at first that our ears were not boxed for the mischievous tricks of the Superior Race!"

My last evening was marked by no less an incident than an insurrection at the hotel table. It was an hour since the dinner bell had rung, and the little Tagals who were scudding about like poisoned weasels had brought us nothing as yet but bread and water. Finally the guests seized their knives and forks and began beating a tattoo

upon the plates and carafes. The scullions were frightened out of their senses and beat a precipitate retreat, whereupon a fresh uproar arose from the kitchen in response to that of the dining-room. The mistress of the house, it appeared, had been roused

from her slumbers by the noise, and was thrashing her menials right and left. This lasted until the wisest of us went to the door and shouted in a stentorian voice, "For the love of Heaven, Señora, give us something to eat first and beat the boys afterward!"

The Revue des Deux Mondes.

André Bellessort.

A TALE OF THE GREAT FAMINE.

For six months there has been no rain. For six months, day after day, the sun has risen and run his course and set with never a cloud to hinder him. The sky used to be blue, but it is so no longer; as the air grew more and more dry, the blue faded out of the heavens, and they have turned into a dull gray. Long before it rises, and long before it sets, the sun becomes a great crimson eye glaring angrily at the earth that is wrapped in haze. All the distance is hidden in this gray haze, so that you cannot see for more than a mile. The earth is bare and brown, not a blade of grass upon the ground, not a leaf upon the trees. What the cattle graze on no one can imagine, probably not even the cattle themselves, for they are becoming pitifully thin. When they come home in the evenings they raise along the road a cloud of dust that does not fall for hours, but hangs in the hot, dusty air like a pall. The earth aches for rain.

The villages are half-deserted. There remain in them but a few who take care of the children and very old folk, tend the cattle, and tap the toddypalm, which yields some small return of juice even in this drought. The rest of the people are gone elsewhere seeking work. Some are in Lower Burma, where the rich harvest has given them employment; many are in the famine-camps, working all day to earn a fam-

ine wage,—anything to tide them along till the rain comes.

For this is the year of the Great Famine. Never before has Upper Burma known such trouble as this; never in the history of the country has it been distressed as it is now. Whole villages are depopulated, and those who have lost their all in the drought may be counted by many thousands. So great is the distress, so widespread the calamity, that its extent holds us. The broad facts, the number, the figures appeal to us; we lose our sense of detail, and view only the mass. Our feeling of individual sympathy becomes blunted. If a calamity befall one or two, or a dozen, we like to examine into the case, to learn the particulars, to understand the details; when whole districts are suffering we very quickly forget the individual in the community. Our power of compassion, of understanding, is limited, and we soon become weary.

Moreover it seems to us that there is a great sameness about the individual cases. After we have learnt a few and find the story much the same,—scanty rains year after year, till the family has lost all superfluities and retains just enough to get on with; on the top of these years the great famine, all crops dead, heavy debts to moneylenders, plough-cattle sold for half their worth; in the end destitution and mis-

ery—the tale becomes monotonous. It is rarely dramatic, only miserable, sordid, pitiful; and so we lose our interest, and the famine becomes to us a mere question of economics. But every now and then, breaking through the sameness of the misery, there comes a tragedy which is apart, a tragedy which is of the famine and yet not of it, a story whose cause is the same as that of the others, but which is very different from them. Such is the story which I am about to tell; it happened but recently, the end was but a few days ago.

The two men who were the actors in this tragedy lived in a village far inland from the great river, lying in a small valley. It was but a small village of people, living upon the fruit of their fields round about, doing but moderately even in good seasons. There were stretches of rice-fields behind the village, and when the rains were good these could all be cultivated and gave good returns; but in ordinary years there was not enough water for them, and the cultivators were dependent upon millet and cotton crops grown on the higher ground. These staples require but little rain and a crop can usually be obtained from them.

The two young men were cousins. They were much of an age, and they had lived together and worked together in the village all their lives. They were co-heirs, indeed, in the same piece of land, and they worked it together, sharing the expense and the work of dividing the crops therefrom. It had been the property of their common grandfather. He had possessed a good deal of land in the village and many palms; but he had many descendants, and on his death the property was broken up and divided among the heirs. A council was held, and it was agreed that one should take this field and one that, men usually obtaining arable land and women the palm-trees.

Thus included in this property was one of the best fields in the village. The soil was red and rich, and it lay in a hollow so that the washings from the neighboring fields enriched it year by year. The crops of millet that it could produce were famous. Notwithstanding this, when the property came to be divided there was a reluctance on the part of any of the heirs to take this field as his share. Although of all the property it was the best, yet when it was suggested to this one or to that to take the field, he always refused. For in fact it had a bad reputation. Whether it was haunted or not no one could say, but it was unlucky; it had a bad influence not only upon its possessors, but upon any man who crossed it. As you set foot upon it, said the villagers, your mind became crooked; you began to think wicked thoughts, to imagine crimes; it was as if something evil whispered in your ear as you went. Terrible tales were told of how those who often crossed it, more especially those who worked it, became depraved, subject to sudden impulses to crime, lost to all sense of right. For years before the death of the old man it had not been cultivated at all. No one would set foot on it, even for the sake of the certain profit, and it lay fallow. Thus at the council of decision the land went a-begging. No one would take it; men shook their heads when it was mentioned, and women shrieked. At last it was suggested that the two young men should take it. As every one else had refused it, either they must take it or, fertile as it was, it must be left to lapse into forest. And so the young men, after consultation, agreed to take it. They were young and were not afraid. They laughed at the tales, and the land was in value far beyond what they could have expected for their share; they would be set up for life. So they laughed and accepted.

The village shook its head when it

heard, but the young men only laughed. They were not to be frightened by a superstition, they said; it was good land and they would work it. And so they did, not dividing it, as I have said, but working it in common. And for two or three years they did well.

Then they both fell in love with the same girl.

Love-making here in a Burmese village is not very different from what it is anywhere else, I think. Only perhaps their loves are a little hotter, the hearts of the young folk more impatient. They wooed, these two men, they wooed as other men woo. They went at night to call upon the parents and see the girl, and they brought her presents, and they talked to her as young men do. They sang songs, too, little love-songs, hiding under a tree near, that she might hear and understand. And the girl listened. She was a girl like other village girls, round-faced and quiet, with soft brown eyes, and generally very busy over household affairs. She liked to be wooed, as girls do, and she seemed in no hurry to end the pleasant days of courtship. For over a year it went on, the two lads coming sometimes alone, sometimes together, to make love to the girl, and yet she gave no sign which of the two she would take. And the villagers shook their heads. "It is the land," they said. "You see that land, how unlucky it is. This is the beginning of it; the two owners fall in love with one girl; more trouble will come."

And the boys were troubled, sure enough. It is wearing on your temper and forbearance when you are striving for the love of a girl, and your friend strives too, and the girl will not decide. The lads did not quarrel, but it was easy to see that the strain was becoming too hard for them.

And then they did the wisest thing they could do. They felt that the state of affairs was becoming unbearable,

and they determined to end it. They went to the girl's parents and told them. "Both of us," they said, "love your daughter; but whether she loves either of us, or which of us, we cannot tell. When we try to ask her she is silent, or gives a reply that is no reply. And so we are getting to hate each other and we are very unhappy. We wish you to tell us which of us you will take for a son-in-law; that will end it."

Then was there great discussion in the house of the girl's parents. She was called in and asked which of the two she liked best, and she said that she did not know. She liked them both; she did not want to marry yet. And she was afraid of the field, she said; it was very unlucky. How could she marry a husband who owned such a piece of land? Why did her parents trouble her to answer? But her parents would not listen to her evasions. The boys had wooed her for a year, and she must make up her mind; her behavior was not that of a good girl. As to the land, the tales about it were rubbish. It was a rich piece of land; in these bad years that was a serious consideration. To deprive yourself of a good husband and a good inheritance because of a silly story would be absurd. Thus the girl was told to make up her mind, and she did as she was bid, and chose the elder of the two cousins. So he was sent for by the girl's mother and told of his good luck, and he was happy. But the other went away. He did not feel any ill-will, he said, but he was sick at heart; he could not bear to see the girl marry any one but him; he would go and live at his uncle's house in a neighboring village. And he did so.

All this happened just at the commencement of the rains, when every one is hard at work. Therefore it was arranged that the marriage would not take place yet. There was much work to do; it was not a time for honey-

moonling; after the crops were gathered in and sold, and money was plentiful, would be a better time.

So the lover worked at his field. He worked it all alone this year, his cousin having gone away. It was agreed that he was to pay a certain proportion of the crop as rent for his cousin's share. The early rains were not good, but still the seed was sown and sprouted, and if later rain came the prospects would not be so bad. But it was the year of the Great Famine. The later rain never came. The sun shone and shone and shone, all through the rain-months of July and August and September. Never a shower came, and the villagers watched in despair while their crops died around them. The village was ruined. By October all hope of rain had gone, and with it all hopes of being able to marry and settle down for the young couple. The crops had failed; food was short in the village and would grow shorter yet; no one could tell how they would be able to live till next crop. This was no time for marriage.

And then one day the young man came to a resolve. On an evening when the sun had set at last and the hot dark night had come, when the cattle had wearily moved homeward from the brown fields, and the choking smoke hung over the village, he came to see the girl. She was in the veranda of her house as he came in, and there in the dark he told her of what he had resolved.

"The crop has failed," he said; "the crop has all failed. I have been in the field to-day and there will be nothing; only a little food for cattle will I get off my field. And I have no money now, all is gone. There are my plough-cattle, but if I sell them what shall I do next year? And so I have made up my mind. I will not stay here, but will go away to the lower country and reap the crop there, in that land where

rain never fails. I shall get good wages; thus I shall save my cattle, and next year there will be rain again and we shall do well."

The girl listened in silence. She listened to what her lover said, and the tears came into her eyes and she cried. "You will go," she said through her tears, "you will go far away to that country that I do not know; and who can say if you will ever come back again?" And although the young man tried to comfort her, yet the girl would not be comforted. "We were to be married," she said; "and now you will go away and I shall never see you again." "I will come back," said the lad; "I will surely come back. Do not many men go and return every year? There is no fear. And when I return we will surely be married."

But the girl would not be comforted. "No, no!" she said; "it is that field. You see now that they were right when they said it was bad luck to take it. It has separated your cousin and you, and now, because it will not give any crop, it is separating you and me. And you will never return again, never!"

So at last, because the girl would not let him go, he said that he would marry her first. They should be married at once, he said, to-morrow. "For I must go," he said, "or what are we to eat? I have nothing, and my people have nothing, and your people have nothing either; nowhere in the village is there any food. I must go; but we will be married, and then, when I am away, I will send to my wife my earnings from below to help her father and her mother, and all will go well. If I stay here we shall all starve."

And so, as no better might be, the girl consented. They were married very quietly, as is the Burmese custom, so quietly that hardly any one knew, and for one short week they lived their married life together. It was as a dream, that week, a dream

that was hardly a reality; a week of love and tenderness, of wonder and delight, and over it all hung the dread of a great fear, like the gray haze that hung over the earth. Then the young husband went away.

There are no posts in these little villages far away in the interior; there are no postmen to bring letters, and news comes but rarely. Once, three months after he had left, the wife received news of her husband; another villager had met him down in the lower country and brought her a message from him, and something more than a message. He had done well there; he had made money. Going down before the rush from the famine-districts occurred, he had secured work at once; and as pay was good he had secured much money, which he now sent to his wife. "Here are fifty rupees," said the messenger, putting the money on the mat; "and here is a little line from him which he wrote." It was but a little line, for though indeed the lad could write, it was not very well. And this was it: "From the husband to the wife. I have done well. I send you money. In three months more I will return." It was scrawled on a little piece of white paper, and the girl put it in her bosom and kept it there.

And so the time went on, and the country grew more and more dry, and the famine settled upon the land. Those who were poor before were now starving; those who had been rich were now poor. Only by the care of Government, and the marvellous charity of the people to each other, was it that the country was not sown with corpses. Plough-cattle were sold to any one who would buy. What if there be no cattle to work with next year? One must live now, they said.

So three months more passed away. And then there came to the young wife more news of her husband. He was returning; a man had met him and had

brought from him a message to say that he would return soon. His money, for he had more money, he would bring with him. The girl was to expect him in a week, such was the message. But the young wife's heart was full of dread. She could not shake off the belief, the certainty that trouble was about to befall. Was not the land still there? Could there be luck with that? And so she went about still with sad face and her eyes full of tears; and the people wondered.

It was just after sunset, but not dark yet, for a dull gray light still hung over the earth. There were no clouds, but the sky could hardly be seen except just overhead. The distance was all hidden in dust and gloom that pressed upon the earth like the shadow of a great despair. The fields were brown and bare and the trees lifeless, lifting dead arms to a dead sky. In the west the evening star was become a dim crimson point. A feverish wind blew intermittently across the wasted land, bringing with it pillars of revolving dust and dead leaves. The wind was hot to the touch and made one shiver; but when it stopped all was so still that one gasped for very breathlessness.

Two men were walking along the road towards the village. It was still some way off, but the night is pleasanter than the day to travel in and they kept on. One laughed and sang a little as he went.

"It is all very well for you to laugh," said the other crossly. "You have got a wife waiting you, and you have money in your bag. I have nothing," and he opened his hands with an angry gesture.

"Oh," answered the other, "what does it matter, brother? I have some money, and I will give you some; you can repay me out of your share of the land. And for wives, there are plenty of them."

The other grunted. "I do not want a wife," he said.

"Well, well," said the first speaker soothingly, "you have been unlucky. You came down too late, when it was hard to get work."

"How was I to know," said the other angrily, "how was I to know that there would be such a lot of men for work?" He seemed to take the remark as a reflection upon him.

There was no reply, and they went on again together. It got gradually darker, and the veil closed in about them so that they could hardly see twenty yards in front of them. The wind dropped into a breathless stillness.

"Where is the moon?" asked the elder cousin. "To-day is the tenth day of the waxing moon; where is it?"

The younger nodded towards the east. "I suppose it's there," he said.

The elder regarded the crimson blur in the sky curiously. "Yes," he said at last, "that will be it. I never saw it like that before."

"It is like a blotch of blood," said the younger.

The elder shivered. "Do not say that," he said; "it is bad luck to talk like that."

The dust rose behind them as they went, and hung upon the road like a ghastly veil. Far away a jackal cried, and his call was answered here and there till the night was full of ghostly cries. *Ah ha! Ah ha! Ah ha!* they howled, in rising cadence like the laughter of a maniac.

"Does your wife know that you are coming?" asked the younger suddenly.

"I sent her word," answered the elder. "I said I would come in a week or days; she will know."

"But not exactly to-night?" insisted the younger.

"No, not to-night," returned the other; "I am two days earlier than I thought. She will be all the more

glad." Here he smiled with pleasant anticipation.

There was silence for a time, and again the younger spoke. "How much money have you got?"

"Seventy-five rupees," answered the elder.

The younger was astonished. "As much as that! But how did you get as much as that? I thought it was only thirty or forty rupees."

"Oh, I saved," answered the elder. "You see, when you have a wife waiting for you, you do not spend money. You do not go to dances or buy toddy; you keep it for her."

"That is a lot of money," said the younger reflectively.

"It will do," said the elder; "it will keep us till the rains come, and it will buy seed for us. I wonder when the rains will come this year; I think they will be early."

"It seems to me," answered the other, "that it will never rain again, never."

The determined pessimism of his companion depressed the elder man, and he walked on in silence for a time. The night had grown a little lighter as the moon rose, but the stars were all smothered in haze.

"I turn off here," said the younger, stopping.

The elder was surprised. "But I thought you were coming home with me?"

"Oh, no," answered the other. "You don't suppose I care to see you kissing the girl I wanted to marry! No, I am going off to my uncle's."

"But," urged the other, "you said you would come. As to my wife, she will be very glad to see you, just as if she were your sister."

"No," replied the younger, "I won't."

"Well," said the elder, "I think this is hardly fair; I think you might come with me. I have a lot of money with me and do not like to go alone, and be-

sides I paid your passage-money to come up, so I think you might do this for me. Come just for one night."

The younger hesitated. "Do you want me very much to come?" he asked, looking upon the ground and moving his foot uneasily in the dust.

"Yes," said the elder, "I do. Come now, brother, let us go home together as we used to do," and he took his hand and pulled him forward gently.

The younger resisted. "Are you sure that you will not be sorry for asking me home?" he said.

"Sorry," laughed the elder, "sorry? I should be glad if you would come and live with us always. Are we not brothers?" Then he drew the younger again, and he yielded at last, sulkily. They went on together for a mile along the road, hand-in-hand, and then they stopped. "This road is a long way round," said the elder; "we had better go across the fields; it will be nearer."

"All right," said the younger, "go on."

They turned off into the fields and presently found a little foot-path leading the way they wanted to go. It was a short cut used in the dry weather to get to the village; during the rest of the year, when crops were on the ground, the fences were closed and it could not be used. As the path was narrow and the fields on either side very rough, they went in single file. First went the elder man and behind him followed the younger. There was just enough light to be able to keep to the path.

The young wife and a girl-companion were coming out of the village gate. They had water-jars on their heads and were on their way to the well. So great was the drought that the water had sunk to the bottom and it was hard to get enough. During the day it was almost dry, the water oozing in very slowly, so that it did not yield

more than two or three buckets-full every half-hour; but after sunset the inflow was more copious, and at intervals all night long the girls were at the well drawing water, going to and fro.

The two girls went down the village street to the gate; it was open, but the watchmen were upon the alert. They went through the gate and down the path to where the well lay between two great tamarind-trees in a little hollow. It had a brick curb and a platform round it, with a little flight of steps. The girls let down their dippers into the well and drew up the water. There was just enough, they found, to fill their jars, and they drew slowly, fearful of spilling it as they drew. The well was deep, and their arms ached a little with dragging at the cord. When the jars were full they sat down upon the curb to rest a while; it was cooler here than in the crowded village, and it was quiet. They sat silently looking over the parched fields.

Suddenly there came to their ears a cry. It was very feeble and seemed to come out of the illimitable distance. The girls peered into the night fearfully. The cry came again, a cry not sharp but hoarse, and seeming to end in a moan that crept along the ground. The girls leapt to their feet in terror, their hearts beating; then they crouched behind the well-curb and stared across the fields, their hands clasped. The moan came nearer; it was coming between them and the village. The girls dared not move; the path was open and the dreadful thing, whatever it was that was crying, would see them if they went. They pressed still closer to the well.

The cry ceased; but presently the girls became aware of another sound, as of a man gasping, of a man in great agony. It came nearer, and then was heard the cry again, "Come, Come!" The girls got up from behind the well

again and looked out. It was a man, then, after all, not a devil or a ghost: it was a man in trouble; and they could see a figure that staggered across the dim-lit field. As they watched, it swayed to and fro and the man fell. "Come," he cried again as he fell.

"Run," said the young wife, "run, shout, call the guard!" And the girl ran. When she came near the gate she screamed to the guard, and they rushed out, half the village following.

They found them down by the well, the young wife holding her husband's head upon her knees, while she tried to pour a little water into his parching lips. All his breast was a mass of blood and the woman's hands and dress were dabbled with it. Down her face

ran great tears of agony, and she bent to kiss him again and again. She would not let any one touch him or move him. "Let him be," she said. "He will die directly; let him die here." So the people stood round in a ring and watched. "His cousin killed him," she said to the people. "He stabbed him; and my husband snatched the knife from him and stabbed him back." The dying man had whispered in her ear and she had understood. "It was on his own land," she added, "in his own field that he did it,—in the evil field."

And there they found the murderer dead. Stabbed with his own knife he lay dead on the field that they owned together, and all about were scattered the silver coins.

Macmillan's Magazine.

Henry Fielding.

THE CHOICE OF ATLAS.

Of old betwixt the gods and earth,
High-headed, girt with cloud,
Dividing misery and mirth,
Old Atlas stood and bowed.

Close to the high celestial gate
He bent a drowsy brain,
While far below his feet set weight
On furrowed fields of pain.

The earth's far cry sang faint, and dim
Her face towards him grew:
His head was crowned with light; round him
The immortal laughter flew.

And yet he tired of that high place,
And thrust away the prize,
Lifting a dead, indignant face
Of stone toward the skies!

The Spectator.

Laurence Housman.

MUSIC AND MATRIMONY.

The great musicians have not been, on the whole, the staunchest supporters of the Baconian theory that the best works and those of most merit have proceeded from unmarried men. There is probably not one of them who would not have joined with the witty Frenchman in saying that there are only two beautiful things in this world—women and roses; and only two sweet things—women and melons. Leaving the roses and the melons out of account, at any rate, there need be no doubt on the point. Jean Paul Richter declares somewhere that a man cannot live piously or die righteously without a wife, and with this opinion most of the composers have shown a practical agreement. To be sure, the wives in some cases have not done much to enable the husbands either to live piously or die righteously; but that may have been as much the fault of the husbands as of the wives. Your man of genius, as a rule, begins badly in the matrimonial lottery. He seldom falls upon a wise choice of a wife. He is too ideal—and especially the musician, who lives in the clouds, is too ideal—to look at all sides of the housekeeping question before taking the lover's leap. As Romeo puts it, he will have nothing to do with philosophy unless philosophy can make him a Juliet; and since philosophy does not make Juliets, the genius makes a blunder, and thereby presents the world with one of the surliest signs of his genius. For the world hardly ever expects a man of genius to marry rightly; and, indeed, one cannot help suspecting the world of regarding a slip in matrimony as among the outward and visible manifestations of the divine spark that glows within. Why it should be so is not very easy to explain. But, then, who thinks of trying

to explain such things as love and matrimony?

Certainly the loves of some of the great musicians, and the vagaries to which these loves have led, are not to be readily accounted for on the principles by which the ordinary mortal is guided. Suppose we take a few actual cases in illustration. There is Berlioz, for example. It was almost a necessity of the nature of that erratic genius, as it was of the nature of Burns, that he should be in love. To him, as to Sir Thomas Browne, the silent note which Cupid struck was far sweeter than the sound of an instrument; and assuredly the dance which his Cupids led him at various times was such a dance as never instrument yet played to. At one time, when staying in Italy, he heard that a certain frivolous and unscrupulous Parisian beauty, who had bled his not overfilled purse rather freely, was about to be married. The news should have gladdened his heart, but instead of that it set up a spirit of revenge, and Berlioz hurried off to Paris with pistols in his pockets, not even waiting for passports. He attempted to cross the frontier in women's clothes, and was arrested. A variety of *contretemps* occurred before he got to the French capital, and by that time he had so cooled down that he found no use for his pistols.

But this was only a preliminary canter. The romantic passion which most influenced Berlioz's life began when he had reached the comparatively sober age of twenty-seven. He had caught the contagion of an enthusiasm for Shakespeare which, thanks mainly to Victor Hugo, was then raging in Paris. Ophella and Juliet were his pet heroines, and Ophella and Juliet were then being impersonated by Harriet Smith-

son, a pretty Irish actress for whom a good many people at home had lost their wits. Harriet created quite a furore among the Parisians; but while she was simply admired by other men, she became with Berlioz the object of a violent—nay, an almost devouring—passion. To him she was a celestial divinity, a lovely ideal of art and beauty, a personification of the transcendent genius of Shakespeare himself. Just read how this otherwise sane man wrote at this time: "Oh! that I could find her," he exclaims, "the Juliet, the Ophelia that my heart calls to; that I could drink in the intoxication of mingled joy and sadness that only true love knows. Could I but rest in her arms one autumn eve, rocked by the north wind, and sleeping my last sleep!" But Berlioz meant to have his Juliet in his arms before falling into his last sleep. His first step to that end was to give a concert at great expense, at which he hoped Miss Smithson would be present. Unfortunately, the concert proved a failure; and, worse than that, the adored one was not there—she had not even heard of it!

Berlioz was in utter despair, but luck was yet to favor him. In course of time the Shakespearean craze began to wane, and Miss Smithson found herself in pecuniary straits. Subsequently she had a fall, broke her leg, and was incapacitated from ever again appearing on the stage. Now was Berlioz's opportunity. His passion burned as fiercely as ever, and presently he was on his knees before the divine Harriet, offering not only to pay all her debts out of his own slender means, but to marry her as well. The ceremony took place at once, and thus began a connection which led to the most bitter results. An old English bishop once remarked that "there is but one shrew in the world, and every man hath her." Berlioz would have agreed, with this difference: that his shrew was worse than

any other man's shrew. He soon discovered that his divinity was a woman of fretful and imperious temper, jealous of mere shadows, and totally lacking in sympathy with his ideals. In course of time her peevish complaints and ungovernable jealousy fairly cooled the composer's ardor, and in the end he went his own way and provided for her living apart. If he had chosen a wife as the Vicar of Wakefield chose his, not for "a fine glossy surface, but for such qualities as would wear well," he might have had all the domestic joys that fell to the lot of that estimable character. But Berlioz was a genius, and the Vicar of Wakefield was not.

From a matrimonial point of view Haydn fared no better, although he did not show himself quite so foolish. To begin with, he married, not the girl he was in love with, but her sister. "Haydn, you should take my *oldest* daughter," said father Keller, the barber; and as Keller had done a good deal for Haydn, the composer felt that he must sacrifice his affection on the altar of duty and oblige the old man. At the time of the marriage, in 1760, Haydn was twenty-nine, while his Anna Maria was thirty-two. There does not seem to have been much love on either side to start with; but Haydn declared that he had really begun to "like" his wife, and would have come to entertain a stronger feeling for her if she had behaved in a reasonable way. Unfortunately, Anna Maria had neither rhyme nor reason in her composition. The entertaining Marville says that the majority of ladies married to men of genius are so vain of the abilities of their husbands that they are frequently insufferable. But Frau Haydn was not a lady of that kind. The world had emphatically proclaimed her husband a genius, but to Maria it was quite immaterial whether he were a cobbler or an artist. Nay, she even committed the incredible crime of using

the composer's manuscript scores for curling-paper, as underlays for pastry, and similar things! She was gay enough with it all, too. When Haydn went from home she would send him the most cheerful little notes. "Should you die to-day or to-morrow," ran one of these missives, "there is not enough money left in the house to bury you." At another time, when Haydn was in London, he received a letter in which Maria wrote that she had just seen a neat little house which she liked very much, and that he might do himself the pleasure to send her two thousand gulden with which to buy it, so as to have in future a "widow's home." Pleasant reading this for the genial composer! In the first case he wrote, without a trace of anger: "Should this be so, take my manuscripts to the music publisher. I guarantee you that they will be worth money enough to defray my funeral expenses." In the matter of the "widow's home," he thought it would be best to arrange things himself. Ultimately he bought the house, and in spite of Maria's frequent suggestions of his coming dissolution, he lived in it for nine years after she had been dead. Frau Haydn saw out her seventy years, but some time before that the pair had agreed to live apart as the best way of ending a union which had proved utterly unbearable to the composer.

For many years, of course, Haydn had been seeking occasional consolation from the society of other ladies—and finding it, too. When he came to England he succumbed to the charms of a certain Mrs. Shaw, who figures in his diary as the most beautiful woman he had ever met. As a matter of fact, Haydn was always meeting the "most beautiful" woman. "The loveliest woman I ever saw" was at one time a Mrs. Hodges; while at another time the widow of a musician named Schroeter so fascinated him that he kept her let-

ters for many years, and declared that if it were not for the existence of Anna Maria he would have married her. Certainly Mrs. Schroeter's letters were pleasant enough. "Every moment of your company," she wrote from Buckingham Gate in 1792, "is more and more precious to me now your departure is so near. I feel for you the fondest and tenderest affection the human heart is capable of. I ever am, with the most inviolable attachment, my dearest and most beloved Haydn, most faithfully and most affectionately yours." What would the absent Frau Doctorin Haydn have said had she known of it? The composer also got mixed up in a little affair with the beautiful Mrs. Billington. Sir Joshua Reynolds was painting her portrait for him, and had represented her as St. Cecilia listening to celestial music. "What do you think of the charming Billington's picture?" said the artist to Haydn when the work was finished. "It is indeed a beautiful picture," replied Haydn. "It is just like her; but there is a strange mistake: you have painted her listening to the angels when you ought to have painted the angels listening to her." If Haydn paid compliments like this all round, we can easily understand how he attained such fame as a London society man.

Mozart gave the most practical of all reasons for taking a wife: he wanted some one to look after his linen. It is true he declared himself in love, but perhaps, like Dr. Johnson, he believed that marriage for so unsubstantial a thing as love was good enough for nobody but "big school-children and—fools." Unluckily, Mozart did not any more prove his wisdom by the choice of a wife than many other geniuses have done. With him it was literally a case of "how happy could I be with either." It was also another of the many instances of musicians falling in

love with their pupils. In the course of those early musical tours round which so many doubtful stories have gathered, the wonderful prodigy landed at Mannheim, and was introduced to a theatrical copyist named Weber—an uncle, by the way, of the composer of "Der Freischütz." From Mozart himself we learn that old Weber was a "downright honest German," who at this time was doing his best to bring up a family of six on an income of three hundred florins per annum. The "honest German" had a daughter, Aloysia, a girl of fifteen, who was not only pretty—which might have been enough—but was also musical. Mozart was engaged to give her singing lessons, and she gave him her heart in return. The composer was only twenty at this time, and he was still dependent on his father, who, naturally enough in the circumstances, warned him of the imprudence of his *amour*. But Mozart would have no warning. He even proposed to take Aloysia to Salzburg "to make the acquaintance of Mozart's dear papa," hoping, no doubt, that the parent would give way when he discovered the charms of the lady. "Dear papa," however, would have nothing to do with the proposal, and was equally obdurate though coaxingly told that Fräulein not only sang divinely, but played sonatas at first sight.

By and by the composer went to Paris to study, and to tell the French that "the devil himself invented their language." When he returned to Mannheim after a twelvemonth he learned for the first time in his life that women are as little to be depended on as riches and fiddle-strings. Aloysia Weber had meanwhile got an engagement at the Munich Theatre, and her success had quite turned her head. A poor musician for a husband was now out of the question, and she frankly said so. Mozart bore the trial as well as a young man of twenty-one might be expected

to do. Nay, we even find him writing to his father: "I was a fool about Aloysia Weber, I own; but what is a man not when in love?" Ay! what indeed! Nevertheless, in spite of the experience, Mozart was soon making a fool of himself again, through taking up his residence at the house of the Webers. There was another daughter, Constance, and to her the composer now transferred his affections. Of course, "dear papa" objected as before, and in return for his objections there came a minute description of the character and person of the young lady. She had "a pair of bright black eyes and a pretty figure;" she was "kind-hearted, clever, modest, good-tempered, economical, neat." It was utterly untrue that she was extravagant; she dressed her own hair, understood housekeeping, and had the best heart in the world. Mozart loved her with his "whole soul," and she loved him. What more was to be said? A good deal, at any rate by "dear papa," who was prosaic enough to think that Wolfgang should wait until he could afford to keep a wife. Mozart, like the wayward son in the novel, was of a different opinion. "Constance," he writes to his father, "is a well-conducted, good girl, of respectable parentage, and I am in a position to earn at least *daily bread* for her. We love each other, and we are resolved to marry. All that you have written, or may possibly write, on this subject can be nothing but well-meant advice, which, however good and sensible, can no longer apply to a man who has gone so far with a girl. There can therefore be no question of further delay." This was emphatic enough. The letter was closely followed by another, asking consent to an immediate marriage, but as no reply came Mozart took silence for assent, and presently celebrated a quiet wedding, his bride being eighteen and himself twenty-six.

A tolerably happy life was the result—at any rate for the composer, whose loving eyes detected no fault in his wife from first to last. His devotion was that of simple and childlike sincerity, which “made sunshine in their lives even when things looked darkest.” When Constance was ill, if the husband went out for a walk in the early morning he would previously write a note to be placed beside her bed on her waking. “Good-morning, my darling wife!” he would say. “I hope you have slept well, that you were undisturbed, that you will not rise too early, that you will not catch cold, nor stoop too much, nor overstrain yourself, nor scold your servants, nor stumble over the threshold of the next room. Spare yourself all household worries till I come back; may no evil befall you.” When he goes travelling he carries her portrait with him, telling her in his letters what nonsense he addresses to it, and commenting on the nonsense in this way: “I know I have written something very foolish—for the world, at all events—but not in the least foolish for us, who love each other so fondly. This is the sixth day that I have been absent from you, and, by heavens! it seems to me a year.”

The composer of “*Der Freischütz*” was one of the happy benedicts, but he, too, had his difficulties on the path towards matrimonial peace. His diary reveals some of his difficulties in no equivocal manner. “Terrible scene with Thérèse,” we read in one place. In another, “Again saw Thérèse. Long estrangement; at last reconciliation; indescribably affecting, our sufferings vanishing as if by enchantment.” Soon after: “She loves me not; if she did, would it be possible for her to speak with such warmth of her first love, to dwell with delight on each small incident of its commencement, and to relate her own peculiar feelings of that time?” And who was this Thérèse

who thus had the composer now on the summit of bliss, now in the depths of despair? Alas! Thérèse was a married woman, the mother of several children. She had risen from the ballet to the position of an actress, and when Weber came into contact with her at opera rehearsals she was undertaking light parts with fair success. Of course the artful woman had no real affection for the composer, but she was highly flattered by his attentions, and her husband, a dancer, even encouraged her to lead him on, with the view of obtaining, through Weber’s influence, professional advancement for himself.

Weber saw very clearly the folly of his infatuation, and by-and-by he was helped out of it by the attractions of a rising prima donna, the simple, innocent Carolina Brandt. But Thérèse was not to be easily shaken off. She constantly tormented the composer with reproaches about his inconstancy. And, indeed, Weber does not seem to have known his own mind. “Without her no joy; with her only sorrow,” was what he wrote of the old love after being on with the new. On her birthday he made the married lady a present of a gold watch and a set of charms symbolical of his affection. Moreover, he prepared her a costly treat in the shape of a dish of oysters. The capricious coquette hardly noticed the watch, still less the charms; but she fell to the oysters with a will, and so disgusted Weber with her “devouring avidity” that the illusion which she had created was at once and for ever dispelled. He now went back to his Carolina, and in due course the marriage took place. A few months before the event Weber wrote to the adored one: “If women thrive as well in this most prosperous year as wine seems to do, I shall often call out, in sipping a glass of the 1817 vintage, ‘That was the good year when my wife ripened for me;’ therefore remember to be matured by the sun of

truth and knowledge, be refreshed by the dew of love and patience, so that our marriage may be blessed with the bright, clear wine of life, to renew, to strengthen, and to bless us." Weber's expectations were more than realized. Sir Julius Benedict, who knew the pair intimately, says the composer's beloved Carolina contrived to make him a home which offered him every happiness. Besides her sweet disposition and cheerfulness, her acquaintance with the stage, her talent as a vocalist, and her sound judgment in musical matters were of inestimable value to Weber. To him, in short, she was what Andromache was to Hector, "his soul's far dearer part."

Most people know what happiness Mendelssohn found in his married life, for he speaks much about it in his letters, which are among the most delightful things of their kind. As his friend Ferdinand Hiller said, his beautiful, gentle, sensible wife spread a charm over the whole household, and reminded one of a Raphael Madonna. Mendelssohn, who had already succumbed to many a passing fancy, met Mlle. Cécile Renaud quite by accident when in 1836 he went to Frankfort to relieve a sick friend from the duty of conducting a vocal society there. The mother of the lady was a widow, still comparatively young and handsome, and Mendelssohn was at first so reserved that people thought she must be the object of his frequent visits to the house. But in truth, though reserved, Mendelssohn was none the less seriously in love. And yet he seems to have had his doubts about the lasting character of his passion. At any rate, he resolved to adopt the not very common expedient of testing it by separation, and went off to the Hague for a month, only to prove to himself that absence does in reality make the heart grow fonder. The engagement followed as a matter of course. Some cyn-

ic has said that bachelors are rational and married men are rational, but the man who is "engaged" is always something of a lunatic. Mendelssohn came pretty near to proving the truth of the remark. He had barely got over the difficulties of popping the question when he was writing to his mother: "I can settle nothing till I have written to tell you that I have just been accepted by Cécile. My head is quite giddy from the events of the day, but I must write to you: I feel so rich and happy."

The wedding soon came off, and Mendelssohn expressed himself as in greater bliss than ever. Unhappily for him, the honeymoon was scarcely ended when he had to tear himself away from his Cécile; and he grumbles lustily at the fate which compels the separation. He had to come to England to conduct his "St. Paul" at Birmingham, and this was how he wrote to Hiller after landing in London: "Here I sit in the fog, very cross without my wife, writing to you because your letter of the day before yesterday requires it, otherwise I should hardly do so, for I am much too cross and melancholy to-day. I must be a little fond of my wife, because I find that England and the fog, and beef and porter, have such a horribly bitter taste this time, and I used to like them so much." Madame Mendelssohn was indeed, by all accounts, such a charming creature as any man might have complained of being separated from, even long after the honeymoon "doth cold, obscure, and tremulous appear." When Moscheles paid his first visit to the married pair, he wrote of the lady as being "very charming, very unassuming and childlike," though not, in his judgment, a perfect beauty, because she is a blonde. He adds that her way of speaking is simple, but her German is "Frankforty," and therefore not pure. She said naively at dinner, "I speak too slowly for my Felix, and he so quickly that I do not always under-

stand him.' She is so unaffected in her ways that she often got up to hand us something." Madame Moscheles, again, adds her congratulations to "the excitable, effervescent Mendelssohn: he has met with a wife so gentle, so exquisitely feminine, they are perfectly matched." Mendelssohn might well be congratulated on his choice. His peculiarly beautiful character gives a zest to all that we can learn about his life, and to nothing more than to the record of his home experiences.

Luther declared that it was no more possible to do without a wife than to do without eating and drinking; but there have been a good many unmarried musicians for all that. Still, they have for the most part given assent to the theory so far as to make some effort towards attaining the blissful state. It is usual to represent Handel as a cold-hearted misogynist because he was a bachelor. But Handel was certainly more than once engaged to be married. First it was to an Italian lady with whom he fell in love while a young man in Venice. Afterwards he would almost certainly have married an English lady, but for the rude way in which the mother interposed; and finally he was engaged to a lady of large property who insisted, as a condition of the union, that he should give up the practice of his art, which Handel would as soon have thought of doing, as of going without his dinner. It is indeed curious to note how frequently the musicians have escaped matrimony owing to the absurdly mean view taken of their profession by prospective fathers-in-law. Bellini practically died of a broken heart because the father of his *innamorata*, a Neapolitan judge, declined his suit on account of his social position. Beethoven, again,

certainly had desires towards matrimony. "Oh God!" he exclaims, "let me at last find her who is destined to be mine, and who shall strengthen me in virtue." But Beethoven had none of the arts and graces of the lover, and to the end he remained wedded only to his art—which was perhaps just as well, both for the art and the woman.

Gluck, the founder of the modern opera, had also to contend with the Phillistine father, in this case a rich banker and merchant, who had no very high opinion of the financial resources of musicians. Fortunately for Gluck, however, the banker died while the composer's love was still fresh, and consequently there was a Madame Gluck left to mourn him when he said farewell to the world. Chopin's "sentimental amenities" with George Sand have been the subject of more speculation than the love affairs of any other musician who has ever lived. It was a heartless business altogether on the side of the lady, who not only left the composer to his cough and his piano after winning all the affection he had to give, but represented him to the world as a consumptive and exasperating nuisance. Poor Schubert was another unfortunate; for the one passion of his life was connected with the beautiful Countess Caroline Esterhazy, the finest flower of the haughty Austrian caste, who stood at an infinite distance from the man who wrote his immortal songs amid the clatter of beery roisters' mugs. "Why have you dedicated nothing to me?" inquired the Countess on one occasion. The question gave the opportunity, and with abrupt, passionate intensity of tone Schubert replied, "What's the use of that? Everything belongs to you."

J. Cuthbert Hadden.

SUITE.

I.

"THE ROARING MOON OF DAFFODIL."

There is a month in the calendar which, with no very good reputation for its weather, has yet a charm of its own, subtle, not immediately seen or understood, and known perhaps only to the few who are able to reject "other men's values of things" and audaciously admire what the majority despise or do not see. "March, many weathers," "March various, fierce, and wild with wind-crack'd cheeks," is very often, in spite of all wise saws and modern instances to the contrary, a delightful prelude to the fuller glories of those later days when all the trees of the wood and the little flowers beneath them

Dance to the wild pipe of the spring.

In March, before green buds appear, nature paints with her most delicate colors. The vivid green of leaflets just new born, of which Dante speaks, *verdi come fogliette pur mo nate*, is dear to all; but the first glad stir of spring comes in yet leafless trees. One day we see on the far-away wood something which was not there yesterday, a bloom, purple, red, or brown, a cloudy softness of many very dim and tender colors; and hidden in it are all the green leaves of summer, summer itself. One of the most attractive examples of this almost esoteric beauty, which we perhaps sometimes pass by waiting for the more evident glories of April or May, is seen in the elm. On those trees one morning there is a faint blush of rosy pink where yesterday was only purple brown deadness, and the pink is soon succeeded by the warmer red bloom

of opened blossoms, which, if the tree is seen against the light, give an appearance of leafiness to it, and this weeks before a green leaf appears. And the variety of coloring in March trees is endless. Lombardy poplars make a flash of yellow in the gray landscape, the willows by the watercourses seem veiled in a mist of yet more golden yellow as the youthful sap once again colors their branches, black poplars deck themselves with thousands of catkins of royal red. Tennyson immortalized the black ashbuds and gave them to March—"Black as ashbuds in the front of March"—but the ash is a tree of moods, and in some springs remains gray and unmoved throughout the month.

But some trees are beautiful without any of these March adornings. The beech disdains to clothe itself in color or in any gauds of flowers or showy buds, but its smooth gray stem takes color from passing clouds, from sunshine or shade, and it pleases us by the unexpectedness of its working, by throwing out a few leaves here and there on bare March branches before it dazzles us with the brilliance of its full spring greenery. The sycamore lacks color too, but its form is beautiful, with little branchlets turning this way and that as nature's wilfulness and waywardness dictate, and it shows sooner than most trees a gleam of green leaves or of green buds.

One of the charms of March is that it reveals its beauties suddenly, unexpectedly. We do not know to-day what glories it will have ready for us tomorrow. That low pruned hedge of black-thorn was leafless yesterday: to-day it is covered with dense masses of white blossoms, the most really white of all English flowers, and growing so

near the hedge as to be deceptively like a covering of newly-fallen snow. But the tall, unpruned hedges have more delights than have the closely-pruned ones. Their little tomtits are busy and happy, and among them come golden-crested wrens, who for all their fragility brave our winters with that pretty pert *dicacit  * which is the badge of all their diminutive tribe. In the hedge which skirts the wood there is a great willow, its catkins silver gray at first, but turning soon to gold, and the leafless trees of the wood make a grand dark background for that prodigal display of sweet-smelling downy "goslings," as the country children call them. Here come the earliest awakened bees; and along the sunny bank a butterfly may perhaps gladden our eyes—a peacock butterfly fluttering with worn wings from its winter hiding place, or a straggler of the three commoner white butterflies coming forth somewhat sadly before its time into a world as yet too cold for it.

In the coppices, while all above is destitute of green, long trails of active woodbine will be in leaf before the dilatory brambles have begun to awaken from their winter sleep; green fans will be opening out on the creeping sprays of the wild rose, and under foot in any clearing dog's mercury and many another green thing is pushing with eager haste towards the sunlight. Nor is March destitute of flowers, and March flowers seem to have had a special attraction for poets. The "rathe primrose," "celandine with pleasant face," the daisy loved by Chaucer and Burns, dim violets sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes, "the little speedwell's darling blue"—all these abound long before April showers come to bring forth the flowers of May. But of all beautiful March sights none can equal that of a bed of daffodils—the "gaudy daffodils" of Milton—springing out of the yet brown grass of some winter-grazed

field and making there an island of brilliant yellow:—

A host, a crowd of golden daffodils
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

Down there by the brook marsh marigolds are gleaming afar—"the wild marsh marigold shines like fire in swamps and hollows gray," and the little children have been gathering handfuls of them, then throwing them away with the prodigality of childhood: we can trace their wandering footsteps home from school by the flowers strewn along their path. The pale pink blossoms of the butter bur—a flower which blooms before its grand leaves appear—are decorating the banks of the stream too, but they are not brilliant enough to attract the innocent white-pinafores marauders, and the stems do not snap as easily in soft childish fingers as do the hollow stalks of the marsh marigold. Another flower which comes before its leaves, the brilliant yellow coltsfoot, may be found in clayey places, and many other less showy flowers take the winds of March with beauty too. The white stitchwort, which will be filling all the hedgebanks in May, is coming doubtfully forth; ground ivy, with its grave tenderness of color, which we are apt to pass over among gaudier things in later spring; red and white dead nettles, woodsorrel and wood anemone, the sweet green daphne of the woods, and many another unassuming flower smiles out in sunny or in shady spots.

And there are birds—and "March birds are best," says the proverb. Indeed, the few of our summer visitors who begin to appear in this month are welcomed, if possible, more than those of April. It is in March that we suddenly hear in the copse, which was silent twenty-four hours before save for the crow of the pheasant or "sudden scritchings of the jay," the strangely resonant notes of the chaff-chaff, a mighty

sound to be produced by such a tiny creature. Two notes, or at most three—for of late we have awoke to the fact that there are three notes—that is the limit of its song, but it is never wearisome, never monotonous, because redolent of spring. In March, too, the wood-wren, with its curiously distinct songs, is heard; the willow-wren, its near cousin, is a later arrival. From overseas before March is done comes the wryneck, and this, with the wheatear, a bird of the wastes, closes our list of ordinary March visitors. But so many are the stay-at-home songsters of the windy month that it is difficult to catalogue them. In those sunny days, with a cloudless blue sky fading down into the leaden gray of an east wind haze on the low horizon, thousands of larks are singing over the wide east country fields on which the wheat is green—the ring-dove cooes for hours from its ivy-covered tree; the chaffinch's bright little roundelay is heard from the gray ash tree; the crested lapwings sing their wild notes to the listening wastes, a nuthatch's shrill whistle comes from afar—and in every note there is only one voice, the unmistakable voice of spring. There are, indeed, days when winter resumes its reign, and all glow and growth, all resurrection stops for days, perhaps for weeks. But take it at its best and March has many charms; and not the least of these is the nearness of those yet pleasanter days when proud pled April, dressed in all his trim, reveals yet gayer pageantries, and once again makes all things new.

II.

FLAMING JULY.

Some one described looking over a gate as the cheapest and most delightful of amusements; but sitting on a gate is equally cheap and more luxurious. And as every lover of the coun-

try has his favorite road, so every lover of this cheap amusement has his favorite gate, and he varies its charms by facing in one or other of the two possible directions as he sits upon it. My gate, like all gates which are to be loved at all, combines two views. If you turn westward you see an expanse of green fields through which, like a dull silver streak, flows the Avon, Shakespeare's Avon, smooth-sliding, crowned with vocal reeds; and all this is bounded by blue Malvern hills, which to-day look very distinct and sharp, and below them, in sunshine, the windows of Malvern town gleam and flicker. People tell you when the hills look thus near that it will rain within twelve hours, but weather saws are often at fault and the morrow will be as this day, cloudless sun. Close up to the gate is a sea of brilliance, corn yellowing in the July heat—scene which may well be treasured up in memory for days when these glories have given way to winter glooms.

If I want to see distance and immensity I face towards the hills; if I want nearer joys, the field attracts. Only a field, but to some of us wandering not altogether idly through Worcestershire lanes, to see what progress the summer is making, that field is a very paradise indeed. Only a field, but day by day, in winter or in summer, in gloom or in gleam, it is full of surprises and glorious things. It is July now and only four o'clock, and yet the shadows are already lengthening, and are dark, tragic, as the hopeful morning shadows are not. The American naturalist said he could tell the day of the month by the flowers and the birds: to tell the hour of the day is perhaps easier—shadows and flowers, closing so punctually, tell that.

As I sit on the gate and look down on this uncut hayfield, I feel ungratefully that I cannot love all flowers. I cannot love the convolvulus which is

spreading pink flowers over the patch of bare earth by the gate, from which turf has been cut and where grass has not yet had time to grow, but where kindly flowers have already appeared. Better loved is the tall yellow agrimony and the rest-harrow which have sprung up there too; and low down the orange-red of the pimpernel should gladden our eyes, but it spends much of its short life in sleep and has been closed since two o'clock, and had the day been cloudy it would not have deigned to look forth at all on a world too dark for it. Here too is that curious plant with long tendril-like leaves, the yellow goatsbeard, Jack-go-to-bed-at-noon. Alas! once flowers had names and were loved and noticed by country folk. Now you ask man or boy whose lives are spent in the country, whose great boots trample down twenty flowers at every step, the name of some common weed, and they only stare at you in pity as some John-a-dreams. The goatsbeard owed its longer name to the fact that its sullen yellow flowers are never seen open after twelve o'clock. The habits of flowers, their personality, their individuality, we may well give some thoughts to that as we wander among hedgerows and in quiet places. Their time for folding up their petals is so punctual; the process of closing so gradual, "nice as an evanescent cloud or the first arrests of sleep," that watch as you will you see no movement. But slowly, so slowly, the movement never detected but surely going on, one petal closes over another—the flower is asleep. You look at your watch and may well wonder at these clockless things who keep the time so well.

The patch of turfless ground has its flowers, and so too has the field—marguerites, betony, bishop's wort (did it owe its name to its purple vesture?) self-heal, mauve-colored knautia, which we are apt to confuse with the August-

flowering scabious—so many, so many, and to name them may seem only cataloguing, no more. But to some of us the mere names are recollections of beautiful things, beautiful days, such as that July day when I last saw my field, and they sound musically in some ears . . .

The western hedgebank of the field is flecked over with two delicate yellows, and between is a diaphanous cloud of white. July is rich in yellows: this hedge, with the yellow blaze of sunshine pouring on it and the hot air quivering above the leaves, is a blaze of yellow brightness. Above the hedge some elm trees stand out very clear and sharp, and very green against the vivid blue sky; all the coloring, indeed, is very vivid, intense. If we look at it as if we had never seen it before, it would strike us as something vivid beyond the things of this earth. And a vivid, tawny yellow moth sits on a plant of yellow bedstraw close to my gate, and seems, in its idle state, to be the incarnation of the flaming month, to be the very spirit of July—July in miniature, July compressed into a moth's wings.

But these two yellows of this July hedge. It is not a roadside hedge, where dusty white convolvulus or blue viper's bugloss, plants which only thrive in dust and much-frequented roads, love to plant themselves; but it is a hedge-bank rising from a field, and is rich in colors untarnished by dust. There is the yellow bedstraw which the moth has chosen for its throne, a diminutive flower, but growing so thickly on its tall slender stem as to make an inimitable rich effect as of fine embroidery. The dyers' green weed is a far handsomer flower when picked, but it does less for the decoration of the hedge-bank than the smaller bedstraw. And then, here and there, is that cloud of white woodruffe, its flowers infinitesimal too.

To-day I saw a third yellow flower in this hedge-bank, a very sweet one, the mellilotus. In appearance it resembles a vetch, if we can imagine a vetch growing straight upwards, and not "gadding" vine-like. Its fragrance is something between that of new-mown hay and of hyacinths combined; but it is very delicate, needing to be sought out, and not flinging its sweetness on every breeze.

"Fool that I was," said Mr. Holbrooke, in "Cranford," "not to know that ashbuds were black!" "Fool that I was," I had been wandering among country lanes since infancy, and had not known more than two varieties of wild rose, and now I am told there are twenty in England alone! However, to most of us there will still perhaps be only two, for all the learning of the sages; two, the pink and the white, and two are enough. It will take so long to exhaust their beauty, or to tire of their short-lived sweetness. As I sit on my gate and look at that hedge of wild roses above the yellow-spangled bank, there comes a longing to imprison something of its gladness, its splendor, imprison them for days when such things are no longer!

July has another charm besides its wealth of flowers. As I look at the hedge a little brown bird slips out from its shady covert with a warning *weet-weet*, shaking down a rose petal as it comes, and flutters across before us with wings extended and a shuffling movement—simple wiles to draw us from its young, who are hidden in the hedge. But the youngsters, with the courage of ignorance and a three weeks' experience of life, have no fears; one with yet yellow edge to its bill sits on a topmost bough of the hedge, and raises its crest with curious resemblance of its parent's tricks. They are lesser whitethroats; specimens of those July nurseries of young

things which abound in every hedge, to whom life is all happiness now, but who by the end of the summer will be flitting across the sea or finding a grave for tired wings in its waters. There is something pathetic indeed about these summer warblers and their inextinguishable desire for a better country as soon as chill October lays a fiery finger on English leaves.

Without moving, I presently see another nursery, where the oak tree shades the hedge, and the flowers give place to grass. There is a *chac-chac* heard, harsh, monotonous, and yet excited. It comes from a bird with a bullet head, a long tail which it flirts unceasingly, and many-colored plumage which, however, looks only gray against the light. It is a shrike, a bird vigilant and noisy in defence of its young, of whom we may see quite half a dozen sitting somewhat dully, and with none of the sprightliness of the little whitethroats, on a bush of hedge maple. They are very tame, in spite of their parent's noisy warnings, and let us almost touch them as they sit there. Shrikes are very local birds. I have wandered over many districts without seeing one, but in the tall hedgerows of this corner of Worcestershire they are even common.

Common, too, along the lower hedge of my field, where it joins the cornfield, is the brown bunting. I hear its queer twisting song as I sit here, for July is by no means the silent month it has been thought to be. This afternoon, without moving from my gate, I have heard a yellowhammer, a chiff-chaff, two willow wrens, a thrush, blackbird, wren, hedge sparrow, greater and lesser whitethroats, both the pipits, and, but rarely, a sky lark has sung. I do not, of course, mean to assert that they have sung as in May; but they have sung at intervals and frequently enough to prevent any feeling of silence in the air.

III.

IN CHILL OCTOBER.

The wild west wind is driving the
great leaves of the plane trees

like ghosts from an enchanter,
fleeing,
Yellow and black and pale and hectic
red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes,

It is only a field I know—an ordinary field. There are a thousand such elsewhere. But perhaps some of us have seen the almost intoxication of delight with which some children—there are select souls among children too—welcome spring and summer. As if they would take this great world of beautiful things into themselves, into their own grasp, make it their own, they pick with reckless prodigality every flower they see. We are but older children, and this unconscious tribute to the great heart of nature is never lost by some of us. We, too, want to take it in, to make it our own, to note its every bud, its every bird's song, its little blades of grass, its moods, its fleeting lights, to lose no gem from its vast treasure house, to imprison something of its gladness, its splendor, for days when such things are no longer. If one could do that—imprison even the sweetness of the wild roses in the hedge, imprison the color and the grace of the July butterflies which flutter up from the grass as we cross it to go home!

It is only an ordinary field I know: there are a thousand such elsewhere. But as we look we seem to see afresh the wonder of the air, the multitude of beauties, the absence of sameness, each field, each hedge, each stream, each roadside, holding each their own treasures; and then the long miles of these things! From one end of England to the other these glories are displayed so prodigally that we hardly stay to look at them! Only an ordinary field: but perhaps it is only when one has time to sit idly on a gate that we see half there is to see in field or hedge: only then that we feel some love towards this green earth—and perhaps *nunc amet qui nunquam amavit*.

"The vine shall grow, and we shall never see it." The vine grows, and some of us do not care to see it.

across the wet grass of the old garden and making the accacia by the gate writhe as if it were one of the enchanted trees of Dante's vision—"Men once we were, but now are changed to trees"—stretching out imploring hands to the wild spirits of the air who torture it in sport. The autumn grass over which the ghost leaves hurry is very green, and longer than trim neatness would have it, but tithes are low and labor is high, even in remote country districts such as this. Although it is the middle of October the beds are full of geraniums in all the luxuriant growth which precedes the autumnal frosts; and in the borders Japanese anemones and marguerites hold up their heads against wind and rain like brave men struggling with adversity; while many flowers, which a month ago made the garden bright, have now taken their places among "weeds and outworn faces."

At one side of the garden is a grove of yew trees, so old, older even than the old house; trees under which monks lingered once, dark figures, darker than the dark shadows of the yews. Children play there now: there is a child's swing, a broken toy, but these things cannot take away the something of solemnity which gathers under them. The wind hushes its wildness and sighs softly as it passes through the close-set leaves, and then breaks away in fresh fury over the open field beyond.

From the grove of yew trees a path leads by the edge of the orchard to the

fish pond. The path is old, like everything belonging to this old demesne. It is lined with trees, wych elms which are already bare of leaves, while the hedgerow elms of Milton are green as if it were yet July. A narrow avenue, so narrow that we cannot take for it Cowper's simile of the cathedral aisle. Looking back, it recalls, rather, the narrow vaulted passages of some mediæval castle we have known; or it might be one of Bacon's garden alleys, "framed for shelter, that when the wind blows sharp you may walk as in a gallery." As we go down it we seem to be walking in other days, other years . . .

Yesterday the fish pond to which our steps are leading was covered with a green mantle of *Lemna*, but the storm has driven the weed to one end of the pool, and mimic waves are following it and breaking innocuous against the green strand of the little ocean. A fleet of coots flutter across to one of the islands. Coots have a kind of alacrity in thriving in spite of the water rats who share the pond with them. It is too often our lot to see a mother wild duck bring out its flock of ducklings, and day by day their number diminishes, the survivors heartlessly enjoying themselves unmindful of the gaps in their family circle, their own near doom.

Under the shade of the hedge a wren, that little body with a mighty voice, is singing its bright lyric song; and a robin's sweet notes—the robin is the Collins of bird poets, very finished and sweet, and with a sadness even in its rhythm, its abrupt endings—come to us from a bough above our heads. Both birds are at a discount in the full tide of summer songs; but in the shortening days of chill October they are valued indeed. Rooks are blown about the sky; and these are the only living things who brave the storm. Last week swallows were flying low over the pool, but now not one straggler remains to

make us remember that such things were as summer birds and longer days.

Retracing our steps to the garden we see two trees which are redolent of the past—a medlar and a mulberry. This last is not a beautiful tree. It covers itself with such dense masses of heavy foliage; its form has neither grace or dignity—and yet we love it. We would have no garden without it, from its associations alone. Thisbe tarried in mulberry shade in "Midsummer Night's Dream;" its fruit, says Spenser, dewes the poet's brain: "It is called in the fayning of poets the wisest of all other trees, for this tree only among all others bringeth forth his leaves after the cold frosts be past," says Gerarde. But a medlar is a tree of altogether another fashion. Its queer, crooked boughs, its irregular, unexpected growth, its beautiful white flowers, its fruit with such a mediæval air, Chaucer's glorification of it in his "Flower and the Leaf," Dryden's imitation, all these things give it distinction; and to-day, with its bright yellow and red leaves and green fruit, it is one of the most beautiful things of the old garden. Hard by is a cedar; its layers of dark green are a strange contrast to the harlequin brightness and gaiety of the fading tree beside it.

The house which is surrounded by such a garden as this began life as a priory of black monks. But, still in mediæval times, it was given to the bishop of the diocese for one of those many country houses which every bishop then possessed, and the monks were withdrawn from it. Then at the wayward will of Henry VIII. a division of the large diocese in which it stood was made, and, no longer necessary for the bishop, it became a rectory house. The last alterations were made to it in the year 1688—a stirring year: William was landing, a kingdom was changing hands, men in quiet villages were building great porches to their old rectories; it mattered perhaps very

little to them whether a James or a William reigned. The porch, the sundial over it, that "measure appropriate for sweet plants to spring by, for birds to apportion their silver warblings by, for flocks to pasture and to be led to fold by," half defaced now, the old windows smiling like the eyes of a friend, the staircase with its massive banisters, its wide, shallow steps—all these things are of the seventeenth century.

As we turn back to look at the house some words written of a far distant building come to mind: "The record of its years written so visibly, yet without sign of weakness or decay, not as ruins are, useless and piteous, feebly or fondly garrulous of better days, but useful still, going through its own daily work."

A thing of some such individuality, a thing of life, at least of personality, is the old rectory looking out upon the village world around it from the sheltering trees of its old garden.

IV.

"CONTREDANSE."

When the rosy, rustic Miss Flamboroughs, flaunting in red topknots, were called upon to make up the "set" with the high-lived company so unexpectedly assembled at Dr. Primrose's, they had to acknowledge that, although they were reckoned the best dancers in the parish and understood the jig and roundabouts to perfection, they were yet totally unacquainted with country dances; "and this," said the vicar, "at first disconcerted us; however, after a little shoving and dragging, they at last went merrily on." A hundred years ago, then, country dances were the dances of the fashionable world, and the name had no connection with rusticity. They were, indeed, the *contredanses*, so called, says the dictionary, from the position of the dancers, the

present spelling, as well as the sound, being "catachrestic." But the whirligig of time has now finally relegated them to the country, and to a few remote districts in the country; and it may not have fallen to the lot of many to have been present at a gathering where they, in their many varieties, formed the staple of the programme.

In the little cottage-like farmhouses of one of the most beautiful of the western counties of England, dances are still a favorite amusement during the long winter evenings, and the country dance may there be seen to perfection. Small as the houses are, yet most of them have those large kitchens which are a survival of the time when wages were low and almost everything in the way of provisions and clothing was home-grown or home-made, and cheaper than in these cheap days; when farm servants were more numerous than they are now, and when those of each household had their meals and spent their evenings with the master and his family. And perhaps these large kitchens are responsible for the fact that dancing does still exist in these far away rural districts.

The notice of such a gathering—they are "subscription balls," and each guest buys a ticket—not written in the most scholarly hand and not spelt as the dictionary would suggest, although the schoolmaster is here, as everywhere, is put up at the village shop or "public;" and on the afternoon of the day fixed the winter thrush has hardly finished those few notes which are the prelude of spring and spring songs, when from little lonely farms stragglers are seen wending their way to the farm which is to be the scene of the revels. It may be rain or it may be snow, but weather does not keep country folk from their amusements, and they will walk three or four miles through even deep snow to be present at one of these popular entertainments. But they are as careful as

ever were Bottom the weaver and Quince the carpenter, of immortal memory, to look in the almanack and find out moonshine before they fix the date; and when we consider the distances to be gone, the lonely farms set in the midst of fields and reached only by cart-tracks through the deep loam, wet or slippery as the case may be, a moon is not the ineffectual pale thing it has become to town eyes.

Entering the kitchen, "the parlor splendors of the festive place" strike us at once. The paraffin lamps, with their tin reflectors glowing brightly now, give a pleasant if a somewhat dim light, which flickers and glows very prettily on the Christmas holly and ivy, little sprays of which are stuck into the leading of the square panes of glass in the long, low window, among the plates on the dresser, and even the old muzzle-loader on the ceiling, and the great fitches of bacon beside it are decorated, too, in honor of the season or of the ball.

The guests at first seem to take their pleasure sadly. There is so much etiquette, which can only be remembered anxiously and with an effort. And then they wear their Sunday clothes, and the solemnity of the occasions for which these are most often unfolded clings to them and gives their wearers an air of primness which is incongruous with the cheerful scraping of the fiddle. The feminine portion of the company all bring little woollen shawls—cross-overs they term them—and these are put on with unfailing regularity after each dance. The room is full of noise, stamping feet (the time of each dance is well marked in this way on the stone floor), scraping fiddle, and after each dance an outburst of clapping. But it is no part of the manners of this ball-room to make conversation. No one seems to talk except the mistress of the ceremonies, who is a very important person indeed on these

occasions. She is not the lady of the house, but some self-constituted leader, whose talents for the post she has assumed enable her to keep it at all like gatherings in her neighborhood. She who led the revels once, when there was

A chiel among them taking notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it,

was a brisk woman of sixty, known as Mrs. Cooke "of the Mill," dressed in a black stuff dress with no superfluous fineries, unless white cotton gloves are such, no ornaments of any kind, and no cap on her still black hair. In comparison of Mrs. Cooke of the Mill the hostess was indeed not in it at all: she was eclipsed entirely, a cipher in her own kitchen.

Among the other guests the village blacksmith was a man of mark as a dancer. He was very unlike the typical athletic, brawny black son of Vulcan. Small, rosy-cheeked, gray-haired, dressed in a light-colored suit (your rustic, to his credit be it said, loves bright colors), there was no trace of the forge about him. He "takes the cake" among the dancers, although his years must number fully as many as those of Mrs. Cooke of the Mill. The grand way in which he waves his hand high in the air may remind us of the squire in "Silas Marner;" and his mild, husky voice recalls another character in the same book.

The dances are many and varied, and each has its own name and its own music, name sometimes taken from the tune sometimes from the dance. The "Triumph," "Money Musk," "Haste to the Wedding," "Bonnie Dundee," "Doubledy Dout" (double lead out?), the familiar "Sir Roger de Coverley," and many more are on the list, and varied as they are they seem well known to the performers. But the elder people are the best dancers, and have less shyness than the younger ones; and when we

remember the number and variety of the dances, we recognize the fact that to be a good dancer—"a pretty little dancer" is the formula—is no mean art for young or old. But the old are, as we said, the best performers; the young men are "bashful," and stand in groups by the door; and the young ladies, in their little shawls, sit disconsolate, unless a father or an uncle takes pity on them and leads them forth to dance. The elders seem to get most amusement out of the evening, and one wonders what brings the young men and maidens so regularly to these gatherings, unless it is "to see and also for to be seen," and to do and say nothing.

The little gatherings are indeed *sui generis*. Recalling the many dances in the pages of fiction, they are unlike them all. They have in them no element so comic as that of Tilly Slowboy

in the dance at Caleb Plummer's, firm in the belief that diving hotly in among the other couples and effecting any number of concussions with them, is your only principle of footing it. They have none of the beauty of the dance at the Red House, in "Silas Marner," with its lingering traces of feudal dignities; they are superior to, and perhaps less mirthful than, the dance of the fisher folk in "Red Gauntlet." But they are very picturesque scenes, with their own beauty and their own comedy: picturesque bits of life in a land far removed from the ordinary beaten track of the world's highroad, and they bring a feeling of relief that such amusements are not yet extinct in rural England, are not, as we sometimes think regretfully, the sole possession of the peasantry of more sprightly nations across the Channel.

The Gentleman's Magazine.

C. Trollope.

THE ONLY WAY.

Because I've been unhappy all the day,
I call to you a little in the night:
Quite softly, so I should not hurt your rest,
And not with any cry of sorrow, lest
My darkness should break in upon your light.

Yet I call sadly, for my heart is sad:
But then I think, you are so far away,
So very far, that as my voice draws near
The sorrow will be lost, and you will hear
Just murmurings, not the sad things that I say.

I speak so softly, yet I long, I long
To let my heart forth, tell you all my pain!
And now the passionate tears begin to flow,
And sobs come—Nay, sorrow's too strong, and so
The only way is to be quiet again.

G. Colmore.

From Points of View and Other Poems.

SOCIALISTS IN THE EASTERN ALPS.*

It is not without hesitation that I comply with your request to write my experience and opinion concerning the question: Is socialism penetrating into the mountains? This serious matter should be treated thoroughly, even with statistical proofs, and I lack the time and opportunity to do so. Enthrilled by my peasant idyls, I held socialism off as long as it was possible. But at last, with that elementary power with which historical evolutions move, it has forced itself even into my quiet mountains, and compels me, like every one else, to assume a position toward it. So let me tell you briefly and simply what I see in this matter in our region—a fleeting characteristic of our working-classes.

Will socialism penetrate into our mountains? It did so long ago. Styria, the ancient land of iron, with its great charcoal and timber regions, has had for thousands of years a considerable industry. Within this district are hundreds of thousands of workmen, to whom, as everywhere else, come agitators and socialist papers. The class least susceptible to socialism is the wood-cutters, who still cleave to the peasantry; the smiths in the iron works, most of which have been transformed into huge factories, are more favorably, nay, *very* favorably disposed toward it. The miners were probably the most easily won over to the new doctrines of all classes. This set of workmen already has its admirable organization, its press, its unions, its agents. Not a Sunday, or holiday passes without meetings in city and country. There is a strict centralized rule, under which, it is true, personal liberty is as completely

fettered as among soldiers. Socialism does not give me the impression of a party, but rather of an army. The political events of the last year in Grätz have shown us what an important, dreaded, yet relatively desired factor, our socialists have become; they have at last determined the policy of individual parties, and even of the government, by co-operating or not.

In order to acquaint myself with the new doctrine and its principles, I have frequently attended socialist meetings, and listened to the speeches. And I have perceived that these people, when viewed closely, do not look so utterly bad as they appear from a distance, disfigured by party intrigues. One thing is certain—they are no Huns, who wish to pillage and lay waste as opportunity offers, and from whom "the child in the womb is not safe." With us their principal objects are universal suffrage, the eight-hour working day, the pension for old age, in short the betterment of their lives and economical conditions. Their behavior is rough, but decent, any impropriety on the part of individuals is punished according to the strictest discipline. The discipline of the workmen is exemplary, and therein lies their strength; other parties should take note of it. The socialists in Austria to-day are not only the most firm in purpose, but the shrewdest and most tactful of all parties. The Styrian workmen are divided into two camps, the "Black" and the "Red." The "Blacks" are conservative and under clerical patronage; but the "Reds" are in by far the greater majority. The latter, it is true, are so radical that they often threaten revolution, if their plans for reform should not be executed otherwise. If the little that is their just right should

*Translated for *The Living Age* by Mary J. Safford.

be withheld, they would take more if opportunity offered! Besides, these "Reds" are even-national. A Styrian leader of the workingmen, whom I questioned, frankly declared that the watchword of "Internationalism of the Socialists" was not to be understood as meaning that the workingmen renounced their nationality. If the rebellious principles of the socialists were international, because the same evil is to be battled with throughout the world, that is by no means saying that they are anti-national. In times of trouble the workingman would stand by *his* nation, because, naturally, it was nearest to him in every respect. Our Styrian socialists, at least, have never acted substantially against this statement.

With us, too, the socialists naturally present a firm front against the middle classes. They refuse in principle their charity to poor workmen. "We want no favors, we want our rights." They show a still greater hatred of that reactionary power which, appropriately or not, is called the clerical one, and which also most unjustly condemns and opposes the socialists. To them the socialist is not the Prodigal Son, to whom we extend both arms to help him morally and socially, but the savage revolutionist, the Jacobin, the anarchist. When, a few years ago, the socialists had obtained a very small electoral privilege, the clericals, so numerous represented in the Reichsrath, summoned their entire host to prevent the election of the single candidate put up by the workingmen. The fanatical press behaved so abominably toward a party that also desires to improve its condition, that in Grätz even the middle classes rebelled against it and supported the labor candidate, who was elected. Since that time the tension between the middle and working classes has somewhat diminished, and in the Grätz riots, al-

ready mentioned, they made common cause.

With us also the strongest opposition from all parties is directed against the socialist principle of acquiring no individual property and using the day's earnings for the day's needs. But this particular principle is less emphasized in our region, for there are plenty of "Reds" who save their money and have homes of their own. In my opinion, the main effort of the more conservative socialists is directed toward moving upward into the ranks of the middle classes, and to belong to them requires industry and frugality, as well as political rights and the eight-hour working day. That an able working class must produce a young, vigorous middle class seems to me certain.

The prejudice against the "Socis" among us is beginning to disappear. We see in them not alien, hostile, revolutionary masses, but workingmen who merely wish to improve their condition by all the means at their disposal. This every vigorously aspiring class does in its own way, and the more prejudiced and uncultivated it has been hitherto, the less choice it will be able to be in its means. We see in the workingmen of our manufacturing region blood of our blood; there will soon be no member of the middle classes and no peasant who has not some relative in the factory. Whence come the laboring men? They are people from the declining trades and from the peasantry. We are well aware that the peasant is or was the conservative element of the country. But the government, for the sake of fostering manufactures and commerce, has omitted everything to protect him on his land and done much to ruin him. So the government must take with its flourishing manufactures the workingmen and their danger to society. The abolition of the right of primogeniture

among the peasantry, the burdening of owners of farms with military service—they were formerly free from it—the division of peasants' lands, the introduction of the agent system with usurious commissions, the purchase of the peasant farms by "gentlemen" for the preservation of game, etc., are the principal damages which the government has not prevented, but fostered and compelled. The peasant, too, has committed his blunders, chief of which is the acceptance of the so-called modern necessities. So his hold upon the soil loosens, he falls off, and goes—into the factory. Every servant threatens the master of the house with the factory, if the latter cannot or will not yield to his demands. For the servants in the peasant farmers' houses, as well as the workmen in the factories, are increasing their demands and their boldness. We can already say that socialism has entered the mountain huts. The message, "strike down the lords," has never been wholly silent in the villages since the Peasant Wars, though it has rarely been seriously meant; but it now revives again in the factory hand, and often less innocently than in the pleasant village or on the lonely farm. The mountain peasant, who, in spite of his utmost industry, can barely live, would really have special reason for striving to bring about a social revolution; therefore, he has, it is true, a certain degree of readiness to receive the idea, but he does not become a "Soci" until he has left his home and worked in the factories of the great cities, where the utmost poverty and the most lavish luxury confront each other with fury and scorn.

This is my view of the matter. Under these impressions I have no special fear of socialism, but take it seriously!

Deutsche Revue.

It is a natural result of causes which must not be more minutely discussed here, or, to express myself academically, it is a necessary link in the chain of social development. It would certainly be more agreeable to me if this link of social development which, under certain circumstances, may be dangerous, had not become necessary, if we, especially in the country, still had the quieter, more comfortable and contented conditions, amid which it is so pleasant to live, and which are to the writers of village tales still more pleasant to depict. Perhaps the conditions which make human existence a pleasure will return in another form. The present ones scarcely do so.

The peril with which socialism threatens the nobler portion of our civilization cannot be wholly denied, and I know three methods of dealing with it, but as they do not consist of cannon and bayonets, they might fail in many quarters to find approval. The first is: Restricting manufactures, expanding agriculture, and returning to a less pretentious, more natural mode of life.—Will not be accepted. . . . The second: The utmost liberty granted for the emigration without taxation of the most radical socialists to attempt the realization of their ideals.—Declined. . . . The third: Meet the just claims of the workingmen, give them the political rights of the middle classes, the opportunity and the means to train themselves morally and intellectually, and recognize them in social life as equally important and equally respected as all other citizens of the state who accomplish any useful work.

This third method of removing the peril of socialism might be recommended as feasible.

Peter Rosegger.

MISS FERRIER.*

It is more than eighty years since "Marriage" was published, and you can buy it to-day in any book-shop for fourpence halfpenny. That shows at least a singularly robust power of survival, and immortality is freely claimed for authors who have very much less to show for it than a lady who has amused four generations of readers. If she had been content to do that, her fame might rest secure; but unhappily she was possessed with the desire to convey moral instruction, and that has overlaid her humor and her genuine faculty of creation with a dead weight of platitudes under which they must inevitably sink. Nevertheless her talent was sufficiently remarkable to render her an appropriate subject for a memoir, if an interesting one could be written; and the fact that she belonged to a very notable society,—the little world of Edinburgh in the days when Edinburgh held the Great Magician and was the headquarters of the great Whig Review, might well have led one to hope that the interesting memoir might be forthcoming. Unfortunately this anticipation, if any one formed it, has not been fulfilled; the book in which her grand-nephew, Mr. John Ferrier, assisted by Mr. Doyle, has put together her correspondence with some details as to her life and family, is nearly as dull as it is given to a biography to be, except for about eighty pages of really charming and high-spirited letters written by her to Miss Clavering. It did not need a large volume to establish the fact that Miss Ferrier had two sides to her character, one of

which was amusing and the other very emphatically not, and that as age advanced the former disappeared; still less was it necessary to display at such portentous length the extreme dullness of her decline. Still, from this mass of material one can disengage some picture of the novelist and her time.

Susan Ferrier was the youngest child in a family of ten, and the only unmarried daughter. Her father, James Ferrier, was a Writer to the Signet and agent to the fifth Duke of Argyll; through the Duke's interest he was promoted to be one of the Principal Clerks of Session, and thus had the honor to be a colleague of Walter Scott. His wife died in 1797, and from 1804 onwards, owing to the marriage of her sisters, Miss Ferrier was obliged to keep house for him till his death in 1829. The house must have been a cheerful one enough in the early days of her life, when it was full of the young people. Burns passed there and celebrated the charms of the eldest Miss Ferrier; and Susan would seem to have been particularly attached to one of her brothers. But as the others left it, and as old age settled down heavily on her father, the home cannot have been a paradise. Old Ferrier was a taciturn, hard-headed Scotchman; his colleagues in the Session House called him Uncle Adam in his last days, and the Uncle Adam of "The Inheritance" would certainly have been "gey and ill to live with;" kindly no doubt, at bottom, but harsh and wintry. The tie which bound his daughter to him so closely that she would scarcely stir from his side, and would not accept invitations to visit people whom she cared for,—not even tempted by chances of marriage—was a tie of duty rather

*Memoir and correspondence of Susan Ferrier, 1782-1854; based on her private correspondence in the possession of, and collected by, her grand-nephew, John Ferrier. Edited by John A. Doyle, Fellow of All Souls' College. With Portraits. London, 1899.

than affection. Neither of the pair was demonstrative; Miss Ferrier felt that she was necessary to her father just as his armchair might have been, not perhaps indispensable, but a circumstance of life which he counted on, and took as a matter of course. She gave up her existence to him, not in any spirit of sentimental devotion, but with rather a grim sense of what she was doing, and out of a hard intellectual conviction that it was the right thing to do; and her gaiety was crushed out in the process. Probably to the last day of her life she was what she called Scott, *amusable*; but she ceased to have the desire to amuse, and became more than a little doubtful whether it was right to think at all about amusement.

At all events that is how I account to myself for the lamentable transformation that took place in Miss Ferrier. Here is the young lady in her twenty-first year as she shows herself in a letter to a married sister, Mrs. Connell:

I am much obliged to you for your invitation, and still more for the *inducement* you hold out to me, but I don't feel inclined to go quite so far in quest of a husband. I think you're very bold in promising to *insure* me one. I assure you it's more than most people would do, or even what I would do for myself. I was at a concert a few nights ago, where I was somewhat annoyed by Widow Bell, who was there heading *four-and-twenty maidens*; she looked so queer and vulgar that I was fain to fight shy. She came bobbing along, sticking out at all points and places, keys and coppers jingling in her pockets, led in triumph by a frightful male creature with a large *bow-window* bound in blue and buff, and a pair of peagreen *upper legs*. I thought I should have swooned with shame when she stopped and stared at me.

There you have the whole point of view of the lively young woman,—say, Lady Emily in "Marriage"—whose sense of the ridiculous entirely gets the better of human kindness; and you

have already pretty fully developed that formidable power of caricature which was the greater part of Miss Ferrier's accomplishment. The description is exactly like a drawing by Gilray, and it is interesting to note that she cherished an album which was principally adorned with Gilray's work. Contrast with that letter one to the same sister but written forty years later. It begins with some details (tamely given) of a fancy-fair to which even she had been dragged. Here is the last sentence or two, winding up a catalogue of costumes: "And now I have done my part in the millinery line, and hope you are satisfied, if not edified. Lady McN. has a masquerade to-night and E. enacts first a *fishwife* and then a queen; but oh! what folly all this seems and is! Not gaiety, real gaiety—only excitement, its vile counterfeit."

Old Miss Edgeworth, nearly twenty years Miss Ferrier's senior and a professed moralist, was about the same time writing endless letters full of genuine gaiety and delight in the enjoyments of other people. It is fair to remember that Miss Ferrier in her later years was afflicted with an ailment of the eyes almost amounting to blindness; but there is no denying the fact that Puritanism turned to bile in her nature; her satire, which began with an intellectual contempt for fools and a keen sense of superficial absurdities, grew more and more into a denunciation of whatever was not ascetic.

However, Miss Ferrier as a young woman had little of the ascetic about her, and she saw not only the whole of Edinburgh society, but a good deal of a wider world. She writes to her brother in 1810:

You was hardly out of the door before I felt sick and went to bed, but was obliged to rise and receive the Laird of Makdougall and his daughter, a great bumping miss in a blue riding-

habit; then in galloped Bessie Mure, so that I was at my wit's end between a fine town madam and a *rank Highland miss*. Next day I was in the Elysian fields with my dear doctor, for such his grounds really are, and you may suppose his company did not lessen the delusion in my eyes.

That is thoroughly typical of her surroundings. Her "dear doctor" was a certain Dr. Hamilton, who, says Mr. Ferrier, still clung to the dress of a by-gone age, the cocked hat, knee-breeches, shoe-buckles, etc., and would neither wear gloves nor carry an umbrella. Miss Ferrier, it appears, was accustomed playfully to remark that he "dispensed with gloves for fear of slipping the fees," and that his great hat made the umbrella unnecessary. Such was the wit of Edinburgh in its great period. But at all events the doctor was a character even in a society abounding in oddities; and another contrast Miss Ferrier herself notes, that between the Highland Miss and Bessie Mure. This lady was a relative of the Argyll family and a constant inmate of their household, where Miss Ferrier was also on a very friendly footing, thanks to her father's business-connection with the Duke. It was at Inverary Castle that she formed the principal friendship of her life with the Duke's granddaughter, Miss Charlotte Clavering, and from this connection sprang directly her enterprise as a writer. The Duke's sister, Lady Charlotte Campbell (afterwards Lady Charlotte Bury) was also a novelist, and in those days it was the exception and not the rule for ladies to write. Lady Charlotte brought the contagion of proof-sheets into that circle; Miss Clavering caught the infection and transmitted it to her friend. At what date exactly the correspondence between the two young ladies began is not clear, for they did not date their letters as a rule, but at all events it had reached an intimate

stage in the beginning of 1808, Miss Ferrier being then six-and-twenty, her friend some years younger, and "a fine dancing lady" in London. There is a deal of comment upon contemporary novels in the letters, and Miss Clavering promises poems of her own, which do not appear to arrive. At the same time Miss Ferrier is not guiltless of verse, for she actually bestows a copy upon John Philpott Curran, who made an appearance in Edinburgh and a vast impression on Susan's heart. Moreover, as the letters go on, a certain amount of cheerful rhyming creeps in. One may as well quote a sample of the correspondence.

I sent to Bessie Mure desiring her to surrender up her cheap Glover as I looked upon him as a much more desirable thing than a dear lover, so she made answer that she knew of no cheap man, but she directed me to where I could get good gloves at 1s. 4d. per pair. Well, away I trotted, resolved to become hand in glove with this pattern Glover. So I went into the shop.

"Show me some good stout ladies' gloves," quoth I;
So he took down a parcel and gave me them to try;
I picked out a dozen of pairs and said,
"Now I'm willing
To take all these if you'll give me them at the shilling."
Then the Glover clasped his hands and said: "Madame, I declare
I could not sell those gloves for less than *three shillings* a pair."
So I said: "I was told you had very good gloves at sixteenpence,
And your asking three shillings for these must be all a pretence!"
Then he brought forth a huge bundle and opened it out:
"There, madam, are the gloves, made from the hide of a nout,
But no more to compare with the skin of a kid or dog
Than the breast of a chicken to the back of a hog."
So, having nothing to reply to a simile so sublime,

I was glad to sneak off and say I would come back when I had more time, And I swear that's as true as I am now writing rime.

There is a strong, broad touch about all these letters, which very naturally suggested to a literary young lady that her friend had it in her to write something else than letters; and there was no lack of leisure available. Miss Ferrier describes graphically enough her own occupations.

I am busied in the *Arts and Sciences* at present, japanning old boxes, varnishing new ones, daubing velvet, and, in short, as the old wives say, "my hands never out of an ill turn." Then, by the way of pastime, I play whist every night to the very death with all the fusty dowagers and musty mousers in the purlieu—and yet I am alive! Praise be to oysters and porter!

And so there came from Miss Clavering the suggestion that the two should collaborate by means of the post; and she enclosed the outline of a plot. Miss Ferrier at once knows her own mind; the moralist immediately rises. The plot is excellent, but,—it wants a moral. "As the only good purpose of a book is to inculcate morality, and convey some lesson of instruction as well as delight, I do not see that what is called a *good moral* can be dispensed with in a work of fiction." For an alternative suggestion, what would Miss Clavering think of this? "I do not recollect ever to have seen the sudden transition of a high-bred English beauty, who thinks she can sacrifice all for love, to an uncomfortable solitary Highland dwelling among tall, red-haired sisters and grim faced aunts." That is the germ of "Marriage," and, as Miss Ferrier points out, the moral to be deduced is of course that runaway matches are reprehensible. As a collaboration, nothing came of it. Miss Clavering was busy with her own projects, which were cer-

tainly very unlike Miss Ferrier's, and after due beseeching her finished performance came through the post and was welcomed with a good deal of amusing chaff. Its heroine, the beautiful Herminisilde, was apparently sent to sea, like Danae, in a tub by designing villains; and Miss Ferrier cannot wholly accept this adventure.

Methinks I behold the Count and the Squire ramming her in like so much raw sugar and treading her down, as the negroes do figs to make them pack close! 'Tis no wonder you pride yourself upon your *invention*, that is truly an incident for which you'll find no parallel in the annals of novel-writing. A mere matter-of-fact writer now, had they really wanted to drown a body, would most likely have tied a good thumping stone about its neck and there would have been an end of it: but your count knows a trick worth two of that.

Altogether it was pretty plain that there was a complete incompatibility of literary temperament.

You say there are just two styles for which you have any taste, viz., the horrible and the astonishing. Now I'll groan for you till the very blood shall curdle in my veins, or I'll shriek and stare till my own eyes start out of their sockets with surprise—but as to writing with you, in truth it would be as easy to compound a new element out of fire and water as that we two should jointly write a book.

And so Miss Ferrier sadly rejects the various proposals, one of which included a Hottentot heroine and a wild man of the woods,—“I should despair,” she writes, “of doing justice to their wild paces and delicate endearments;” another placed its characters on the moon; and moreover she remarks that Miss Clavering was, by her own confession, engaged upon two other novels with two other collaborators, and she questions whether there was a head in the world capable of containing and

clearly arranging materials for three books, be they what they may. In short the correspondence shows the amateur lady novelist to have been then what she is now, greatly daring; and Miss Ferrier preferred for her part to keep to the modesty of nature, and her high-bred heroine flung in among the red-haired sisters and grim-faced aunts.

It was some time in 1810 that the early sheets of "Marriage" were conveyed to Miss Claverling's home at Arden-caple. They contained the vivid portraits of Lady MacLaughlan and of the three sisters Douglas, Miss Grizzy, Miss Jacky, and Miss Nicky. Now there might be some doubt about the identification of Lady MacLaughlan, but the three misses appear to have been copied direct from three Misses Edmonstone (cousins, after the Scotch fashion, of the Argyll family) who lived in Edinburgh no further away from the Ferriers' household than next door. There is a fragment of a letter to Miss Claverling quoted by Sir George Douglas in his book on "The Blackwood Group," which is not included in this volume.

I am boiling to hear from you, but I've taken a remorse of conscience about Lady MacLaughlan and her friends; if I was ever to be detected, or even suspected, I would have nothing for it but to drown myself. I mean, therefore, to let her alone till I hear from you, as I think we might compound some other kind of character for her that might do as well and not be so dangerous. As to the misses, if ever it was to be published, they must be altered or I must fly my native land.

Miss Claverling wrote back in huge delight, insisting that Sir Sampson's lady and the "foolish virgins" should stand; offering even to take upon herself the authorship of the novel sooner than let them be sacrificed. The next letter records Lady Charlotte Camp-

bell's enthusiasm for what she called "the cleverest thing of the kind ever written;" and a later epistle proves that Miss Claverling, though she sent a heroine adrift in a barrel and threw the barrel through a cabin porthole, was nevertheless a young lady of sense and discernment. She was quite content that Miss Ferrier should mangle her own contribution (the episodic history of Mrs. Douglas, which had better have been amputated altogether), and she furnished very sound criticism on her friend's work. "I don't like those high-life conversations; they are a sort of thing by consent handed down from generation to generation in novels, but have little or no groundwork in truth, and the first part of the book will please because the scenes are original in a book and taken from nature." And moreover she protests vehemently against the "Frenchifying" of Lady Juliana's conversation. The editor makes the amazing statement that "no trace of this blemish remains." If Miss Claverling managed to get out any of the Frenchification, there must have been a great deal to begin with, for French phrases are sprinkled as if out of a pepperpot over all those novels, and in two cases out of three they are ungrammatical or incorrect. It was plainly an affectation, for Miss Ferrier never quotes French in her letters.

Such was the genesis of "Marriage." It was a work full of extremely amusing studies taken direct from life; Lady MacLaughlan is in her way a true creation, and, fantastic as she is, she plainly belongs to the generation which produced Lady Hester Stanhope, a person as "man-minded" and eccentric (though stately even in her eccentricity) as Sir Sampson's directress. Even Lady Juliana, wild caricature though she may be, bears the same relation to the life of those days as a drawing by Gillray, and remains interesting to the student of the history of affectations. But

though "Marriage" was partly written in 1810 when its authoress was eight-and-twenty, it did not aspire to publicity till 1817, when the finished portion of the manuscript was submitted to the original Blackwood and received by him with open arms. In 1818 it was published under seal of the deadliest secrecy as to the writer's identity. There was, as we have been shown, excellent reason why Miss Ferrier should conceal her authorship if she was to live at peace with her neighbors; and in addition to that, she had a genuine dislike to the fuss and notoriety which was in those days the lot of the female author. The satiric sketch in "Marriage" of a literary coterie at Bath shows plainly enough what she desired to keep away from, although the satire in that instance is mainly conventional, and does not speak of direct observation.

After the appearance of "Marriage" I cannot trace anything more than the bare facts of Miss Ferrier's life, for the reason that in 1817 Miss Claverling married, and though the friendship continued till Miss Ferrier's death, either the correspondence dropped or no further specimens of it are printed; and there are no other letters in the volume which are in any way characteristic of the novelist. The authorship of "Marriage" remained just about as secret as that of "Waverley." Some of Miss Ferrier's own family were not initiated; and there were no doubt a good many people who did not disclaim the honor, which, enviable from the first, became doubly so when Scott, in the epilogue to "The Legend of Montrose," addressed a kindly word to "a brother, or perhaps a sister shadow, the author of the very lively work entitled "Marriage." It was only to be expected that such a success would induce the authoress to go on, and early in 1823 the first volume of "The Inheritance" was completed and offered to Murray, but

the negotiation was broken off at the entreaty of Blackwood, who paid £1,000 for the copyright of the entire work. Upon the whole, "The Inheritance" is to be preferred to its predecessor. Miss Pratt is beyond praise; she belongs to the same sisterhood as Lady MacLaughlan and the Misses, but Miss Ferrier had the power of keeping the individual character absolutely distinct while she stamps upon it the common characteristics of a particular society. Lord Rossville, the pompous nobleman for whose special confusion Miss Pratt is created, really rises above caricature and the scenes between the pair are often excellently diverting; and one cannot too highly praise the art by which Miss Pratt, while remaining the same person, is made to present an entirely different side of her character to Uncle Adam. The story itself is of course a poor example of a superannuated fashion; we have to swallow it or skip it, just as we do the scenes of protestation between Julia and Falkland in "The Rivals," for the sake of the admirable comedy incorporated with it. Indeed Miss Ferrier's whole work belongs properly speaking to the drama rather than to the novel; and it is surprising that, with her gift for strong and effective drawing of comic character and her perfect willingness to accept any convention in the way of plot, she did not furnish materials for at least a temporary success on the boards. A stage-carpenter of some sort tried his hand at "The Inheritance," but the result was a lamentable failure.

In January, 1829, Miss Ferrier was released from her long duty by the death of her father. She had lived in increasing seclusion, she was now close upon fifty, and the purpose of her life was gone. "Destiny" was being written, and by 1830 it was disposed of, not to Blackwood, but to Cadell, who gave £1,700 for it. Scott, not perhaps a very trustworthy counsellor in such

matters, told her that she had sold "The Inheritance" much below its value; and Blackwood had apparently made a statement to her that the second edition was dead stock upon his hands. It is the sort of thing that publishers are prone to say and authors by no means prone to hear; so that one cannot help a retrospective rejoicing over his evident discomfiture when he was taken at his word. Cadell, it seems, did not lose by the bargain. It is hardly necessary to criticise "Destiny," which presents the faults of the other novels in an exaggerated form, and gives a singularly false and unreal view of life. Glenroy, the unreasonable Highland chief, compares very ill with King Corny in Miss Edgeworth's "Ormond;" but there is an undeniable pathos in the portrait of this imperious old man, struck down with paralysis, more than ever imperious and unreasonable, yet absolutely dependent upon those whose convenience he had never for a moment considered. His henchman, Benbowie, not a servant, but a companion attached to him by a tie of unreasoning habit stronger than any devotion, is excellently rendered; he is not wanted to point a moral, and thus Miss Ferrier is content to make him live, and he does live. Molly Macaulay, his pendant in the picture, remains almost the only likeable person in the sisterhood which began with the Misses. It is a sad pity that such powers of characterization were practically nullified by a defective theory of art. The moralizings of the characters whom Miss Ferrier selects for admiration are in this book quite intolerable; and the minister, Mr. McDow, is a caricature so ugly as to be positively offensive, though drawn with a coarse strength.

It was natural that an authoress so successful should be repeatedly pressed to write. In 1837 one Miss Mackenzie, on behalf of a friend, offered £1,000 for

a volume, no matter what. Miss Ferrier endorsed the letter: "I made two attempts to write *something*, but could not please myself, and would not publish *anything*." The elasticity had gone out of her nature, and it is to be accounted to her for a great virtue that she would not consent to "write herself down."

Beyond this we, who read or do not read her novels, have no concern with her, except to be sorry for the gloom of her dark old age, and to respect the somewhat stoical fortitude with which she bore it; but she has left one other piece of writing which must always retain its value. If one of Sir Walter's dogs were stuffed in a museum there would always be, and there ought always to be, pilgrims coming to see it; and no human testimony that throws any light upon him and his life will ever cease to be of interest. Scott was a friend of her father, as he was of almost every human being who came into contact with him, and he had a strong liking for the crabbed old man. Here is a passage which Mr. Doyle quotes from the Journal:

Uncle Adam (that was how they called him in the Session House after "The Inheritance" appeared), who retired last year from an official situation at the age of eighty-four, although subject to fits of giddiness and although carefully watched by his accomplished daughter, is still in the habit of walking by himself if he can by any possibility make an escape. The other day, in one of these excursions, he fell against a lamp-post, cut himself much, bled a good deal, and was carried home by two gentlemen. What said old Rugged and Tough? Why, that his fall against the post was the luckiest thing that could have befallen him, for the bleeding was exactly the remedy for his disorder.

So keen an observer as Miss Ferrier was inevitably pressed, after Scott's death, to set down her recollections of him; she did so, the manuscript was

preserved, and has been published by Mr. John Ferrier by way of an introduction to Bentley's Edinburgh Edition of her novels. It should be stated that all Miss Ferrier's copyrights were transferred to Bentley in 1841, and her authorship first formally avowed in his edition of that year. It is worth while to summarize her impressions of Sir Walter, for they are exceedingly characteristic of the observer as well as of the subject observed. She went with her father to Ashestiel in 1811, and Scott wrote some lines for her when she was leaving the house. Nothing perhaps proves more fully the completeness of her seclusion than the fact that she was never Scott's guest again till after her father's death, when she visited Abbotsford in the autumn of 1829. There she saw Walter and Charlotte Lockhart, the boy looking a Cupid in tartans, whose "sundry extras" so fluttered in the breeze that his grandfather, with his usual ready courtesy, recalled an image from his guest's own work and presented him as Major Waddell, remembering how the newly promoted Countess was called upon by her mother's relations.

The carriage door being opened, out stepped Major Waddell, having upon his back a vast military cloak with all its various appliances of tags and jags and flags and waving capes, and scarlet linings and shining brooch, etc., etc., etc. The Major having placed himself on one side of the carriage door, black Cæsar in no less gorgeous array stationed himself at the other, and then after a little feminine delay there came forth Mrs. Major Waddell in all her bravery.

The whole passage is funny enough, and the solicitude of Mrs. Major Waddell for the health of her much-enveloped husband makes excellent farce; but how Scott, for all his prodigious memory, came to be so pat with his quotation is wonderful, and seems to suggest that Miss Ferrier was really

more of a light in her own day than we realize. This was on her way to the house, of which she describes her first impression: "As soon as I could look round, I was struck with the singular and picturesque appearance of the mansion and its environs. Yet I must own there was more of strangeness than of admiration in my feelings: too many objects seemed crowded together in a small space, and there was a felt want of breadth and repose for the eye." Going round the place Scott was her cicerone; one need not say how courteous and eloquent. She stayed ten days, with a very small party.

Every day Sir Walter was ready by one o'clock to accompany us, either in walking or driving, often in both, and in either there was the same inexhaustible flow of legendary lore, romantic incident, apt quotation, curious or diverting story; and sometimes old ballads were recited, commemorative of some of the localities through which he passed. Those who had only seen him amongst the avocations of life, or even doing the honors of his own table, could scarcely have conceived the fire and animation of his countenance at such times, when his eyes seemed literally to kindle, and even (as some one has remarked) to change their color and become a sort of deep sapphire blue; but perhaps from being close to him and in the open air I was more struck with this peculiarity than those whose better sight enabled them to mark his varying expression at other times. Yet I must confess that this was an enthusiasm that I found as little infectious as that of his anti-quarianism. On the contrary, I often wished his noble faculties had been exercised on loftier themes than those which seemed to stir his very soul.

She would have liked him, no doubt, to dissertate upon the higher morality, the duty of repressing vain habits of wishing, and so forth, like the intolerable Captain Malcolm in "Destiny." When Mrs. Lockhart, who was then ill, made an effort, and caused herself to be carried down to the drawing-

room as a surprise in honor of Wilkie's arrival, Scott, in his joy at finding her back there, seated at her harp and ready to sing for him, insisted upon winding up the evening by joining hands all round and singing

Weel may we a' be,
Ill may we never see.

Yet this struck the austere Puritan lady as "little else than a mockery of human life." "The glee seemed forced and unnatural," and she writes sadly, and no doubt truthfully enough, "it was the last attempt at gaiety I witnessed within the walls of Abbotsford." Still when the worst trouble came she was a welcome guest in the house, and Lockhart has recorded with his accustomed skill her kind tact with the broken, paralyzed Magician, and her tenderness in hiding even from himself the lapses in his memory, an art learned no doubt in her long tendance upon her own father. In a few lines of tragic portraiture she has drawn Scott as he received her after his second stroke, scarcely able to rise from his chair yet with his old courtesy insistent on doing so; slow and indistinct in speech, slack and unwieldy in figure, his face swollen and discolored, a black silk cap sitting ill on his shaven head, and the eyes that could once change from hazel to sapphire now dim

Macmillan's Magazine.

and heavy. And to complete the picture, by his side at table sat his grandchild "Hugh Littlejohn," once the pride of his great heart. The child was transformed not less pitifully than the man.

The fair blooming cheek and finely chiselled features were now shrunk and stiffened into the wan and rigid inflexibility of old age; while the black bandage which swathed the little pale sad countenance gave additional gloom and harshness to the profound melancholy which clouded its most intellectual expression. Disease and death were stamped upon the grand-sire and the boy, as they sat side by side with averted eyes, each, as if in the bitterness of his own heart, refusing to comfort or be comforted. The two who had been wont to regard each other so fondly and so proudly now seemed averse to hold communication together, while their appearance and style of dress, the black cap of the one and the black bandages of the other, denoted a sympathy in suffering if in nothing else.

Out of doors it was a soft afternoon of May; windows were open, flowers were fragrant, and the singing of birds came into the room. *Sunt lacrymæ rerum*: the woman who had the heart to see and understand these things (though she rounds her description with a superfluous moral) felt not only the comedy but the tragedy of life in a way that was not commonplace.

Stephen Gwynn.

O EVERLASTING VOICES !

O sweet everlasting Voices, be still!
Go to the guards of the heavenly fold
And bid them wander obeying your will,
Flame under flame, till Time be no more;
Have you not heard that our hearts are old?
That you call in birds, in wind on the hill,
In shaken boughs, in tide on the shore:
O sweet everlasting Voices, be still!

W. B. Yeats.

WINGED CARRIERS OF DISEASE.

A few years ago, while visiting America, it was my privilege to spend the first week in that enlightened country in a fly-proof dwelling. The season of the year was September. The place was Beverley Farms, and my host was the most agreeable and witty man of his day, the distinguished physician, novelist and poet, Oliver Wendell Holmes. His summer residence was one of many similar villas placed in various clearings of the woods skirting the Atlantic, and presenting in all directions exquisite views of sea and land. On entering the villa it was curious to find the folding doors silently closing up behind, while others mysteriously opened in front through some mechanical contrivance, the object of which was to keep out the flies. Every window in this Arcadia was protected from the entrance of flies by wire gauze stretchers through which the summer breeze could be wafted during the hours of sleep, and which was transparent enough to allow your eyes to rest on the pretty garden below in the hours of morning. These windows indeed were a revelation of what human intelligence and art could do to secure comfort and ease to the occupants of the dwelling. In addition to the ordinary glass windows of everyday life, there were Venetian shutters made to open and shut in sections, and to turn this way and that at will. These effectually kept out the rays of the sun, and enveloped the room in welcome shade with glints of light at pleasure. Again, while lounging under the verandah—or piazza, as it is called—there was a charm in hearing the bees humming, the wasps buzzing, and in seeing the air full of fly life, and feel you could read in comfort and meditate in peace. In fact, the place

of your dreams by day and by night was carefully guarded by fly-proof transparent wire gauze.

Then, *à propos* of the fly-proof dwelling, our philosopher loved to discourse on the part played by these busy, curious creatures round about us, some engaged in gathering honey, others acting as scavengers, many doing duty as carriers of the pollen to the plant—all engaged in a general scheme of co-operation throughout nature. Still, their place in nature, we agreed, was distinctly outside the gauze barriers. Inside the dwelling-house they were not wanted; there they did not give rise to poetic musings; there they could only do mischief by attacking our food in the larder and on the table; by making raids on the jam-pots, and falling into the cream, and generally provoking language not always parliamentary. But as things were, in this peaceful and harmonious spot, we could afford to sit out on the lawn and speculate on the business of life going on through the sunny air, and reflect with delight that the perfume around, and the colors radiating from the flower-beds, were simply Nature's sign-posts guiding many of these little winged creatures to the nectar of their quest. But far beyond our little earthly paradise, our Arcadian speculations, our barriers of gauze, there was another story to be told, another side of the picture to be realized; one not less interesting to the physician, nor less important to humanity, and that was the influence of flies in carrying about the seeds of human disease.

It has long been known that ophthalmia could be spread by flies, and that erysipelas, ringworm, and various forms of eczema could easily be transmitted from one subject to another by

flies. At a recent meeting of the Royal Society, Mr. Burgess had a very interesting exhibit showing the result of some experiments carried out to prove the influence of flies in transplanting the seeds of bacteria. He had captured some common house-flies, and placed their feet in momentary contact with a growth of the *Bacillus prodigiosus*. This is the bright red bacterium familiar to housekeepers in damp, ill-lighted larders, for it starts out in red patches on bread, boiled rice, and sausages, and has been known to turn rain red and milk the color of blood. With their feet touched with this growth he allowed his flies liberty to roam for several hours in a large room. Meanwhile, he prepared a suitable soil for his experiment by cutting slices of sterilized potato, and having recaptured his flies, caused them to walk over this culture ground. In the natural course of time he had the satisfaction of seeing a perfect garden of the *Bacillus prodigiosus* spring up wherever their feet had touched.

To pursue this investigation into the more serious regions of pathology, similar experiments were conducted with the diphtheria bacillus on coagulated serum, but within defined limits. "Four dishes containing this material were arranged in the following order:

"No. 1, containing sterile coagulated serum.

"No. 2, containing culture of diphtheria on serum.

"No. 3, containing sterile coagulated serum.

"No. 4, containing sterile coagulated serum.

"A common house-fly was made to walk over the four surfaces of serum in the order given. Dishes 1, 3 and 4 were now placed in the incubator. No. 1 next day showed some harmless cocci only; Nos. 3 and 4 showed colonies of

diphtheria bacilli in the tracks of the fly.

"We have here a simple explanation of one method of contaminating milk and other food preparations. In that flies, however, are absent in winter, when diphtheria prevails, they cannot be regarded as a great factor in the spread of the disease; but in all probability they have some influence in helping to swell the autumnal rise in the prevalence of diphtheria."¹

With regard to cholera, it was found that when house-flies were fed with pure cultures of that disease the bacilli were found in their intestines and excreta up to four days later. Further, if in addition to the pure cholera culture a little sterilized broth were added, then immense quantities of bacilli were found, indicating that they not only thrive but multiply in the bodies of the flies.² Thus may the seeds of cholera be insidiously deposited on food or in milk, to develop into the full-blown disease in the human body. These, then, are some of the primitive ways in which disease may be spread, for the germs not only live in the water and the soil, but in the air, ready to fall on everything about us within easy access to flies.

In addition to these direct ways of transplanting the seeds of disease there are other and more roundabout methods known to science by which certain flies, fitted by nature with a complete inoculating apparatus, introduce into the human blood the germs of deadly diseases. These flies are chiefly mosquitoes—not all mosquitoes, but certain species, that not only have the power, as we shall presently see, to elaborate the germs of human diseases within the area of their own bodies, but are gifted with the power of extracting these germs from the blood of man, and of giving them back to man again.

¹ Captain Fred. Smith, Public Health.

² Sawtschenko.

To follow this study it will be necessary to transport ourselves mentally to those tropical lands where insect life abounds, and where the mosquito-house of science has been adopted to keep mosquitoes in, by men devoting their lives to unravelling the mystery of the connection of these insects with disease. In China, South America, and countries where different forms of elephantiasis prevail, this deplorable disease has long been associated with the medical mind with a certain species of mosquito; hence the searching investigations that have brought to light the life-history of the blood-worm, *Filaria sanguinis hominis*, its partnership with the mosquito, and the effect of its presence in the blood and tissues of man.

In order to trace this disease and its associated parasite to the mosquito of his suspicion, Dr. Manson, in far-off Amoy, established the first mosquito house deliberately planned for the investigation of disease. He had no difficulty in persuading, for a little consideration, certain of his hospital patients suffering from filarial infection to become midnight tenants of his mosquito trap. Far from feeling the victims of science, they considered themselves in luck's way, and willingly gave assistance in the laboratory. Hence, when night came round the coolie of research was quietly put to bed, with a lighted lamp beside him for the first half-hour to lure the mosquitoes in. The curtains would then be closed till morning. At break of day the coolie would emerge carefully, and after satisfying himself that he had been sufficiently well bitten for the purposes of science, would proceed cautiously, with the aid of tobacco smoke, to capture the mosquitoes and carry them off alive to the laboratory.

When the fresh-drawn human blood was taken from the body of the mosquito and placed under the microscope,

innumerable actively moving embryo filariæ were found in it. These are the progeny of a parent worm which, by blocking the lymphatic vessels, is the cause of the hideous disease very appropriately called elephantiasis. To the naked eye these embryos are invisible, but under the lens they appear as long snake-like creatures having perfectly transparent, almost structureless bodies confined in a delicate tube or sheath. Within this tube they are seen to extend and shorten themselves with very active movements.

These movements are remarkable, as indicating a sort of perception on the part of the immature parasites that they have now escaped from the prison-house of the human body within which they cannot further develop, and where, if they remain unreleased, they have to be content with life-long infancy. These movements, therefore, are efforts on the part of the embryos to shake themselves free from the sheaths which enclose and muzzle them, in order to enter on the next stage of their existence outside the human body and inside that of the mosquito. When by their continued efforts they have escaped from their sheaths, the filariæ move from place to place till they suddenly vanish from the blood in the insect's stomach, leaving the sheath behind. For a long time it was difficult to know what became of them, but they were eventually tracked and found embedded in the thoracic muscles of the mosquito, and here in this quiet little nursery they go through a further stage of evolution by developing a mouth, an alimentary canal, a peculiar trilobed tail, and an enormous increase of size and activity.

During this period of development on the part of the filaria the life of the mosquito is naturally drawing to a close. Her nocturnal activities are over, she languidly digests her last meal, and takes up her quarters in con-

venient proximity to the nearest water-tank or stagnant pool. At the end of a week from her last repast she lays her eggs on the surface of the water and dies. On the water the ova look at first like a little flake of soot, then spread, each egg taking the graceful form of an Etruscan vase, through the lid of which the mosquito larva escapes in due course to complete maturity in the water.

But where now are the embryos of our research? They have by this time reached a stage of development which enables them to bore their way out, and to quit the body of the dead foster-mother. The new element in which they find themselves is one for which they have been prepared, and there in the next stage of their existence they lie in wait for the hapless passer-by who stops to drink, and whose unsuspected *métier* it is to carry through, and bring to completion within his body the life-history of the organism. If only the male or the female filaria be swallowed, no mischief ensues; but as the two sexes are usually grouped together, the chances are that two or more of both sexes are imbibed at the same time. When once received into the human body they soon work their way through the alimentary canal, the female following the male to their last resting-place in the lymphatic system of their final human host. Arrived there, development becomes perfected, fecundation is effected, and the embryo filariæ are discharged in successive swarms and countless numbers into the human blood. The strange thing is that Nature so provides for the preservation of this malign species that, although she is lavish of the embryos which are excreted and lost in a variety of ways, she arranges that the blood-stream of the human being should bring the embryos to the surface at the natural feeding time of the mosquito—that is, during the night. If the blood

of the coolie is examined in the daytime no embryos are to be found; they come into the general circulation only during the evening or night; hence the name of *filaria nocturna*, given to distinguish this particular species from others. Further, it is the female mosquito alone who takes part in this co-operation, for the male mosquito throughout nature is not endowed with the necessary apparatus for drawing blood, and is mildly content to live on the juices and exudations of plants and fruits.

It is no doubt difficult in our temperate climate to realize fully the widespread suffering due to tropical diseases, but in these days of easy travelling the waifs and strays of tropical humanity often drift to our English hospitals to die. Lately there were two Congo negroes in Charing Cross hospital dying of "the sleeping sickness." In a drop of their blood swarms of embryo filariæ were seen, similar in many respects to those just described, but belonging to a different species, and consequently giving rise to different symptoms. In their case there was no disfigurement of the body, and the embryos pervaded the blood-stream uniformly day and night. The patients had to be roused to take food, but, in deep melancholy, they immediately dropped to sleep again, indifferent to life and its surroundings. In these cases it may be that the parent filariæ or their progeny in some unknown way affect injuriously the brain of the victims of this mysterious and deadly infection. Among slaves this disease was very common, and as the sleepiness was generally attributed to grief at being parted from relatives, and to idleness, the consequences may be imagined.

As a result of these early researches, it is now being revealed to us that a more familiar disease, and one much nearer home—namely, malaria—can also be inoculated into the human blood

through the bite of certain mosquitoes.

It is well known that malaria is generated in swampy places. Such places are notoriously the haunts of mosquitoes. The spot of evil omen may be a puddle under the bedroom window, or a mile of swamp a mile away.³ When the germs, introduced through the proboscis of the mosquito, have made their way into the human blood, they find there all they require for their subsistence and a nursery favorable for reproduction. The various stages of their life-history are found to be synchronous with the various stages of ague and fever on the part of the patient, and it is highly probable that the various types of malarial disease may yet be traced to different species of parasite, each demanding its special variety of mosquito.

In a little hospital at the Albert Docks the other day, surrounded by the big ships that bring to it their daily freight of disease, I was allowed to see part of this life-history under the microscope. The assistant had taken a drop of blood from a patient's finger a moment before and placed it under the lens. The next moment I was watching the whole *dramatis personæ*—if I may say so—of the tragedy in real life being enacted within a few yards of where I sat. There were the human blood corpuscles in every stage of health and disease, some laden with the little black-speckled amœbæ (malarial parasites), others showing the spherules of a more advanced stage of its development. There were also present one or two of the large white cells called phagocytes, which exist naturally in all blood to act as scavengers for clearing it of foreign matter. As I watched there emerged from a group of corpuscles the pale creeping form of one of these phagocytes, which began slowly to engulf and draw into its

transparent body some of the little black parasites.

Except for these slow movements all was quiescent until suddenly there was a commotion; something in my microscopic world had happened; in another moment parasites and blood-cells were being violently churned up together. The explanation was that one of the malaria parasites having now been about a quarter of an hour outside the human body was passing through an extra-corporeal stage of its life! It had suddenly thrown out flagella, as they are called, long waving filaments, which were trying to shake themselves free from the mother parasite and proceed to the fulfilment of their destiny. In common with the embryo filaria in its sheath, the malaria germ seemed to be cognizant of the fact that it was now released from the human body, and was therefore ready to adapt itself to the new conditions. The purpose of these flagella long remained a mystery till Professor MacCullum of the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, discovered their object while investigating malarial disease in the crow. He found that the function of the free flagellum was to impregnate certain parasitic cells that do not develop flagella. When this takes place, the impregnated spheres slowly change shape and become converted into locomotive vermicules, containing the entire substance of the original sphere, including the little black masses of pigment which are so characteristic of the malaria parasite in all its more advanced stages. To learn the future of this "travelling vermicule" we must now follow, or try to follow, the recent marvellous investigations of Surgeon-Major Ross in India—investigations which have been confirmed by Koch, and Bignami in Italy, and other savants.

In order to carry out these particular researches, Major Ross settled himself

³ Ross.

in the midst of mosquitoes at Calcutta. Here he established a mosquito laboratory and opened up communications with Manson, his collaborateur at the little hospital just referred to at the Albert Docks. With the aid of the post, the telegraph wires, and microscopes at both ends, this work was quietly begun five years ago, till its importance was recognized by the whole scientific world, and its expansion was promoted and encouraged by the Governments of India and Great Britain.

In his primitive laboratory Ross had first to discover which of the mosquitoes among many species were the agents that "liberated" the malarial parasites from infected blood, and found that the dapple-winged, barred-backed, and gray mosquitoes were the chief agents. With them he set to work, and pursued his experiments on the infected and uninfected blood of man, and also of birds, many of which are extremely susceptible to this form of disease. After sacrificing hecatombs of mosquitoes, he found that by feeding the gray mosquito (which he cultivated pure and healthy from the pupa) on sparrow's blood containing the parasites, he could with the utmost certainty get from the mosquito's stomach a crop of pigmented cells resembling those he had similarly raised from human malaria.

In watching the progress of events within the body of the mosquito, he found that the malarial parasite had power to develop and multiply, and go through even more advanced stages of its life-history than it had the power to do within the blood of man.

It seems that when the parasite is liberated from the human blood and enters the mosquito, certain cells (spherical in form) throw out flagella which, breaking loose, approach and enter other spherical cells, as already mentioned, causing them in turn to as-

sume an elongated shape endowed with active locomotive powers. This is the "travelling vermicule" phase, which in virtue of its penetrating power enters and becomes imbedded in the muscular wall of the mosquito's stomach.

When once it is therein imbedded, it continues to grow and pass through various stages of evolution till it begins to project from the interior of the stomach a number of little cysts which protrude on the outer surface. Within these cysts order is being daily evolved out of primal chaos. On the fifth day the cells, rapidly developing inside the cysts, have ranged themselves into two kinds: (1) those that contain numbers of delicate thread-like bodies, and (2) those that contain large black spore-like bodies, both kinds being probably reproductive. On the eighth or ninth day, when maturity is reached, the cysts burst and pour their contents into the general cavity of the insect's body. The circulation of the blood-stream is now pressed into service, and, singular to relate, while it carries the black spores into the tissues, it sends the thread-like objects (now called germinal rods) more especially into the poison glands, which are on each side of the proboscis of the insect. In the salivary-poison glands the rods remain, ready, along with the secretion, to be inoculated into the human or bird blood directly through the bite of the insect, causing the well-known irritation in the first instance, with possibilities of malarial fever to come.

From this it will be seen—and not without pleasure by a vindictive world—how much the hated mosquito has to do. Thinking only of her offspring, she has simultaneously to bear the double family of the parasite who takes possession and crowds her young into every nook and cranny of her body. Her muscular tissues are

pressed open, her thorax is made into a nursery, her stomach is rendered hideous by innumerable wart-like cysts, while her entire body is converted into a scientific laboratory for the cultivation and distribution of a deadly disease! Some of the progeny she can and does dispose of when feeding on susceptible blood, but there are always more to come, till finally the remainder are passed on to the next generation, when the young mosquitoes emerge from their Etruscan vases and begin to feed on the dead body of the mother left lying on the pool of their birth.

So deeply interesting have these investigations proved that they have been closely followed by the sappers and miners of microbiological research everywhere. In this way some knotty points have been unravelled and lost threads found; but all are unanimous in according to Ross the honor that is his due.

Since the door of this new road to knowledge has been opened, chiefly by Manson's researches on the *filaria nocturna*, much attention has been devoted to the transmission of disease by other insects. As a result, the researches of Kilborne and Theobald Smith have clearly demonstrated that the germ of Texas fever in cattle—a germ closely resembling that of malaria—is conveyed by the cattle tick, and communicated by the bite of this animal. If cattle swallow the tick or its eggs in food, no harm follows, because the parasite requires to be inoculated into the blood directly by bite of the insect before it can cause fever by destroying and disintegrating the blood-corpuscles, as in malaria. Further, it has been ascertained by Professor Celli of Rome that when cattle in the districts in which this fever is endemic are kept in sheds, and protected from ticks, they do not develop this form of malaria, while those out-

side and unprotected fall victims to the disease.

Bruce also has shown that the fly disease in Africa—not the least formidable of the many obstacles to the civilization of that country—is caused by a blood parasite which is conveyed from the tick to the sound animal on the mandibles of the Tsetse-fly.

In the silkworm disease Pasteur was able to prove that *pébrine* was communicated by the worms crawling first over the infected excreta and then over each other, inflicting little pricks with their sharp claws. Hence elephantiasis and malaria in man, *pébrine* in silkworms, Texas fever in cattle, the fly-disease of Africa, are all diseases proved to be transmissible directly or indirectly through inoculation by insects. Malaria may, and in all probability has, other means as yet undiscovered of finding an entrance to the human blood, but those methods just described serve to show how the winged creatures of the air may carry disease and possibly death into our homes.

When we consider the losses to our armies abroad, to industry and agriculture, and the sufferings to humanity generally involved in these tropical diseases, it is singular to reflect that the preventive measures indicated by our knowledge are so simple and so homely. For *pébrine*, the use of the microscope, wherewithal to examine the dead body of the moth before allowing the eggs to develop, and attention to perfect sanitation in the silkworms' home, has restored a moribund industry to France, Japan, and other nations. For the rest, the fly-proof dwelling, the tick-proof shed, the mosquito curtain, the filter, are all simple and attainable barriers against these diseases. In India vast sums are spent in slaying the man-eating tigers and poisonous snakes of the jungle, but their power of destruction to human

life is as nothing compared to the power of the unseen enemies that haunt not only the jungle and the swamp, but the cities of the East, and steal into the blood of men, animals, and birds, through the subtle agency of unsuspected flies!

In the midst of these reflections it is satisfactory to know that the Government of India so well appreciates the benefit to mankind likely to arise out of these researches, that it now provides the whole of the expenses for Ross' laboratory. Further, our Colonial Office, with a keen recognition of widespread benefits to come, has given

a grant of nearly 4,000*l.* towards erecting a school for the teaching and study of tropical disease in connection with the Seamen's Hospital at the Albert Docks. It is by such means we may hope to attain the necessary knowledge and, by imparting that knowledge to others, be enabled before many years have passed not only to save much human life, but to turn those parts of the tropical world at present uninhabitable into smiling lands and productive gardens, where our fellow-creatures may enjoy health and prosperity, and live in peace with all mankind.

The Nineteenth Century.

Eliza Priestley.

ALIQUID AMORI.

I heard a sailor singing, as he leant against the shrouds;
The ocean fled beneath him and above him flew the clouds;
And the breezes moaned in answer, and the voices of the main;
"However happy Love may be, the core of Love is pain."

The breezes learnt the burden and murmured to the land;
The sailor's wife was sitting in her cottage by the strand;
And when she heard them whisper, her heart replied again;
"However happy Love may be, the core of Love is pain."

They left the woman weeping, and hurried to the town,
Where gallant lads and ladies were walking up and down;
To each they told their message, and all confessed it plain;
"However happy Love may be, the core of Love is pain."

Then hearken, all ye lovers! Be mindful, when ye meet,
To promise naught or little ere this proverb you repeat;
Ye surely shall have proof thereof; ye shall not speak in vain;
"However happy Love may be, the core of Love is pain."

F. B. Money-Coutts.

AT THE BACK OF BEYOND.

AN IMPRESSION.

If you leave Vienna some fine morning, having provided yourself with a ticket for the station in East Galicia whose name seems, on the whole, the least unpronounceable in the timetable, you will find yourself in the corridor of the train, about twenty-four hours later, breathlessly ready to alight.

The reason of the breathlessness is that the halt lasts only one minute, and while the British traveller, with a distrust born of sad experience at home, is rushing to look for the luggage which abroad never fails punctually to keep its appointment, the smoke of the train is already melting into the distance.

Across Poland, so far, the country has been flat. Great plains covered with pastureland and fields and woods stretch away as far as the eye can reach; mixed companies of geese, cows, and donkeys dot the green sward; the ditches are golden with irises; and here and there a stilted, long-billed stork has come alive out of Hans Andersen, and is looking for babies in the marsh, or standing on one leg beside his nest on a thatched roof, talking to his wife and reproving his family for being greedy. But now, when we have driven along a straight road bordered by poplars and acacias, and through a little square marketplace full of chaffering Jews, presiding over stalls of more or less inviting-looking wares,—bread in little twists, or huge round loaves like black cheeses; strings of onions: long boots, black or yellow; bright tin samovars; and, ranged on the ground, pottery of shapes and colors and prices that make one yearn to fill the carriage

with it,—we begin to mount up, up, up, until the blossoming plain lies below us, rolling far away into the blue distance, like the sea.

It is all new and fresh and wonderful. The fields of springing maize; the peasant women who, with garments well tucked up above shapely brown legs are washing in a wayside pool, they and the men and the children all in white linen and soft weathered yellows and tomato reds; their kindly "*Slavas!*" as we pass; the little homesteads, thatched in intricate devices, enclosed in basket-work fences and bowered in blossoming fruit-trees; the Greek churches of bronzed wood, crowned with little copper-tipped minarets, glistening in the sun; the wayside crosses, and, at last, closing in the horizon above us, the forest-clad Carpathians.

For three hours the road led onwards, and when, grown very narrow and very rough, it had forded two rivers, and led us up a hill so steep that the horses seemed to climb it on their hands and knees, it brought us at last to our goal at the back of beyond, amid the deep and shrill-mouthed welcome of half a score of dogs. From the veranda of the long, low, white wooden building, half country-house, half farm, one looked away over the gently descending plain to where a dark line of trees cut across the distant horizon. Not quite across, indeed, for at one side was still a suggestion of the infinite beyond, which allowed that outlet to the imagination, the absence of which makes any enclosed view, however beautiful, weigh ultimately upon the spirits. Behind, until it reached the amphitheatre of moun-

tains, spread the *toloka*, a vast, gently undulating stretch of short, crisp grass, where very many cows—rather small, wiry cows—were always feeding, attended by bands of bare-footed, dark-eyed boys and girls with an Arcadian habit of crowning their tawny locks with flowers. When one wanted to go anywhere to which no road directly led, one would drive straight over the *toloka*, up hill and down dale. It was prudent to hold on at the bumpiest bits, and the sensation was one of pleasurable excitement,—something between hunting and going to sea. Above, a great, generous sweep of sky, where the summer sunsets seemed to glow more goldenly and the thunderstorms to rush more swiftly and swarthily along, because, for miles and miles, there was nothing to interrupt the eye.

At a few hundred yards from the house, on either hand, the forest began,—a government forest, which covered the country, far and wide. Oak and birch were the prevailing trees, but they never stood too densely to allow the ground beneath to be softly carpeted with mossy grass, and for the sunbeams to insinuate themselves between the branches. And ferns without end grew there,—the vivid oak fern, and the royal fern, and another kind of which each leaf formed a section of a deep ring, into whose heart one could look as into a cool green chalice. Lily of the valley hid under its own leaves in favored spots, slender Solomon's seals tinkled fairy bells, wild strawberries and wood-sorrel gave one familiar greeting, while new friends introduced themselves at every footstep. Sometimes the forest opened into glades: great stretches of short grass with a group of oaks in the centre, or a lonely birch-tree shaking out its green tresses to the breeze; spots where the temptation to rest was irresistible, for surely nowhere else could

the moss-cushions be quite so deep, nor the scent of the birches quite so sweet. Sometimes a deer would dash across, shaking the bee-orchids as he passed out of sight down an arched aisle of trees—an aisle so long that either end was lost in the distance, and one only knew which was the west because the sunset gleamed and shimmered through the dancing leaves as through some precious stained-glass window of the "solemn fifteenth century." There was never a soul to meet but the woodland creatures; green and glit lizards, with interesting, brittle tails; tiny, bright green frogs, like sorrel-leaves come alive, and hopping away from you; and sometimes a snake basking its evil but harmless length on a sandbank by the little river, which appeared and reappeared at all sorts of unexpected places, as it meandered casually through the forest. And above, among the branches, cuckoos called endlessly, and when twilight stole on us, the nightingales (who surely in their hearts must despise the cuckoo's meagre *répertoire*) gave concerts, where we occupied the best places all the season through. A long, grassy walk, bordered with fruit-trees, led from the house to a little rustic chapel dedicated to St. Joseph, and built of rough-hewn, white birch logs. Here the best singers of all had their nests, and made the "long evening-ends" delicious, as they answered and outvied one another in joyous rivalry.

In the small fields the maize was springing, very lush, and strong and green; potatoes, too; popples, cultivated for their seeds (used in confectionery), a little wheat and rye, and hay which seemed all wild flowers. When one thinks of the country there, it is not the crops that flash upon the inward eye, it is the wild flowers, which inundated the fields like successive floods, sweeping everything before them. Considered from the point

of view of those who looked to the land for bread this effect had its drawbacks; but to the irresponsible passer-by it was one of pure delight. Flower after flower held the fields in thrall, flower after flower yielded with graceful unresentful dignity to its successor,—each an emblem of “Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips, bidding adieu.” First a small heartsease, creamy, flecked with violet, spread everywhere like foam. Next came a rosy dawn of ragged-robin; and, before that had exhausted its glories, “blue ran the flush across,” and campanula—a low-growing, deep-hued sort—was born, while from out of it rose pale heads of meadow-rue dusted with ruddy triplets, which poised and swayed on slender stalks, like some sort of huge butterfly hovering in the air. Then came the chicory, its tall stems stiffly beset with little vivid blue tassels; and after the middle of June a perfect riot of marguerites made ready in field and lane and wood and meadow to take the land by storm.

Sometimes it was difficult not to let oneself believe that the peasants themselves, who delved and weeded those flowery fields, were not also some kind of gigantic blossom of the soil. Many of them, especially the men and boys, were strikingly handsome, with straight features, dark eyes, and hair cut across the forehead and falling on the neck behind, like a Velasquez portrait. The garments they wore, too, were not only comfortable and sanitary, but amazingly satisfying to the eye. The groundwork, so to speak, for both men and women, was rough, homespun linen, which lay bleaching in narrow lengths beside the river. The men's trousers were stuffed into high black or yellow boots, and their shirts were embroidered on the sleeves in blue and red or black, and confined at the waist by broad leathern girdles, much ornamented with

brass. The women wore long garments, like the men's shirts, coming down to their ankles, and covered, behind and before, by a pair of voluminous aprons, made of a ruddy, striped woollen stuff, more or less brilliant in hue. Both sexes and all ages, down even to babies in arms, have short, sleeveless, sheepskin coats, usually open in front. The skin side is embroidered in varying designs more or less elaborate, carried out chiefly in red wool and green and red leather. When it is fine the embroidered-side is exposed; when it is wet the woolly one appears. These *kiptars* are very light, very warm, and yet, being sleeveless, they are never stuffy. It is amazing how persistently they are worn, and it is only in the hottest weather that the peasants strip them off when working in the fields and pile them in a little tawny heap beside their water-bottles and bundles of maize bread.

The mind of the traveller in Galicia is probably prepared by various magazine articles to find there “the most miserable peasantry in Europe.” It is always unsafe to generalize, and if a Pole on his travels were to find himself in some corners of Ireland or of the Scottish Highlands, and, from what he saw there, were to describe the condition of the British peasantry in general, it is possible he also might choose to call his article “the most miserable peasantry in Europe.” Perhaps opinions differ as to what constitutes misery. It is true these Gallician peasants have not many kreutzers to jingle in their red leather purses ornamented with tassels and little brass thimbles, but do they require many? They have their homesteads nestling among pear-trees and birches, washed a dainty cream or pink or yellow, and with a steep roof elaborately thatched in ribs, like corduroy, or jutting out at the corners, layer beyond layer, like a

succession of frills. They spin their own linen, prepare their sheepskins, have a right to pasture their cow or cows on the *toloka*, and live chiefly on the maize which they grow in the fields, made into porridge—*kolesha*—and eaten with milk. It is true they are not highly educated, as the board school understands education, and their opinion on the quantification of the predicate would not be worth having; but their hearts are full of that other lore which nature teaches in the fields and woods, and which descends like dew from the mountains and from the stars. Certainly they do not work very hard; but if they are contented with what they have, why should they? Four men will go out in the morning to plough a field, taking with them a pair of oxen, or of the little horses of the country. A fifth accompanies them to discourse music on a rustic pipe which Pan himself probably taught his ancestors to make and play, in case they should weary as the hours go on. In the evening they return to their *kolesha*; the field has been ploughed, and they have spent a happy day. Is not this enough?

Life is brightened and diversified by frequent feast-days. The peasantry almost all belong to the Reformed Greek Church, which is united with the Catholic. It observes the same feast-days, with the addition of a great many local ones of its own, and observes them so handsomely that the greater feasts extend over at least three days. It seems always to be somebody's feast-day, for the Catholic ones come first, followed (old style) at varying periods of a week to a fortnight by those of the Greek Church; while the Jews dislocate commerce at frequent intervals, as well as on every Saturday, by shutting the little booths where they sell everything that can be bought in East Galicia, and devoting themselves strenuously to their pray-

ers. The doctrine of the Reformed Greek is the same as that of the Catholic Church, but there are some essential differences in its practice. Mass is said in the vernacular, and the priests not only may but must marry—once, but not again—as a step to ordination. There are Catholic Churches in all the larger places, but the feeling between the two is cordial, and the priests freely “exchange pulpits,” as they say at home.

Here and there, all over the country, rising towards heaven with a joyful gleam, are the copper-tipped minarets, three, five, or even seven in number, of the little churches where the peasants pray. Often there is no road, even no regular path, to them, and the stranger who has caught a glimpse of the church from afar may lose himself many times in fields and winding ways before he reaches the threshold. But familiar tracks lead from thatched huts through maize patches and over basket palings, and on Sundays and feast-days the grassy, tree-shaded God's acre is filled with a (literally) brilliant congregation. The church is set on the grass as on a soft, green carpet; no formal path leads even to the principal door. All built of old, old wood, the weather has nursed it to a soft bronze, polished it with many touches, and dusted it with lichens. The roof juts out, and, beneath it, rustic seats run right round the outside walls, and by the door and hung on the walls without are rough but often tender and expressive carvings and pictures, of which the color is always beautiful. Inside there are seats only for a privileged few within the altar-screen. The people stand, except when a wave of prayer sweeps from the altar, bowing them to their knees, as the wind bows the corn.

The altar-screen is painted in gorgeous hues, green and red and gold; but here again age mellows every-

thing—age and the smoke of many great brown candles, rolled, as if by the hand, from lumps of solid beeswax. The screens are carved all over with saints extending hands of blessing, angels blowing trumpets with joyful zeal, and “cherubims of glory shadowing the mercy-seat.” All round the church itself are crucifixes, pictures, banners, and though here and there a crude and mechanical note (modern, alas! for the most part) has crept in, it is lost again immediately. The anatomy and the drawing are often not of a sort to which criticism can for one moment be applied, but the coloring, the expression, the devotional feeling, carry one straight upwards. No one seems to know who did them; their creators are of those who “do their deed and scorn to blot it with a name,” who “follow the gleam” in pure simplicity of heart. Great candlesticks of greenish pottery stand on the altar, and on feast-days many of the congregation carry lighted candles. It is a privilege indeed to be given one to hold at the four principal points of the Mass—the Gospel, the Offertory, the Elevation, and the Communion. Gazing into the church from behind the altar-screen, it looks like one sea of kneeling figures, green branches, starry lights. Often there is a row of little children right up to the altar-steps, with colored handkerchiefs covering their heads, with plump hands full of flowers—horse-chestnut blossoms, it may be, or sprays of hawthorn.

In some places the women go to church on feast-days with their heads bound up in white cloths, as we bind the head of a corpse. It has a strange effect, not becoming to the individual, but beautiful in mass, and very impressive. Two or three women, with heads bound in this way, bright aprons, strings of coral and of beads and medals round their necks, and

white embroidered chemisettes under their sheepskins, collect the kreutzers of the congregation. They come round at intervals, in pairs, one woman bearing a lighted candle, the other a curious, small, cross-barred, wooden crucifix, carved in very flat relief, and a little wooden bowl. Each one collected from kisses the crucifix before casting his mite into the bowl, and if the bearer thinks the donation worthy, the crucifix, as a signal of honor, is again offered to his lips.

The only blemish on these Greek churches, so full of interest and beauty for those whose eyes and hearts are open to such things, is that their doors do not always stand open; one cannot wander in at will. But it is never difficult to find the “old brother” who has charge of the key. If it be a Sunday after Mass is over, he is probably to be found sitting under the apple-trees, at the foot of the tall crucifix, with most of the other male inhabitants of the village. They are all proud of the church, which is indeed the centre of their common life, and they rise and stream into it after you, to see what effect it may produce on the strange *pani*. They kneel and remain kneeling, praying more or less audibly, during the visit, but they are not too absorbed to watch you under their long black lashes, or to rise to kiss your hand as you pass out again.

Near the churches always, and often at special spots along the road,—as at the verge of the *toloka*, where the ground descends almost precipitously and the country lies below like a vast picture outspread at the wayfarer's feet,—are these great crucifixes, quite unlike any I had seen elsewhere. A tall slender pole supports a wooden framework like a shallow box set cornerwise upon it, with back and sides, but no front. Within this, and by it protected, is the crucifix, surmounted often by the Dove, sometimes with

God the Father over all, and usually with two little angels astride upon the arms of the cross. At the foot stand the Blessed Virgin and another saint, and all the symbols of the Passion—the sponge, the nails, the scourge, the crown of thorns—are represented, with a miniature ladder just at the top of the supporting pole; while occasionally, perched upon the apex of the frame, Peter's cock, carved half life-size, flaps his wings against the sky. It is all in wood, painted in brilliant hues, which the sun and air soon mellow, and, like the carvings on the altar-screens, rough, but full of decision, spirit, devotion.

In many respects East Galicia responds to one's idea of Arcadia. But do not suppose that there are no shadows on the picture,—that the peasants are always happy and always good. The sun scorches them in summer and the pitiless cold shrivels them in winter; they drink too much *vodka*; they go astray by divers paths; but their struggles are with the elemental forces of nature, the elemental passions of the human heart, and are not superinduced by an artificial civilization. And between Arcadia and East Galicia there is one great, one overwhelming difference—there were no Jews in Arcadia. Here they are everywhere, like a blight upon the fair face of the land, like a consuming canker. One may go to Poland with no prepossession against the Hebrew—with, on the contrary, high principles on the subject of all men being brothers; but I defy any unprejudiced person to live there a week without becoming violently anti-Semitic—without exclaiming with the Frenchman when reminded that the Jews were the Lord's chosen people: "*Quel drôle de goût!*"

One reads of the Polish Jew in newspapers and in novels—of his greasy *kaftan*; of his dirty white stockings; of his side-curls; of his lust of having,—

but he transcends all one's expectations. Any one can tell a Jew's house in a moment, partly because it is usually washed blue, and therefore no peasant ever washes his house that color, but chiefly because it is almost invariably dirty, tumble-down, and degraded. No fruit-trees shade it, no flowers bloom at the door, no kreutzer is spent, no labor is devoted to anything that will not yield an instant return in hard cash. The only thing the Jews seem to extravagagate in is bedding, and they put outside their doors to air, especially on Sundays when the Christians are passing to Mass, great mountains of suspicious-looking feather-beds, encased in grimy red-and-white striped covers. Whole bratteries of little Aarons and Abrahams, who invariably after two years old, but sometimes earlier, develop the noses and the expressions of their elders, are also airing at the doors. Emphatically it is the case with the Polish Jew that "the days of his youth are the days of his"—beauty, for with the boys it seldom survives babyhood; and although the quite young girls are often pretty—very pretty—they are hardly grown-up before they begin to get coarse and heavy.

No Jew ever works in the fields,—he only bargains, and trades, and cheats. No Jew ever walks,—he drives with a swarthy bunch of his brethren in a cart drawn by a little horse, with bones protruding through its skin in all directions, whom he beats viciously and starves to within an inch of its life. He gives you a sly, unfriendly glance as he passes, as if he would do you a mischief if he dared, so different from the gleaming smile and hearty "*Slavas!*" of the country-people. He is shrewder than the peasant, and he gets the better of him, cheats him, runs him into debt, and grinds his face at every turn. Occasionally the long-suffering, but at last maddened, flies

rise in wrath against the spiders; one or two are beaten and killed, and then the law—just within whose letter every Jew knows how to shelter himself—has to side with the Hebrew, and the riot is suppressed. I never see accounts of Jew-baiting in the countries which are infested by them, and of the cruelties and insults to which the unfortunate Hebrews are subjected, without thinking of an umbrella-mender with whom a benevolent lady once remonstrated when she saw him beating his wife in the street. He paused: "You dinna ken what's gone afore," he said, and went on, unmoved. It is indeed difficult for us in this country to realize what has "gone afore" such outbursts of frenzied exasperation.

These usurers compass the ruin not only of the country-people, gentle and simple, but of the foolish young officers and soldiers in the garrison towns on every hand, and yet their riches seem to do them no good. The owner of a million florins has his slippers as much down at heel, and his house as devoid of comfort and grace, as if he were not worth a hundred kreutzers.

One of the joys—of the thousand joys—of getting up into the mountains is that one seems to leave the Jews behind. They penetrate there, too, no doubt, but they are not nearly so much *en évidence* as in the little towns whose market-squares are one dusky cloud of *kaftans*. There can be few more delightful experiences in this world than one which began for us at three one June morning, and which took us far up into the blue Carpathians, and brought us home again on a raft, down sixty merry miles of the rushing Czere-mosz. The *toloka* was sparkling in its early freshness as we crossed it; and Peter's cock flapped his wings from his perch above the crucifix, as if he were making ready to crow when the right moment came. Through the sleepy little town we bumped, pausing only for

a moment to embark the pleasant and sympathetic Polish friends who were to share our adventures. We drove in an old black carriage, warranted to stand the roughest roads, and a long cart of the country, both decorated with green boughs, so that one felt half like a wedding and half like a religious procession. At first the road lay through a valley with a river—not yet the Czere-mosz—far down below, and skirted with round, tree-clad hills. Oak and birch, still in their freshest summer beauty, mingled everywhere. Gradually, at long intervals, pines began to appear; and as they grew more numerous the oaks grew fewer, and at last vanished altogether from the scene. Then the birches began to yield, foot by foot, until presently there was only one to be seen now and then, like a vivid flash of emerald, against the dusky background. Finally they too disappeared, and the conquering pines took the whole landscape into their keeping.

It was a Greek feast-day, so there were no women to be met, as one sees them on week-days, stride-legged on little horses, spinning, among great piles of cruses and water-cans, which are made of pine-laths in the mountains and carried down to be sold in the towns. Everybody was in freshest, whitest, ruddiest Sunday garments, and the bells of the little bronze churches were shaking and tossing in the belfries as they called to mass. We stopped once to bait at a little white-washed roadside hostelry, and then the road wound on and on, "uphill all the way," while the higher peaks of the mountains began to loom on us from afar. Soon we reached the Czere-mosz river, and henceforth our way lay alongside of its current, where great derelict pine-stems were floating majestically down the stream, or lying stranded against the banks.

About noon we halted again, at a

country-house nestled in a hollow of the hills. Before it, at a little distance, flowed the river; behind, the ground rose to rocky heights where agile, long-legged sheep were cropping the short, crisp, sweet grass among the boulders. The house itself, low, whitewashed, and surrounded by a brown wooden verandah, into which the up-stairs sitting-rooms opened, was embowered in trees—not bushes, *trees*—of lilac, of all different shades, and just then in full-est flower. From the verandah one could put one's face in the sweet pyramids and gather them in generous posies. The garden, too, was a wilderness of delight. It was full of weeds, and the frames were tumbling to pieces; but there were winding paths shaded by apple-trees, and tall white *Narcissus poeticus* in plenty, and a riot of lily of the valley; and the rose-trees, which showed evidences of tender care amid their rather casual surroundings, were bristling with buds.

A traveller in Spain has recently given an almost incredible account of the inhospitality of the Spaniards.¹ Poland is certainly a more encouraging country to explore. Here, on the contrary, it is the hospitality one meets that is wellnigh incredible. We were a party of six, with four horses and two men, and yet it seemed all but a foregone conclusion that we should stay, at least until next day, and our declining to do so a real, heartfelt grievance. It was nothing, our hostess assured us. A few evenings before, her daughter, when walking in the garden, had descried three carriages approaching. They arrived, and debouched eighteen people, *of course* to stay the night. "And although my cook was away, doing his military service, and I had only a girl to help me, I gave them supper in three-quarters of an hour!"

It follows, naturally, the houses not being large, that Polish and British

ideas as to the amount of accommodation and privacy required by the individual are a little at variance. On such an occasion as this the ladies double up very tight indeed, while the gentlemen are contented to lie down in rows in the hay-loft or the sitting-rooms. The distinction between sitting-rooms and bedrooms is also not so hard and fast as with us: the rooms communicate by folding-doors, which in the daytime stand constantly open, and although you are being waited on at table by a man-servant in regulation canonicals, it need not surprise you to see a wash-stand, or even a bed, in the dining-room.

After we had strolled in the garden and filled our hands with flowers, and before we climbed again into our green-bowered wagons, we were refreshed with a collation—something that is neither breakfast nor lunch, but midway between the two. Such collations were known in our own land in the days of "the incomparable Jane." Elizabeth Bennet partook of one when she visited Darcy at Pemberley, under the wing of Uncle and Aunt Gardiner; Fanny Price, after her long drive from Mansfield Park to the home of Mr. Rushworth, was a guest at another. But it may be questioned whether either Elizabeth or Fanny had more delicious morsels offered to them than they would have had in Poland. Rose-jam, insinuated between layers of extraordinarily light pastry, has left a fragrant memory behind it; and there is a kind of sheep-milk cheese, slightly acid and of the consistency of thick cream, of which Poland keeps the happy secret.

The stranger who does not know the language of the country has a restful sense of ease and irresponsibility. In Galicia people politely begin by talking French or German for your benefit; but whenever the conversation becomes animated, and it is usually very

¹ See *The Living Age* for Oct. 8, 1898.

animated, it lapses into Polish. It is a pleasant language to listen to, and when one hardly understands one word in a thousand, it is easy to credit every speaker with a pretty wit. And yet, in spite of all the vivacity, there is a vein of sadness which runs for ever just below the surface. "Wring a clod of earth in your hands," they tell you, "anywhere in all our land, and blood drips out." The Poles are homesick exiles who yet dwell in their own country, passionate nationalists who are no longer a nation, and the remembrance and the humiliation of it are never far away.

Another couple of hours' driving brought us to the little forest-town where we were to spend the night. We had two gaunt, whitewashed rooms in the small hostelry, with red geraniums in the windows, and little else beyond clean white beds in every corner. It has never been ascertained whether we dined in our bedroom or slept in the dining-room, but we managed to do both very satisfactorily. The place is hardly a town at all, hardly even a village, only a few houses scattered on a hillside above the river, with a bronze church and a sort of easy-going tavern opposite our little inn to give it consistency. There were crowds of feast-day folk about, in from the valleys round, laughing, talking, flirting, as people do everywhere. But people everywhere are not so handsome, nor dressed in such faultless taste, nor have they such admirable manners, as those mountaineers. We took a scrambly walk with an Adonis of twenty as guide, and the way in which he helped us at rough places, always ready but never officious, the courteousness with which he entered into our enjoyment, and by sheer sympathy divined the meaning of our exclamations, showed how absolute naturalness and the best of breeding are often synonymous. Once, as a conscript, he had been for

a few months in the plains. Then his father died, and he was allowed to come back to his mother. He did not like the plains—never wished to see them again.

Up here the pine-trees are the only begetters of bread and employment. They are cut far up in the mountains and floated, as rafts, away down the river to the Black Sea. Thence the wood goes to divers corners of the earth—much of it, they told us, to Egypt. One cannot but wonder if the pines are ever homesick—if they weary of the scorching sands, and long for the free, fresh air of the mountains. The men, the wood-cutters and the raftsmen, when forced to go to serve their time in the army, suffer from homesickness so despairingly, so overpoweringly, that though they know they are only exiles for a limited time, many of them commit suicide rather than live through these three years.

The raft on which we embarked next morning differed only from its fellows in having benches and footstools of rough-hewn planks made ready for our use: it was adorned, too, with a forest of little pines, which, as a secondary consideration, shaded our seats. Poles have a natural love of decoration, and on the slightest provocation, sacred or secular, they and their churches and their houses and their rafts break out into leafy exultation. It is a pretty habit, and easily sheds a joyous, light-hearted "youth on the prow and pleasure at the helm" kind of feeling upon the air. The raft itself consisted of some twenty-three huge pine-stems, lashed together by pine-ropes made of small trees twisted round wooden pegs, and with a great rough oar in front and one behind to steer with. The narrow ends of the trees go first, of course, so that the raft is slightly wedge-shaped, while another raft, and sometimes another beyond that, are lashed on behind.

Of all the modes of locomotion a happy wanderer can experience, this is surely far and away the most delicious. A gondola comes nearest to it; but that, if even more luxurious, lacks the element of excitement. The great raft rushes along with a light and buoyant motion, borne by the merry current. The swift swish of the water is in your ears, the rare, sweet, piney, flower-scented air fans your face. The river broadens out before you, wide and peaceful, then suddenly narrows again to a deep dark gorge; then a rampart guarded by frowning pines seems to stretch right across from bank to bank to bar our way; but with a bound and a rush the river sweeps us with it round the corner, shaving the rock by an inch, and we are out on the open stream again. A thousand changing pictures are left behind, and others spread themselves out before us at every moment. Sometimes we seem to be in a lake hemmed in by tree-clad banks and with no view beyond, and then another bend, and we see far back to where great mountains rise behind, while far in front the silvery links of the stream are waiting, spread out like a shining road before us. Sometimes for miles there seemed no human life, not even cattle or sheep, and then one listened and listened till one could almost guess

The secret which the mountains kept,
The river never told;

and then again a cow and a girl, a crucifix, a flashing minaret, a group of huts, and all the drama of humanity, for ever old, for ever new, opened again like an eternal story-book.

The guiding of a raft is as much a fine art as driving a London hansom, and looks as easy, when done by a master-hand. The men do nothing else from boyhood, and they know every inch of the river, every rock in her course. Twice or three times a-week

they go down the stream, walking back across the mountains by paths known only to themselves. Up beyond our highest point the river is often the only road, and sometimes a funeral, with flowers and tapers and priest in rich-hued robes, may be seen descending on a raft. Where the river is not available they have to come on horseback, the coffin suspended in a great cloth, of which four horsemen support each a corner. But to-day there were no funerals, only plenty of other rafts, all bounding with the current like our own. When they passed us, or came too near and bumped, as sometimes happened, language, evidently of a highly seasoned kind, was freely interchanged between the raftsmen,—“*Complimenten!*” as our friends explained.

Once we saw a raft which had come to grief. It had stuck on a rock, and was rapidly resolving itself into its component elements. This is the only danger to be faced, and it is not a serious one, for where a raft can stick there is not much danger of being drowned. Once or twice, in shallow places, we did stick, but our raftsmen made little of it. Their feet, with long lissom toes that cling to the stems, are usually bare, and to roll up their baggy linen trousers, displaying limbs like those of Greek statues, and to leap into the water, is the work of a moment. They would heave the raft up, and roll away great stones with amazing strength, and in the twinkling of an eye we were racing down the stream once more. Every now and then they called out “*Trematz!*” which, freely translated, meant “Sit tight!” and then we clung to our bench, tucked our feet out of the water, and prepared to dash round a corner, to duck under a low-hanging bridge, or, most exhilarating moment of all, to shoot a rapid, with a roar of many waters and a shower of diamond spray.

Soon, far too soon, our journey

neared its end, and early in the evening the last pine-clad fortress was left behind, the hawthorn-strewn banks widened out, and the spires of the twin towns which guard either side of the river, and one of which was our goal, appeared on the horizon. The horses were waiting for us when we landed, and all the raftsmen who had already arrived were sitting on the banks eating their evening *kolesha*, and regarding our debarkation with friendly, if not uncritical, interest. To-morrow at daybreak they would set out on their homeward march, while another contingent guided the rafts a farther stage on the way to Czernowitz. Next time we resolved to go higher up into

the mountains, and to let the river carry us all its length down to the sea. To-day the sun has set, the dusk is falling, and our way lies homewards.

It was Friday evening, and, as we passed through the little town and out into the country, the Jews were all donning their fur-trimmed festal caps and lighting candles to say their prayers by. Sometimes they had only one; sometimes, in houses wealthier or more devout than their neighbors, so many that the dusky rooms as we passed seemed filled with a swarm of fire-flies. After all, even a Jew—even a Polish Jew—under some aspects may be not wholly unattractive.

Louise Lorimer.

Blackwood's Magazine.

ILLUSTRATED JOURNALISM:

ITS PAST AND ITS FUTURE.

The century will close in a year or two, and we shall no doubt be made weary by the various contrasts between its beginning and its end. The abundance of pictures illustrative of news that marks the termination of the century, as compared with their paucity at its commencement, will assuredly not be lost sight of. Pictorial journalism, indeed, has this in common with many inventions, that in its history ten years is a lifetime, and to write in detail the story of the last decade would be to make a book.

When the present writer entered the editorial department of the Illustrated London News nine years ago, there were but five weekly journals, exclusive of the fashion papers, devoted to the illustration of news—the Illustrated, the Graphic, the Penny Illustrated Paper, the Sporting and Dramatic News, and the Pall Mall Budget. Although the Pall Mall Budget is now

dead, there are at this moment in London no less than thirteen illustrated journals competing week by week for the favor of the public. The facts may be tabulated thus:

1890.

The Illustrated London News.
The Graphic.
The Pall Mall Budget.
The Sporting and Dramatic News.
The Penny Illustrated Paper.

1899.

The Illustrated London News.
The Graphic.
The Sporting and Dramatic News.
The Penny Illustrated Paper.
Black and White.
The Sketch.
The Westminster Budget.
The St. James' Budget.
St. Paul's.
Country Life Illustrated.
Army and Navy Illustrated.
Lords and Commons.
The West-End.

Many factors have contributed to this result. Not only has there been a remarkable cheapening of all the materials of production, but there has been an increased appetite for the purchase of newspapers, and an increased faith on the part of the commercial classes in the newspaper as a medium for advertisements. The extraordinary profits that have been revealed to the world by the flotation of companies of the newspapers belonging to Sir George Newnes, Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, Mr. Arthur Pearson, and the proprietors of the Illustrated London News, have tempted, and will continue to tempt, many speculators, although a record of the money lost upon newspapers that have failed would also prove a startling revelation. It may, however, be admitted that these losses have arisen where capitalists have been misled into supposing that newspapers are founded by money alone, and not by a particular order of intelligence as well. £20,000 has been known, in the hands of an incompetent manager and editor, to melt in a few months, while £500, under the control of a man of capacity, has laid the foundation of a magnificent fortune. I can recall one case of a still young man, the proprietor and editor of one weekly newspaper and three monthly magazines, having started one of these publications with only £100, and built up his fortune from this modest beginning. The life stories of Sir George Newnes, Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, and Mr. Arthur Pearson, again, are absolute fairy-tales of success from small beginnings. They denote the skill with which the possessor of a certain journalistic faculty may achieve success by adapting himself to the taste of a particular reading public.

All this is scarcely concerned with the past of illustrated journalism, although the sequel will prove that it has an important bearing upon the future.

Illustrated journalism had a more remote past than is usually assumed by those who have not read Mr. Mason Jackson's entertaining book, "*The Pictorial Press.*" There we are able to trace the zest for pictures, illustrating topics of the day through countless broadsheets, broadsides, and even newspapers. One broadside of 1587 illustrated the "valiant exploits" of Sir Francis Drake, another a great flood in Monmouthshire in 1607, and yet another a great storm of 1613. These pictures belong to the quaint, eccentric art cultivated to-day in the more up-to-date toy-books. A famous murder case of 1613 was illustrated in a broadside, as was another tragedy of three years later. A tract in the British Museum, dated 1627, is illustrated with a sketch of the knife intended for the assassination of the Duke of Buckingham—a prior attempt, or supposed attempt, to that of Felton.

The Swedish Intelligencer, published in London in 1632, not only gave copious accounts of the doings of the Protestant hero, Gustavus Adolphus, but also illustrated these accounts with his portrait, a bird's-eye view of the siege of Magdeburg, and a plan showing how the King of Sweden and his army crossed the river Lech. The Weekly News, begun in 1622, gave one engraving sixteen years later, that of a volcanic island off the coast of France—the first topical illustration in a newspaper. The execution of Strafford in 1641 was illustrated in pamphlets, as was also an assault on Lambeth Palace a year later. The first journal to give illustrations with any frequency was the *Mercurius Civicus*, which came out during the Civil War with portraits of Charles I. and his Queen, Cromwell and his officers, and Prince Rupert. More elaborate pictures dealing with the war were, however, left to the pamphlets of the time. The Frost Fair on the Thames, in 1683, was

made the subject of an interesting broadside, and so also was the funeral of Queen Mary II. in 1695.

With the eighteenth century the art of illustrating actualities grew apace. Caricatures abounded, now of the Jacobites, now of the South Sea Bubble, or similar excitements. The *Daily Post* of 1740 afforded an example of a daily paper attempting to illustrate a current event. On March 29 of that year it published a detailed diagram of Admiral Vernon's attack on Porto Bello. The *St. James's Chronicle* of 1765 presented its readers with an illustration of a strange wild animal that had excited much attention in France, but this illustration was obviously imaginary. The *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1751 gave a portrait of Edward Bright, a fat man weighing 42½ stone. In the *Town and County Magazine* for 1773 there were portraits of the heroes and heroines of many a famous scandal, as, for example, of Byron's father and the Countess of Carmarthen, of a certain Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and "the celebrated Miss P—m." In the *Thespian Magazine* for 1793 I find an illustration of the new theater at Birmingham. Then there were the *English Magazine*, the *Macaroni Magazine*, the *Monstrous Magazine*, and the *Political Magazine*—all containing illustrations on copper more or less topical, although closing the eighteenth century with but little premonition of what the nineteenth was to bring forth in the matter of news illustration.

The first hero of illustrated journalism, whose name must always be coupled with that of Herbert Ingram as a founder of the pictorial press, was William Clement, the proprietor of the *Observer*, the oldest of existing weekly newspapers, the first number of which was published in 1791. Clement seems to have been prepared to face the illustration of news not systematically, but only when a crisis in public affairs

called for it. Even now, when illustrated newspapers are so numerous, it is that preparedness for a crisis which must always differentiate the capably from the incapably conducted journal. The *Observer*, for example, published a picture of the island of St. Helena, when it was selected as a place of residence for Napoleon Bonaparte after Waterloo. In 1818 a certain Abraham Thornton, who was tried for murder, appealed to the wager of battle, which, after long arguments before the Judges, was proved to be still in accordance with statute law. Thornton's portrait appeared in the *Observer*. Clement owned for a time *Bell's Life* and the *Morning Chronicle*. All his journals contained occasional topical illustrations, but the *Observer* took the lead. Its illustration of the house where the Cato Street conspirators met in 1820 is really sufficiently elaborate for a journal of to-day, and in 1820 it gave its readers "A Faithful Reproduction of the Interior of the House of Lords as prepared for the Trial of Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Caroline." In 1821 it published an interior of the House of Commons with the members in their places. The *Observer* of July 22, 1821—the Coronation number—contained four engravings, not one of which exceeded a half-page of the present *Illustrated London News*. The price of the number was fourpence. Of this George IV. Coronation number of the *Observer* Mr. Clement sold 60,000 copies, but even that was nothing to the popularity that the *Observer* secured by its illustrations of the once famous murder of Mr. Weare, and the trial of the murderer Thurtell; while the Corder murder in 1828 attracted yet more attention. In 1831 the *Observer* illustrated the coronation of William IV., and in 1837 his funeral. The same journal published a double number on the coronation of Queen Victoria. Its last il-

illustration, in 1847, treated of the installation of Prince Albert as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge. Meanwhile the illustrations in the *Times* and the *Weekly Chronicle* deserve a moment's notice in this brief summary. The *Times* more than once broke out into illustrations at the beginning of this century, and it is perfectly safe to predict that it will do so again in the beginning of the next. In 1806 it gave an interesting illustration of Nelson's funeral car, and in 1817 it published a large woodcut of Robert Owen's agricultural and manufacturing villages. The *Weekly Chronicle*, first published in 1836, started with the idea of illustrating the news of the day, and its issues containing the details of the Greenacre murder, in 1837, had an enormous sale. Mr. Mason Jackson, in his "*Pictorial Press*," gives a list of the pictures that appeared from week to week during the duration of the excitement. It is said that the *Weekly Chronicle* sold 130,000 copies of each successive issue while this murder was agitating the public.

From all this it will be seen that illustrated journalism has an indefinitely far-away ancestry, and that hundreds of topical pictures had been published in the newspapers prior to the appearance of the first illustrated journal. It would, indeed, take much space to enumerate all the other journals—the *Sunday Times* one of them that is still in existence—that illustrated news at the opening of the present century. The illustration of news by the journals in question was, however, of a spasmodic character. An illustration was, as it were, an accident, a profitable accident sometimes, sometimes a costly and unproductive one, in the career of the paper. The *Illustrated London News* was the first systematic attempt to illustrate news, subordinating in a manner its letter-press to its pictures.

This remarkable venture, which opened on May 14, 1842, owed its origin to Mr. Herbert Ingram. The history of journalism has suffered a loss in that the life of this extraordinary man has never been written.¹ A chapter of Charles Mackay's "*Forty Years' Recollections*" and a chapter of Henry Vizetelly's "*Glance Back Through Seventy Years*" make up well-nigh all the information that we have in print at first hand of his striking personality, although many men still living knew him well. Of the accounts by Mackay and Vizetelly, that of the former may be accepted as the more accurate. Mackay describes Herbert Ingram as a man of external bluntness, but of good heart, "the soul of honor in monetary transactions." The child of poor parents, he was born in Boston, Lincolnshire—which town he came afterwards to represent in Parliament—and it was as a Nottingham news-agent, when selling the *Observer*, the *Weekly Chronicle*, and the other journals to which I have referred, that he first learned the efficacy of pictures as a means of accelerating sale. He must have had a peculiar genius for "knowing a man." No combination of art and literary talent could have been more imposing than that which he brought together. Sir John Gilbert, Birket Foster, Ebenezer Landells, George Thomas, George Dodgson, Samuel Read, and John Leech were on the staff of artists well-nigh from the first, and the writers included Douglas Jerrold, Mark Lemon, Horace Mayhew, Howard Staunton, Albert Smith, and Shirley Brooks. Mark Lemon combined with his duties as editor of *Punch* the position of Herbert Ingram's private secretary, and at one of the elections at Boston, Lemon, Jerrold, Albert Smith, and Shirley Brooks appeared on the hustings in support of their

¹ His multifarious papers and correspondence are believed to have been destroyed.

friend. It has been hinted that the founder of the *Illustrated* was, to put it bluntly, considerably fleeced by his talented and doubtless somewhat Bohemian associates. But it can scarcely be doubted that Herbert Ingram gathered a fund of helpful ideas not only socially, but in his journalistic enterprise, from this companionship with artists and men of letters, whose brilliant work is still remembered, and has still about it, indeed, some flavor of the romantic period which produced their king—Charles Dickens.

An enlivening controversy has sprung up over the suggestion of Henry Vizetelly that Ingram was at first disposed to make his new journal merely a record of crime, inspired thereto by the success of journals dealing with the Thurtell and Greenacre murders. This view has the support of an old friend of Ingram's residing at Nottingham, who declared that as a Nottingham news agent Ingram had himself published an illustrated broadsheet of the Greenacre murder. In an article on the story of the *Illustrated London News*, which I contributed to the Jubilee number (May 14, 1892,) of that journal, I accepted Henry Vizetelly's statement, and it is accepted by the writer of the article on Herbert Ingram in the "Dictionary of National Biography." Herbert Ingram's widow, however, vehemently protested against the suggestion, and her view is endorsed by Dr. Jabez Hogg—an old friend of Mr. Ingram's, still, happily, living—and by others. I am satisfied now that Mr. Vizetelly's memory failed him in looking back for fifty years, and that, although the question of illustrating crime was doubtless discussed, there, pretty well, the matter ended. I no longer believe that Mr. Ingram

even published a pamphlet concerning the Greenacre murder at all. No trace of one, at any rate, has been discovered. That murders were not to be excluded from the new paper may be readily assumed—a murderer or two is illustrated in the first volume. Even to-day murders, if not of too vulgar an order, are not ignored.³

But it may be stated now with certainty that Mr. Herbert Ingram, without necessarily having any extravagant ideals, did from the first desire to produce a high-class illustrated paper—and he succeeded. His monument is not alone that he founded the *Illustrated London News*, and that he assisted in the repeal of the newspaper tax and the paper duty—it is that he founded *the* illustrated paper, now of so world-wide a popularity. *L'Illustration* of Paris and the *Illustrirte Zeitung* of Leipzig appeared the year following that of the *Illustrated London News*.

It is not, of course, possible for me within the limits at my disposal to trace year by year the development of the *Illustrated London News*, or to record the rise of rival journals. In any case there has been but one rival to the *Illustrated* that needs to be taken into account, for *Black and White* is at present too young a journal, and in too tentative a stage, for us to be quite sure of its future. It stands, as it were, midway between what I call the illustrated newspapers and the photographic journals. At the commencement of this article I gave a list of thirteen illustrated papers at present existing in England, but of these only two, or at most three, are seriously devoted to illustrating news. The others, of which the *Sketch* is a type, are restricted in their presentation of news by the limitations of the camera. To

³ Two journals, indeed, are proud of their pictorial assistance to the detection of crime. When Lefroy, who committed a murder in a railway carriage, was in hiding, his whereabouts was made known by his landlady having seen

his portrait in the *Daily Telegraph*. When Jabez Balfour, of the *Liberator* frauds, was in the Argentine, his identity was revealed through his portrait in the *Penny Illustrated Paper*.

such journals there may come success or failure, as there may be "ideas" in the editorial department or lack of "ideas," capacity in the business department or lack of capacity. But in a higher sense I am disinclined to call them illustrated newspapers. So large a part of life, and particularly of public life, cannot be depicted by the camera. It has, it is true, been seen in the battlefield, and now and again in the church; but I am inclined to believe that there will always be a place for the artist in illustrated journalism, for the war-artist who makes rough sketches at the seat of war, and for the elaborate black-and-white draughtsman who works at home. Not only on the battlefield is the artist indispensable, but the royal wedding, the royal christening, the public funeral in the Abbey, and a thousand other functions dear to the heart of the public, belong to him alone.

Now, in my personal judgment, the *Illustrated London News* and the *Graphic* are the only two journals that adequately recognize this at present. The *Illustrated London News* has had at one moment its Mr. Melton Prior in South Africa, its Mr. Seppings Wright in China, and a third artist sketching in another distant part of the globe. And side by side with this expenditure it has had to face an equally great expenditure for artists at home, some of them men taking the highest rank in the academy as painters, and in other cases well in the running for the honors of the Academy when that body throws open its ranks to black-and-white artists, as Lord Leighton advocated. The public would be startled, indeed, were they aware of the enormous sums spent by the *Illustrated London News* and the *Graphic* on genuinely artistic illustration. They would then more clearly recognize the great gulf which separates the mere photographic journal from the journal of

the order to which the *Graphic* and the *Illustrated London News* belong.

I have said something of the rise of the *Illustrated*; the rise of the *Graphic* was less romantic. It was founded by Mr. William Thomas in December, 1869. Mr. Thomas' name often occurs in the early volumes of the *Illustrated London News*, along with Linton and others, as one of the most artistic of wood-engravers; in fact, his association with the *Illustrated London News* continued almost to the time of the starting of the *Graphic*. At that date Mrs. Herbert Ingram, the widow of the founder of the *Illustrated*, reigned over the destinies of the only pictorial journal; its manager was a Mr. Parry. One of the most notable of the contributors to the *Illustrated* was Mr. George Thomas, who was a most capable artist of naval and military scenes. His death, in 1868, left a blank in the ranks of the black-and-white artists of that period. His brother proposed to issue some memorials of his life, but upon Mr. William Thomas applying to Mr. Parry for permission to use certain illustrations from the *Illustrated London News*, he was refused. It was only natural that this should have rankled in Mr. Thomas' mind, and that he should have seized an early opportunity of establishing a rivalry journal to the *Illustrated*—a rivalry which has long since passed into the regions of absolute friendliness, and a recognition on the part of the respective proprietors that there is plenty of room for both journals in friendly competition. The artistic talent in the first two volumes of the *Graphic* is very impressive; but perhaps, after all, it is only time which gives a certain sanctity to the names of many of the men who served the illustrated papers some thirty or forty years ago. The two great illustrated papers of to-day have brilliant men associated with them still. Mr. Caton Woodville and Mr. W.

B. Wollen have depicted scenes on the battlefield for the *Illustrated*, and Mr. Frank Dadd and Mr. John Charlton for the *Graphic*. Mr. Herbert Railton, Mr. Holland Tringham, M. A. Forestier, M. Georges Montbard, Mr. Walter Wilson, Mr. Samuel Begg—these are but a few names taken at random from the list of regular contributors to the *Illustrated London News*, while the *Graphic* takes pride in such brilliant artists as Mr. William Small, Mr. H. M. Paget, Mr. W. Hatherell, and M. Paul Renouard.

As an example of the potency of the artist as against the photographer, I recall an instance in the career of Mr. William Simpson, who, with Mr. Fred Villiers, Mr. Sydney Hall, and Mr. Melton Prior, takes rank as one of the four great newspaper war-artists. Mr. Simpson was sent down to Sandringham at the death of the Duke of Clarence. While illustrious brother artists were knocking fruitlessly at the door for entrance, Mr. Simpson, held in high esteem by the Prince of Wales, who had met him in India and at many an important State function, was admitted, and was permitted to sketch the late Duke in the Chamber of Death. I do not hesitate to say that the publication of this illustration represented many hundreds of pounds to the proprietors of the *Illustrated London News*. The number sold in thousands.

Death, even during the past year or so, has made sad gaps in the ranks of illustrating journalists by the removal of Mr. Charles Green and Mr. John Gülich from the *Graphic*, and Mr. W. H. Overend from the rival journal; but young men are constantly coming forward, among the latest arrivals being two brothers, one of whom, Reginald Cleaver, is associated with the *Graphic*, while his brother Ralph is on the staff of the *News*. I purposely say nothing here concerning the story of *Punch*, founded in 1841, and of the

vast army of humorous artists, some of them of extreme brilliancy—Mr. Phil May, Mr. Bernard Partridge, Mr. Raven Hill, and so on—who have adorned the new era of illustration. I am treating here solely of illustrated journalism in its literal sense—as it applies to the actual presentation of current news.

Both of the two great journals have their art and literary departments—each under separate control. Mr. William Thomas, the Chairman of the *Graphic* Company, is his own Art Director, and the same post is occupied at the *Illustrated London News* by Sir William Ingram, Chairman of the *Illustrated London News* and Sketch Company, jointly with his brother, Mr. Charles Ingram. With the photographic journals *one* editor is an absolute condition of success, so essential is it that the photograph and its accompanying letterpress should be interwoven under the direction of a single mind. When there are a number of drawings, however, produced at a rapid rate, it has so far been held essential that some one with a strong artistic faculty should be constantly on the watch, as a protection against the carelessness or forgetfulness of the artist, and it may be to suggest alterations in his drawings. Mr. Mason Jackson, who won golden opinions from the artists and engravers during the years that he conducted the art department of the *Illustrated London News*, was an ideal man for this position. He had himself in his younger days been a practical engraver, among his achievements being the famous cover of the parts of "*Pickwick*." He was at that time apprenticed to his brother, Mr. John Jackson, the author with Andrew Chatto of a well-known work on wood-engraving. The apprentice never put his name to his work. His master signed it; and so we have "*J. Jackson*," instead of "*M. Jackson*," on the cover

of "Pickwick." Mr. William Thomas has gone, as we have seen, through similar experiences. He is an artist to his finger-tips, and if a student of that art-journalism where Mr. Thomas is an acknowledged and universally honored master might venture to criticise, it would be to express the belief that Mr. Thomas has often sacrificed a merely vulgar popularity in pictorial art to a genuine devotion to artistic merit, regardless of mercenary considerations.

A circumstance that must rapidly break down the old barrier between the art and literary department of an illustrated newspaper is the death of wood-engraving in journalism. The great changes that have come over illustrated journalism are the arrival of the photograph, and the substitution of mechanical processes for wood-engraving. The place now taken by the photograph, some half-dozen journals being entirely run by it, I have already hinted at. An analysis of the contents of a few of the journals of more ambitious character gives interesting results. I have taken one week in March of this year:

	Photo-graphs.	Draw-ings.
The Illustrated London News.	28	19
The Graphic.	17	29
Black and White.	60	13
Harper's Weekly (New York).	35	8
Leslie's Weekly (New York).	44	3
L'Illustrazione Italiana (Rome).	6	9
Ueber Land und Meer (Stuttgart).	5	8
Illustrierte Zeitung (Leipzig).	8	14
L'Illustration (Paris).	10	12

The same week's issue of the Sketch contained eighty-five photographs and four drawings, three of these last being fashion-plates. The corresponding papers of twelve years ago had only two or three photographs apiece.

Even more remarkable has been the revolution as to wood-engraving. It seems only the other day that engraving reigned without a rival in the offices of the illustrated papers. To-day

it is all but extinguished in the journalism of this country, although there is plenty of it in the illustrated papers of the Continent. The process engraving is, it is perhaps hardly necessary to state, of two kinds. Line-drawings are produced by line-process engraving, and wash drawings and photographs by what is called half-tone process. The first line-process block, I am informed by Mr. William Thomas, appeared in the "Graphic" on September 13, 1879, and the first half-tone process block on September 6, 1884. These changes crept into the Illustrated London News a year or so earlier.

It is not within the limits of my space to treat at length of the invention of the various processes of automatic engraving, as they are best called to distinguish them from hand engraving. The line work was the invention of M. Gillott, of Paris, who, in 1856, submitted his new process, which he then styled "Gravure Pantonographique," to the Société d'Encouragement pour l'Industrie Nationale. The work afterwards obtained the title of "Gillotage," and the name "Gilloteurs" was applied to the people who worked at the process. M. Gillot and his son were engaged for many years upon their process, and other hands have assisted at certain modifications, but substantially it may be counted as Gillot's invention. One of his apprentices is even now in the employment of the leading firm engaged in line-process work in this country—Carl Hentschel & Co. Mr. Hentschel informs me that the first line work, as far as existing newspapers of importance are concerned, appeared in the Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News. The first half-tone blocks, apart from books and magazines, appeared in the Lady's Pictorial. They were made by Meissenbach, who brought his process from Munich. Half-tone blocks were often called Meissenbach blocks, even up to a quite

recent date, that firm being for many years the principal manufacturer of them in this country.

How momentous these changes from wood to zinc and copper were, was not, perhaps, entirely recognized at the time, nor the extraordinary shifting of a very skilled labor that they implied. The *Illustrated London News* of fifteen years ago was a paper of twenty-four pages, whereas it now consists of at least forty pages. Now, as the drawings come into the office they are sent out again to be processed, and, without any other manipulation than the interposition of a specially prepared screen and the use of typography, they are returned, always absolutely unsoiled, to the office of the paper, and with them solid blocks with a zinc or copper reproduction of the drawing, ready for the printer, if need be, although electros of the original block are constantly being made. Fifteen years ago, however, a double-page drawing, when sent in by the artist, was first photographed on a solid slab of boxwood, the wood alone costing as much as the whole process block does now. That was but the beginning of the task. The slab of boxwood had, to the uninitiated, unexpected bolts in the back of it. These bolts unscrewed, and twenty-four separate pieces of wood were the result—one containing nothing but sky, another sea, another a piece of a ship, another a sailor's head. Each piece went to a separate engraver, who worked all night upon it. One engraver had a special faculty for sky, another for the human face, another for house-work, and so on. In any case, some twelve hours later the pieces were brought together, screwed up once more, and behold a wood-engraving—a double-page of the *Illustrated London News*.

An innovation of twenty years ago may be mentioned here. Sir John Gilbert and his contemporaries drew their

illustrations on the wood and sent the blocks direct to the engraver. Thus it happens that, as Sir John Gilbert on one occasion told me with regret, not a single one of his beautiful drawings for the *Illustrated London News* is in existence. The innovation of photographing the drawing on the wood left the drawing intact for artist or newspaper-proprietor—a valuable asset in the case of a great artist.

Now, instead of the twenty-four men taking twelve hours apiece, the whole block is forthcoming by mechanical process in eight hours or so, and at one-sixth the cost of the engraving. Small wonder that as far as illustrated journalism is concerned wood-engraving is all but dead—never to revive. It still has a field with the advertiser, to whom it is important that his blocks shall last a great many years, for process blocks are, alas! sadly ephemeral. And engraving may yet for many years command the magazines, when leisure is given to the engravers to turn out something really artistic. But in the hurried work that journalism compels the skilled handicraft can never again hold its own with mechanical processes, and among those who have seen it die without regret are many artists in black-and-white, who have always considered that their work was falsified by the intervention of another mind. Fortunately for those engaged in it, it died slowly, thus giving the engravers the opportunity to quit the occupation gradually. Mr. G. F. Hammond, of the *Illustrated London News*—who, with his father before him, has guided the engraving department of the *Illustrated* for many years— informs me that he has known sixty men engaged at one time on the wood blocks for the *Illustrated*. Now there is not a single wood engraver employed in the production of the paper. Yet it may be presumed that this change has come without

what is known as the "general public" having in the least recognized that machinery here, as elsewhere, has dethroned hand labor. Here and there a correspondent will write to an editor making his plaint as to the destruction of the art in his favorite journal. One such complaint is before me as I write. But an analysis of two or three illustrated papers which formerly used the wood-engraving brings to light much the same result. I take up copies of the *Illustrated London News*, the *Graphic*, and *Black and White* for a given week (March 4, 1899). I find that the *Illustrated London News* contains forty-seven process blocks and one page engraving—evidently a block made some time ago. I find that the *Graphic* has forty-four process blocks and two small engravings—obviously portraits that had been used before in the pre-process days. *Black and White* also has but one engraving—obviously an electro purchased from a foreign source. Nor can the advocate for engraving have the consolation of a possible return to the old state of things. It is absolutely certain that a general return to wood-engraving would mean ruin to the journal that attempted it. As a matter of fact not one man in five hundred knows the difference between a wood-engraving and a process block. And the finer printing of to-day has far more than made up for any superiority that the old engraving enjoyed.

The future of illustrated journalism it is not easy to forecast. Will the public get tired of photographs? I think not—while they are able to convey with such intense reality many of the incidents of the hour. At the same time, however, the future of the black-and-white artist who illustrates current topics is absolutely assured. The thoroughly competent artist will always command even the somewhat high prices that in many people's eyes he now receives. One friend of mine—

an accomplished journalist—does, indeed, insist that he prefers a photograph of a house to the most finished drawing by Mr. Pennell or Mr. Railton. I do not, however, accept this as a normal state of mind. I believe there will always be a large public to whom good art will always appeal. The photograph, however, must have an even larger place in the journalism of the future than of the past, and the editor will prove himself most skilful who most perfectly realizes the limits of the artist and the limits of the photographer.

The journalism of the future is probably to make its most important developments so far as concern the daily paper. Here, as in many aspects of the newspaper world, everything waits on the printing-press. Several of our daily papers more or less affect illustrations. The *Daily Graphic*, founded in 1889, of course takes the lead. Here we have in one issue some eight or ten pen-and-ink drawings, and some three or four half-tone process blocks from photographs. In the *Daily Chronicle* and *Daily Mail* we have a constant publication of pen-and-ink drawings, with occasional outbursts in their rivals. This is as far, in this country at least, as illustrated journalism would seem to have gone in the case of the daily paper. Now I am quite satisfied that there is no overwhelming popularity attached to the pen-and-ink drawing, however intrinsically artistic, particularly when it is reproduced on somewhat common paper. The problem of printing half-tone drawings and photographs in large numbers has to be solved before illustrated daily papers will flourish in this country, a problem of which the principal parts are associated with the technicalities of the printing-machine. As an example of the gulf that separates illustrated from non-illustrated papers, I may mention that to produce from fourteen

hundred to sixteen hundred copies an hour is considered a triumph for the best American printing-machines, whereas certain Austrian presses cannot attain more than nine hundred sheets an hour. As a contrast to this, it may be mentioned that a journal of the type of *Tit-Bits* is produced at the rate of twenty-four thousand an hour.

Another great development in illustrated journalism which it is easy to forecast is upon the lines that obtain in the United States. That Sunday papers of the type of the *New York World* or the *New York Journal* will ever be popular here I do not for one moment believe. The large masses of illustrations which are given away there every Sunday for twopence-halfpenny are a revelation to those who see them for the first time. Abundance of brilliant ideas and an immense number of well-reproduced illustrations make up what, on the whole, would prove to an Englishman an absolutely indigestible portion. There will, however, no doubt be produced in this country journals approximating to the other Sunday papers of New York—to the *New York Times* and the *New York Tribune*, for example. With each of these is given week by week a supplement about the size of the *Illustrated London News*, less excellently printed and on inferior paper, it is true, and well-nigh entirely composed of photographs. It is perfectly certain that ten years from now this kind of journalism—the journalism of the supplement, one might call it—will be a universally recognized factor in journalistic London. Beyond this there is very little to be said concerning the future. It is largely a matter as to the extent to which capitalists may be found to run enormous risks for an uncertain result. In the case of an illustrated daily paper, on lines which would be in accordance with my ideal, the capital would indeed be enormous

and the result absolutely impossible to forecast.

Meanwhile, some of my readers are asking the question how far illustrated journalism has any justification at all. There are many who mourn that the stage, from presenting plays, as in Shakespeare's time, in a way that left everything to the imagination, now, under the brilliant stage-managers of to-day, affords resplendent pictures of every detail in a fashion that would have struck amazement to the heart of the playwright of the seventeenth century. Much no doubt, has been sacrificed in this readjustment, as, indeed, is the case with the very art of learning to read. Wordsworth felt it keenly when, somewhere about 1846, he came across a copy of the *Illustrated London News*, and wrote thereon the following sonnet:

Discourse was deemed Man's noblest
attribute;
And written words the glory of his
hand;
Then followed Printing with enlarged
command
For thought—dominion vast and absolute
For spreading truth, and making love
expand.
Now prose and verse, sunk into disrepute,
Must lacquey a dumb Art that best
can suit
The taste of this once-Intellectual land.
A backward movement surely have we
here,
From manhood,—back to childhood;
for the age—
Back towards caverned life's first rude
career.
Avant this vile abuse of pictured
page!
Must eyes be all-in-all, the tongue and
ear
Nothing? Heaven keep us from a
lower stage!

Be that as it may, the illustrated newspaper can no more be crushed out now than can Sir Henry Irving's picturesque stage or the "three R's." The

most that we can all of us wish for it is that it may continue its course on those lines of really good artistic work that it has followed under Mr. Herbert Ingram and Mr. William Thomas, its most famous directors hitherto. If

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the photograph were really the "last word" in illustrated journalism, perhaps even an enthusiast for topical pictures might admit that we had reached "a lower stage."

Clement K. Shorter

LADIES' CLUBS.

Of clubs and their origin, Addison, writing nearly a hundred years ago, says: "When a set of men find themselves agree in any particular, though never so trivial, they establish themselves into a kind of fraternity." The motives of human nature time does not alter, and probably what was true of the origin of men's clubs at the end of the eighteenth century, is equally true of women's at the end of the nineteenth. It is the agreement of a number of people on some matter which brings clubs into being.

In this era of the Advancement of Women it is akin to high treason to suggest that the "trivial particular" may also be the same to-day as it was a century ago, and that the original motive of many of the ladies' clubs to-day may not be altogether of a high intellectual nature. Again to quote the Spectator, speaking of many of the most celebrated clubs of his time: "Eating and drinking are points where-in most men agree, and in which the learned and the illiterate, the dull and the airy, the philosopher and the buffoon may all take a part."

From a practical, if not from an ideal, point of view, no better basis than this for a club exists. Creed and thought may perish, theories rise and wane, but food as a human necessity is always likely to remain; and the folk

who set about a club without fully recognizing and attending to this special "trivial particular," would have but a small chance of lasting success. I believe it is because ladies' clubs rest mainly upon this solid, if prosaic, basis of providing food for the hungry, that they are likely to attain a permanent position in our midst.

Not that for one moment I wish to imply that because they rest upon a basis of things material, those things are necessarily the be-all and end-all of their existence. Far from it. A great deal less, I should say, is this the case among ladies' clubs than among men's. No doubt there are a large number of ladies' clubs which frankly avow their whole aim and object to be the creature comforts of their members. They are deservedly successful. They belong to that large portion, both of humanity and of institutions, who do not go very far, but are perfect as far as they go. And this limited perfection and absence of sense of effort is a very great charm. Clubs of this kind do not pretend to have Ideals, Motive, or Mission; they are places to lunch at in peace, places to stay comfortably, for they nearly all provide bedrooms for their members, places to which parcels can be sent; in fact, the nearer they approach to the comfort of a private house and can be used as a sort of an-

nex of home, the more are they appreciated by the people they are there to serve.

The best of this type is the Alexandra, which, with one exception, has the further honor of being—if I may be forgiven an ambiguous expression—the oldest ladies' club in London. The Empress and the Victoria are also run on the same lines. There are, however, a number of clubs to include which in this category would be to insult mortally. They too are comfortable, they too cater well; but there their function does not cease. It has been suggested by a serious Scoffer that the object of their existence is to fill an obvious gap in the educational system of the country, and to provide Higher Secondary Education for the Adult Rich. Others of a less flippant turn of mind have it that they are there to prove the utter fallacy of the dictum of the German Emperor that women's interests are only three—*Kinder, Küche, and Kirche*.

A middle course between these two definitions would most truly describe their position. They are clubs that aim at providing food for the mind as well as for the body; clubs which, like the Somerville or the Sesame, have sprung from the united minds of a set of people all interested in one subject; or that have been gathered together, as in the case of the Pioneer, by one guiding spirit peering into the future; or, again, they are as the Grosvenor Crescent Club, whose object is to become a nucleus round which all forms of women's work may gather. The ground that they cover with their discussions, literary evenings, and debates, is practically limitless. Instance the subjects set down for consideration in the spring programmes of the four just mentioned. The Pioneers propose to deal not only with such time-worn subjects as Vaccination, Vegetarianism, and Women's Suffrage, but have found a clergyman to put in a plea for the

loafer, and intend to deal in drastic words with the further regulation of Home Industries, in the interest both of the worker and of the community.

The Sesame, on the other hand, while keenly interested in life and all that pertains to men and women, makes a special point of the New Education and the rationale of learning; and the modern teaching of languages and a series of studies in Child Nature form prominent subjects in their spring syllabus. Ibsen and Browning are also set down; the Artistic Motive is dealt with by Mr. Grant Allen, and the Stage by Mr. William Archer. The Grosvenor Crescent Club concerns itself with such various subjects as the improvement of English Public School Education, Dante's "Commedia," and False Patriotism; the Somerville, with the Condition of Women's Work in the Potteries, and Rational Dress. Surely a wide enough range of interest, in itself sufficient to justify the existence of any new movement whatever its form! It is not to detract from the value of the less ambitious institutions to say that it is before clubs such as these that a future lies.

Who first originated Ladies' Clubs, is a question often asked, but always difficult to answer. If, as some folk say, they only came into existence as an imitation of men's, why was that imitation not made long ago? Centuries passed: generations of women lived and died: yet there were no clubs. Why should they have burst suddenly upon the world? Who brought them? Not the *hausfrau* of life, who now so gladly hails them as a means of evading the daily wrestle with the domestic muton; not the social butterfly, who flutters round a club tea-cup in preference to her own; not the women with money, means, and opportunity to start them—not to these do we owe our clubs. It was only when women *took to work*, asserted their independence, and set

up for themselves to earn their own living, when in twos and threes, and one by one they came and settled in lodgings and residential flats, it was only then that something in the nature of a club became apparent.

As usual, the demand created the supply, and clubs came into being.

The first experiment to be tried in this direction was the Albemarle Club in 1874. It was not, however, absolutely and entirely a ladies' club, men and women being members in about equal proportions. The constituent parts, owing to force of circumstances, have slightly changed during the last quarter of a century, and of its eight hundred members about six hundred are women and two hundred men. Its lists are full for the next five years, than which can be no better test of a club's popularity. In 1878 came the Somerville, the first genuine ladies' club. It was, I believe, an outcome of the Women's Club and Institute, which was opened in 1869 and lasted not very long. The original intention was that it should be a place where women of all classes met on a common ground for discussion and for recreation; the qualifications for membership two only: personal respectability, and interest in social and political questions. The club has had its ups and downs, but it still continues, and is a meeting-place for journalists, for workers, for women having every variety of occupation. In 1884 the Alexandra Club was founded. Its number of members is now close on nine hundred, and it frankly states that its aim in life is the providing of a convenient centre for ladies and a permanent London address. It demands of its members that they should be eligible to attend Her Majesty's Drawing-rooms. After this, in 1887, the University Club came into existence, its mission to be a meeting-place for students and women who had been at college together. It limits itself

to three hundred members, and the qualifications necessary to members are a degree at any University, Registration as a Medical Practitioner of the United Kingdom, and certain other diplomas.

During the next five years no clubs of any importance seem to have been formed, and it is not till 1892 that we find the late Mrs. Massingberd creating the Pioneer, a club whose members have always prided themselves on being in the vanguard of progress, and slightly in advance of their time. This club was, I think, the first to give professional women the advantage of a lower rate of subscription and entrance fee; the differentiation proving that all classes of women were beginning by this time to appreciate the movement. The year 1892 also witnessed the originating of the Writers' Club. It requires of the members that they should be engaged in literary or journalistic work, gives out that its aspirations are of a social and friendly kind, and fixes three hundred as the limit of members it will admit at the same time. In 1894 clubs began to spring up rapidly. We find the Bath Club, the Green Park, and the Victoria all dating from that year. The Bath Club is also a "mixed" club, but the proportion is such—twelve hundred men to three hundred ladies—that it is doubtful whether it should be included at all in a list of ladies' clubs. Its object is to afford to its members opportunity, at all seasons, for recreation and exercise under cover, especially swimming. The subscription is higher than that of any other ladies' club in London, 7*l*.7*s*., the average at present being from 3*l*.3*s*., to 5*l*.5*s*. It is, however, unique in not charging an entrance fee to lady members. The aims of the Green Park Club are social and musical, and long and varied is the list of actors and singers who have helped to entertain the members and their friends. The Victoria, on the other

hand, has no ambitions, either of an athletic or artistic nature. It desires to provide a town house for country members, and all it exacts as a qualification from its members is that they should be that old-world thing, "gentlewomen of no profession or calling." Its subscription is among the lowest, and it is one of the clubs where smoking is *taboo*. The Sesame was first opened in 1895. Its list of members, both men and women, is a long one, and includes much that is best in the literary and educational world. Literature and Education are its primary aims, but being wise in its generation it does not neglect the social side of London life. A contemporary is the County Club, since reconstructed as the New County Club: its *spécialité*, the hiring out of club rooms for weddings, dinners, or at homes.

The Grosvenor Crescent Club dates a year later. It is closely connected, one might almost say affiliated, with the Women's Institute; both it and the Sesame have lower subscriptions for professional women, teachers more especially. In the same Jubilee year the Empress and the Victoria Commemorative also were founded, the one frankly social and nothing else, the other for the use of those nursing in hospitals or engaged in any similar calling. No new ladies' clubs of any importance seem to have been formed during 1898, but it is more than likely that 1899 will add to the present number, which, according to the "Englishwoman's Year Book," stands at present at twenty-four in London, besides two in Edinburgh, two in Glasgow, and one apiece in Dublin, Bath, Liverpool, and Manchester. Rather less than half the number are proprietary, the others being managed by guarantors or committees of members; about a third of them are residential for limited periods, varying from a week to a month.

Such in brief are the principal clubs

for ladies at present in existence. They are many and they are varied; but notwithstanding their radical differences as to management, aims or accommodation, there is little doubt, taking into consideration the time at which they first began, their general character, and the way in which they have gone on steadily increasing and keeping pace with the times, that clubs as a whole are a direct and pleasant social outcome of the so-called Emancipation of Women's movement. Whatever our views on Women's Rights, whether we do, or do not, believe that whatever a woman can do well, that she should not be debarred from doing, whatever our private opinion of the advanced woman may be, we must all acknowledge our debt of gratitude to her, for she it is, no doubt, to whom we owe the original inception of club life for women.

Two points are there which make it very difficult to write accurately and definitely about clubs for ladies. The one, involving accuracy, is that it is practically impossible to define what is a ladies' club; for, to talk Irish for a moment, some of the best ladies' clubs in London are not ladies' clubs at all. They are what is known as "cock and hen clubs"—clubs to which men and women are equally eligible as members. Fearful, at the outset of their career, were the predictions of trouble in these mixed clubs; but in their practical working they have been found eminently successful, and so far have not given the enemy any just cause to blaspheme. Still, no doubt, it is a little hard on its men members to speak of the Albemarle, for instance, as a ladies' club!

The other difficulty which forbids a satisfactory finality in a sketch of ladies' clubs is, to speak frankly, our age, or rather our lack of it.

We have all the faults of youth. We are raw, ungainly, awkward and

gawky. Our ignorance is unfathomable. Our identity is undeveloped. Our character is, for the most part, unformed.

Of no ladies' club can it as yet be said, that this is the smart one to belong to; or, that the refuge of the destitute; or, that one, again, so pompous and respectable—it is for all the world like dining with the duke, with the duke dead up-stairs! No club, as yet, is the home of all Unionist or of all Radical women; we have not yet our Carlton or our Reform; our Athenæum is still nebulous, our Rag not yet called into conscious being; our Travellers' exists not at all.

Time will remedy these defects, and in the future characters will form and emerge. The more women go in for different occupations, the more professions they make their own, the greater interest they take in politics, partisan or otherwise, the quicker will these things come to pass. In the days of the near future an account of ladies' clubs will not resolve itself, as it seems always to do at present, into a statement of the acreage of the conservatory or a Walt Whitmanesque inventory of the furniture in the drawing-room. This extreme youthfulness is also the cause of a painfully truthful jeer which the Scoffer rejoices to hurl at ladies' clubs—a jeer which it is most difficult to refute with due regard to our truth-loving nature. "What on earth do you want a club for? An excuse for gossip and tea-drinking, of course." A feeble *tu quoque* is our only resource; a vision of the drawing-room of any ladies' club one knows, between the hours of four and six, rises before one, a room overflowing with guests and tea-parties as never yet was the club of mortal man! The fact is that ladies' clubs are still at the young and bridal stage—they are still busy giving house-warming parties and entertaining friends; they have not yet settled

down to take themselves and life seriously.

Time, again, must come to the rescue; he is the one element in life which never fails. His cures are very safe and very sure. They are called Age and Experience.

In another phase we must invoke his aid. It is in the evolution of the average woman into the "compleat club-woman." At present she is in a half-developed state, and there is a delightful ignorance in her social attitude towards her club. She does not yet quite know what is expected of her. The first problem is the relation of proposer and proposee. Women have not yet defined for themselves how far, if asked, they are at liberty to decline to propose a certain woman, if they should chance to find her tiresome. Some solve the difficulty by proposing any one who asks them without demur, and blackballing gaily when the day of election comes, a method which seems scarcely to carry into effect the original uses of proposer and seconder. Others, again, if a candidate proposed by themselves chance to be blackballed, consider it as a deadly personal insult, and go about the world loudly proclaiming that they will leave no stone unturned till they find out who has done the deed. It cannot with truth be said that women have yet learned to be great respecters of the secrecy of the ballot.

There exists a certain club whose committee, not long ago, found to its amazement that every candidate without exception had been firmly and deliberately blackballed. Consternation reigned and ruin frowned, till one of the committee happened to overhear the following dialogue between two fellow-members, sitting over their dish o' tea: "Did you get through your voting all right?" "Of course I did. I filled up the white spaces opposite Constance, and I put crosses in all the

black squares opposite every one else. They weren't special friends of mine, so I thought it was the best thing to do; I suppose you did the same, didn't you?" In the minds of that committee it became a moot point how far voting by ballot was the wisest course, and how far the clubs whose committee undertook the whole responsibility of election had not really chosen the better part. In this latter case a paper is sent out to each proposer, asking her to state, for the information and guidance of the election committee, all she knows about her candidate. By the answers received it seems to be monstrous difficult to describe another woman in a few lines, or rather to give information worth having. It really does not help the committee much to be told that the candidate is a most agreeable woman and gets all her dresses from Paris; and her exact age within a year or two is not the matter of the vast importance proposers appear to think it! On the other hand, some of the descriptions sent in show an epigrammatic perception of character that would, if revealed, not only destroy half the friendships in existence, but would make the fortune of an enterprising novelist. Strange that no writer of fiction has thought of becoming the temporary secretary of a club. He or she would learn a good deal more than they ever dreamed about human nature—without its veneer. So far, it appears that it is only to an official in a different sphere that such an idea has occurred.

A story is told of a ladies' club which one day found it necessary to change its cook; the committee hied them to the registry and made known their wants. The next day one of the best *chefs* in London came and offered his services with exceeding alacrity—an alacrity which, to the modest minds of the committee, was so great as to be almost unnatural. The reason of his

desiring to be engaged was inquired into. "*Mesdames*," replied the *chef*, "I will tell you de truth. I am writing a book, and it is necessary, for that book to be very valuable and good, dat I have some experience of ladies' clubs; therefore, *mesdames*, I come!" Visions of future gibbeting in classical literature, should they severely criticise his dinners, flashed through the committee's mind, and history relates not whether they had the courage to accept the *chef* and criticise the dinners with the freedom of English citizenesses, relying upon the law of libel for their future protection, in case at some future date the *chef* chose to startle the literary world with the assertion, that women at their clubs did not know a *vol au vent* from an apple tart, and preferred buns and tinned sardines to his most succulent *chefs-d'œuvre*.

As a matter of fact, the food at ladies' clubs is good, though human nature would not be true to itself were there not complaints to be heard on the subject; indeed, these complaints are perhaps more resonant than need be, for the joy of writing culinary insults on the back of her bill has not yet fully dawned upon the average member, and she consequently resorts to the uninteresting and commonplace methods of victimizing her friends with her grievances on this score. Whatever may be the general quality of the food to be found in clubs, it is inexpensive; and in the matter of catering ladies' clubs are managed much more economically than men's. Experience has shown it quite possible, in a club whose coffee room prices met with no cavil, not only to feed the entire staff from the remains of the food, but also to make a profit of something like twenty per cent. on the outlay; this without superhuman effort, but only by reason of the same amount of supervision being given that would be exercised in a private house. Even has it been suggested

that certain old-established men's clubs would be well advised to hand over their affairs to such successful caterers!

Turning sternly aside from the reputedly all-absorbing topic of cooks, I come back to the question of the evolution of woman into a clubbable animal. Presuming that, by ballot or otherwise, she has been duly elected, it is no uncommon thing for her not to use the place for months together, simply because she is too shy to go there. Does she anticipate being treated as a suspicious character should she venture unprotected within the sacred precincts, or is she not quite sure what to do when once she gets there? Usually she flies to the drawing-room and burlesques herself in a fashion paper, and from over its topmost pages she watches her fellow-members. If she has her wits about her, she will soon, from this point of vantage, become initiated into all the devious ways of the "compleat clubwoman." Before long will she share in the illegitimate joy of crouching over the fire and admirably usurping all its warmth; discover how exceedingly comfortable it is to collect some half-dozen papers and sit upon them all; appropriate her own special chair, and glare with murder in her eyes at any one who may have taken it before her; she will soon discover the joy of talking loudly in the closest proximity to an occupied writing-table; above all, she will soon realize that to shut the door when she leaves a room is quite an unnecessary effort. On the other hand, she will begin to see that in clubs there are some things which it is unusual to attempt. She will realize that it is scarcely fair on her fellow-members surreptitiously to cut from the several fashion papers a picture of a fascinating dress; she will no longer in all innocence suggest to the secretary, if she wants a sitting-room to herself, that it is perfectly easy to at-

tain that object by taking down the placard "For members only," and substituting "Private" on the door. She will cease from tea-partying, and gradually, if she has the true instincts of the clubwoman and a real appreciation of the joys of club life, she will migrate to the peaceful sanctum of the reading-room, where households cease from troubling and the weary are at rest from the intruding bore. Possessing this esoteric knowledge, her individual evolution is complete; she may be said to have attained.

Although there are many women who in their ignorance say a club would be no use to them, there are very few who once having belonged to one would willingly give it up. Every year the roll of members lengthens, every year entrance fees go up by leaps and bounds, and in the minds of proprietors, committee, and members alike, visions of Pall Mall palaces are shadowed.

Another ten years, the number of clubs will be doubled, and they will not be confined to London alone, as they are at present to a great extent. I venture to predict—speaking as I hope—that before the next century is out of its first youth there will hardly be a county town of any importance which does not possess its ladies' club, as much as a matter of course as it has its county buildings or its post office. It is curious that they do not already exist, if only on the ground of convenience. Who does not know the weariness to flesh and spirit of an hour spent crawling along in a local train, or a ten-mile drive to the county town, followed by a day passed in shopping at indifferent shops and an ill-conditioned lunch, of a bun at the pastry-cook's, or an underdone joint at the country hotel? Who, I say, has not suffered these things, and while sitting shivering in the airless parlor of the inn during that interminable half-hour

after the carriage is ordered and before it comes round, has not from the depth of her clubless heart envied her mankind his club, from which he emerges warm and happy, primed with the local gossip and the news of the day? For these ends alone I wonder that ladies' clubs have not sprung more generally into existence.

But it is not merely the shopper's club that I should like to see. That certainly; but only as leading up to the other class of club which, for want of a shorter generic term, I will call the Social-Educational. It is these that are wanted, and there is no reason why the great manufacturing centers and provincial towns of England should not—to paraphrase the saying about Lancashire—do to-morrow what London does to-day and each town have its ladies' club. The *personnel* and the *occasion*, both in town and country, abound. There are numbers of girls who, until they leave school, are crammed with learning and ideas, and who, after a year or two of the enjoyment of doing nothing, except playing daughter of the house, begin to feel that that unenviable occupation leaves them mentally not a little hungry. There are plenty of clergymen's daughters who do not find the parish and reading to Betty Brown and Gaffer Green an eminently intellectual occupation. There are women who, having lived all their girlhood in the middle of things, marry a man with a "place" at which he will insist on living, all the year round, and who feel that even a husband—eked out by books and magazines—is not all-sufficient to keep them in touch with what is being thought and done in the outside world; mothers oppressed with a horrid sense of their own ignorance on the subject of the education of their children, and older women who, because there is nothing to unite them together, have not the force to struggle

out of their prosaic daily groove and try to keep pace with the times; to all these different women a centre of interest, such as some of the London clubs are to their members, would be a god-send. There is no conceivable reason why this should not be.

The lectures and debates, which in London take place in the evening, could just as easily be held in the afternoon, and every county ought to be as competent as the metropolis to produce its own lecturers. Why, for instance, should not Vanity, Vulgarity, and Sentimentality be spoken of with authority in towns other than London, and although it is not likely that a second Augustine Birrell would be found to do it, yet has not genius always its understudy? What though Sir Walter Besant might not be willing to stand permanently, at the beck and call of, say, the Cranford Ladies' Club, to speak of the Proposal to establish a School for English Literature; what though Sir John Lubbock might not be ever ready to fly off to any part of the United Kingdom to explain the mysteries of Proportional Representation; though an Anthony Hope or a Frederic Harrison might not always be available; though Telegraphy without Wires, and the Communication of the Living with the Dead might not always secure the unique exposition of Mr. Preece and Mr. F.W. Myers respectively; yet others would surely be found to do adequate justice to these subjects, and such as these, and audiences would gather readily to applaud their efforts.

Given the place, given the opportunity, giving a modicum of energy on the part of a few individuals, it really is not a great business to start a ladies' club in a county town. A sending—broadcast but circumspectly—throughout the desired area of a flight of circulars setting forth the general idea and notions of the thing, is the first step. It will soon be seen whether the

scheme does or does not meet with general approval; though I would warn intending promoters of clubs not to be too easily downcast by adverse criticism or by wonderful and partial misrepresentations of their intentions. They will learn strange things. I would bid them beware, for example, of using the word "woman" in preference to "lady" in their circulars: the chances are, if they do so, that they will be met with a chorus of vehement disapproval from the genteel recipients. In vain will they protest that no man would ever describe his club as a club for gentlemen; circular after circular will be returned to them with the word "woman" crossed out with fiercest pen-stroke, and the word "ladies" written in its stead. This merely as an instance of the strange things!

The next thing wanted is a small committee of two or three; a committee content to work on common-sense lines, content to profit humbly by the experience of elder clubs, and not too keen about trying experiments on its own account. With it should rest all power to fix or vary subscriptions, select premises, furnish the club, draw up rules, engage servants, and last, but not least, find a capable secretary. On this point the committee should be very picky and particular, realizing what a good position they have to offer; for though the places must necessarily be limited, the post of secretary to a ladies' club is one of the most delightful that a girl who has to make her own living can have. This fresh opening should be another incentive for those interested in the sphere of women's work to encourage the starting of clubs. The committee cannot be too particular in its selection, for it is upon the secretary that much of the success of the club will depend. It is essential that she should be thoroughly trained in business habits, and not be merely a failure in some other

branch of life. Most necessary is it that the club should stand upon a firm financial basis of its own, not bolstered up by private doles and secret subsidies to cover awkward deficits; if the secretary has no knowledge of book-keeping, matters are apt to become complicated, and the services of the auditor at the end of the year a cause more of pain than of pleasure.

These are two rocks ahead which in the early days of every ladies' club will endanger its career, and between which it is well to steer a careful course. The one is of an advanced character; the other is—dare we say?—retrograde; at any rate it leans to the other side of things, when the nursery, and not the club, was considered women's proper place. Smoking is the first difficulty. Fierce are the storms which, at preliminary committee meetings, rage around the question whether it shall or shall not be allowed. For better, for worse, it has been in most cases settled in the affirmative. But the non-smoking member never becomes entirely reconciled to the decision, and will continue for many a year to say unpleasant things about the waste of a good room! Seeing that in the recent balance sheet of a certain club the monthly income from cigarettes amounted to the sum of 2*d.*, there may be something to say for this contention!

More difficult to deal with is the other problem—it is one which faces ladies' clubs and ladies' clubs alone. I think I am not making a statement untrue or libellous when I say that never yet has the committee of the Carlton or the Turf had to solve the momentous question of whether it be justifiable for any member to turn the club drawing-room into a temporary nursery by the introduction of an infant—albeit that infant is in her opinion the only perfect creature on the face of the earth! In vain

will the harassed committee fly to their harbor of refuge and advice—the rules of the best men's clubs; nothing exists there to help them; not even the possible bye-law: "Children and dogs to be left with parcels and umbrellas in the hall!" Suggestions as to the advisability of instituting *crèches* in connection with clubs have been advocated; limitations as to age advised; but it has been found that, while it appears to be very easy for each individual member to define the age at which her own children cease to be a nuisance, there is a grave discrepancy in her views when dealing with other people's children. As far as I can gather, though the general tendency is firmly and sternly to exclude the nursery element, and to placard the walls with the brutal bye-law—"Children are not admitted!"—ladies' clubs *in toto* have not yet arrived at a unanimous decision either on this question or on the moot point as to whether men should be admitted as visitors. In most of the best clubs, men and women as guests are allowed impartially, but in some cases the prejudice and opposition have doubtless been strong, and in certain instances rather strange compromises have been arrived at. In one club, which shall be nameless, there is a rule which runs to this effect: "Any man introduced as a guest must be either the husband, father, son or brother of the member introducing him." The members are said to find it necessary, in consequence of this rule, occasionally to adopt other people's brothers as their own; but for the truth of such evasions of a rule, obviously framed by a careful committee for their moral welfare, far be it from me to vouch.

Flippant as these details sound, they have a very real bearing on the spirit of the club, and bring one to a point which no committee can be too careful of. I mean, as to the making of bye-

laws. It is impossible for a committee to be too reticent in this matter. Far better is it to start the club without any bye-laws at all, and to make them as the occasion arises. They are a constant source of very often quite unnecessary irritation. It seems to me the *beau idéal* of a club is to give each individual member a sense of absolute freedom, not to let her be conscious that she is fettered by rule and regulation, and yet for the committee always to keep as their watchword and aim the greatest comfort and convenience of the greatest number. It is that spirit which tends to make a delightful club, and it is a spirit which, emanating from the committee, would spread quickly among the members.

Now we have our clubs, we want them naturally to be perfection, and there is no reason why we should not go a fair way to attain that object. We have to deal with a new movement. All the energy of youth is with us; we are not hampered by tiresome precedent, and wide vistas of what may be stretch out before us. I would see ladies' clubs in every town, and see them made that which I know, over and above their aims at creating comfort, they have it in them to become—intellectual centers for all women, places where women of various social grades could meet on equal terms without pose and without effect, away from the tyranny of petty cliques and dressmakers and social customs; places where ideas would come quick and fresh, where new notions could be aired, and personal trivialities give way to, or, at any rate, be mixed with, discussions and debates on all manner of themes and theories; places where the routine of daily existence could not stultify, and the interest and the joy of life and thought be always quick and young and strong. Certain of the London clubs already mentioned have set an excellent example in this

respect, and though I speak without the slightest authority from any one of them, they would, I am sure, be glad to lend a helping hand, and let other towns and centres profit by their experience.

"But," says the Supercillious Man, "there is one difficulty in the way before this ideal can be attained, one difficulty which may be insuperable.

"You have your clubs, you have your members, you have all the accessories of club life, but how are you going to make woman *qua* woman a clubbable animal? She is not clubbable, she never will be clubbable. She has too strong a natural aversion and distrust of her own sex *en masse*. Her clubs are clubs only in name. They are a collection, never a cohesion, of people. Woman does not understand the spirit of a club. She has proved that she can appreciate the value of a subsidized restaurant to which only a privileged few belong. But a residential restaurant, however delightful, and by whatever name it goes, has not the subtle essence of a club. She has shown, in a way unknown among men, that she delights in some centre where she can find mental sustenance and improve her mind; but a continuation school is not a club in the true sense, though she may so describe it. So, too, though if she be one of any special profession she may care greatly to belong to a society of women all having the same interests as herself, she has yet to discover that a place where shop is talked is not necessarily a club."

What, then, is a club in the real sense? It may take many legal luminaries to settle "What is a place?" but it seems as though even they would be baffled if set down to say when a club really is a club! Negatively, it is easy enough to define it; positively, it is another matter. "A society of men knit together by a love of society, not a spirit of faction, meeting together not

to censure or annoy those that are absent, but for their own improvement or the good of others, and to relax themselves from the business of the day, by innocent and cheerful conversation," is Addison's definition, a definition more respectable, perhaps, than attractive, and rather suggestive of a village mothers' meeting! What is the vague intangible something that makes man a clubbable animal and woman not? The Supercillious One finds it hard to say, though he is quite right in his contention, and has put his finger on the one weak spot in the relation of women to clubs. May it not be that, whereas friendship among women is more usual and counts for more in their lives than it does among men, the sense of comradeship, should they chance to be thrown together, which men show one towards the other, which they have learnt at public schools and at college, is a sense lacking, or, at any rate, very undeveloped among women? Its absence has been demonstrated over and over again in the difficulty found in getting women to co-operate and combine together; and the lack of it is probably the reason why women's clubs, however perfect their outward form, give sometimes the impression of empty shells.

Women do not, I think, feel that the fact of belonging to the same club constitutes any bond of union whatsoever between them; to be members of a club gives no sense of good fellowship; there is no vague, intangible feeling of communion among them, as all being members of one body; not only do they seldom speak to each other when they meet in the club, but unless they happen to be acquaintances elsewhere, they ignore one another as frigidly as if they were in a first-class railway carriage. A woman uses her club to eat in, or to learn at, or to entertain her personal friends; she does not yet look upon going to it as a means of passing

the time in a place which is congenial to her among people who are her very good comrades while she is thrown with them.

Women's social attitude to each other in the majority of clubs is not such as to make club life attractive, or to give a spirit of unity to the club. Though it is a confession of weakness to say so, it would almost seem as though, in truth, they were very deficient in the one sense which vivifies and makes a club a vital thing. But it is just this lacking sense that we look to clubs to evolve and bring out in us; and though we may seem to have begun at the wrong end of things by starting

clubs without it, as we have done, we had no alternative. We may, at the present moment, seem in the curious position of possessing all the accessories of club life without the clubbable spirit to animate us; but we are in a state of transition in this respect, we are awaking to a new order of things; and how, in these days, when the air is full of Trade Unions, of co-operation and of combination in every form, can we fail to evolve eventually into that mysterious unclassified creature of men's imaginings:—the clubbable animal? And in those days which are not far distant, the Supercillious and the Scoffer will sit side by side in silence!

The Nineteenth Century.

Eva Anstruther.

A DREAM OF THE ROSE AND NIGHTINGALE.

I dreamt I lay upon a bed
Of autumn leafage gold and red,
And heard the passionate nightingale
Reproach the rose of June;
Till from red-crimson she turned pale,
Wanner than when the weeping moon
Looked down on dead Endymion.
From rose to lily thus she grew,
Till like her own sad ghost she shivered in the dew.

"Ah, foolish one, refrain, refrain,
Or by this slight thy love is slain,"
My dreaming lips had surely cried,
But that the bird, his mistress' wound
Perceiving, such a magic tide
Of sorrow pours that from her swoond
She lifts her head in dear astound,
And back from lily to radiant rose,
Through every true-love tint, her blushing beauty goes.

The Athenaeum.

Alfred Perceval Graves.

TENNYSON AND THE BIRDS.

When the broad-leaved willow shows once more the soft yellow catkin, and the storm-cock forgets its winter wildness and the ring-dove on mild April days hovers in mid air over its nesting trees and the village children make posies of the white violets growing under the thorn hedges on the chalk hill-sides, then the lover of nature will away with his books and go to the sheltered lanes and coppices which spring first reaches. In the vigor and promise of the real opening days of spring we may year after year, in defiance of time and trouble, renew for a little while our boyhood, feel the "child's heart within the man's" move and tremble, as Wordsworth felt it when he lay upon the grass and listened to the illusive cuckoo. To handle the early song thrush's clutch of bold blue, black-spotted eggs, to come upon the fragile wood anemones in bloom, to listen to the minature bleating of the "nanny goat of the air"—there are no joys so great as these to be found in any books about nature, not even in that one which contains "Bits of Oak Bark" and "The Pageant of Summer." There are books, however, that make the wild life of England still more precious to those who have set much store by such things from childhood; that put into living words joys, which, feeling deeply ourselves, we vainly strive to communicate in our own halting language to others. [It was a happy inspiration that chose the nesting time, and the revival of nature, for the appearance of the popular edition of Tennyson's life. Love of nature is the great thing about Tennyson, more than his patriotism, though not more than his poetry, be-

cause it was his poetry.¹] The sound of the snipe is "dear and still dearer for its mystery" after we have read of it in Tennyson; the olive-brown, bronzed eggs of the nightingale acquire for us an added interest when we recall the same poet's beautiful thought about the music of the moon sleeping within their shells. Among writers of this age no poet can be classed with Tennyson as delineator of the wild life of English woods and fields and moorlands. In the Tennyson "Memoir" we are shown how conscientiously the poet studied the wild life observed during his walks in Hampshire, how keenly he sought out information respecting the birds and plants of the wayside. It was not enough for Tennyson, as it has been for most poets, to be steeped in the beauties and healing influences of nature. He would dive and delve in bird and plant life for himself, and find out the proper names and habits of what lived and grew around him before giving to the world those perfect word-pictures of his. Slight must have been his patience with writers who make poetic license an excuse for ignorance and carelessness of nature. One questions, indeed, whether so true a lover of accuracy could have much sympathy with the splendid exaggerations of Shelley, who wrote of the whistling noise of dead leaves making the birds aghast, and of water-lilies so bright they "lit the oak that overhung the hedge." On the other hand, scarcely could he have failed to take delight in Shelley's

.... "bee like epherels
Whose path is the lightning's,

or the same poet's "moonlight colored may," and

¹ Alfred Lord Tennyson. A Memoir by His Son. Popular Edition in one vol. Macmillan. 1899.

. . . tender bluebells, at whose birth
The sod scarce heaved.

The "bee like ephemeris" Tennyson may have seen in his own Isle of Wight garden on summer and mild autumn days. His habits of close observation, especially of English birds, must have grown early in life, for not a few of his perfect pictures are to be found in short poems which preceded "Locksley Hall." In the fjord-deep little poem, "My life is full of weary days," we have the lines:

And thro' damp holts new-flush'd with
 may,
Ring sudden scratches of the jay.

To any one who has spent a good portion of his boyhood in a "gleaming wood" in the south of England, this description of the jay's note of protest or fussy alarm appeals irresistibly. And what a picture, too, of the woodland spring this same poem unfolds in its "sappy field and wood," its "showery gray," its "rugged barks" beginning to bud again!

And at my headstone whisper low,
And tell me if the woodbines blow.

Such a resting-place might half cheat
the last long night of its terrors.

The jay is hardly one of the favorite birds of our poets, but the swallow, which to-day or to-morrow will be flying over English meadows again, comes into several of Tennyson's poems. In the "Dying Swan" we have the haunting lines:

Above in the wind was the swallow,
Chasing itself at its own wild will.

In the "Poet's Song," which Kingsley, ever aglow with enthusiasm, declared to be the finest lyric in the language,

The swallow stopt as he hunted the
 bee.

In the 1887 edition it is "hunted the bee," though the bee changed into "the fly" later on—more correct, if perhaps not quite so agreeable to the ear. One swallow, says the old saw, does not make a summer, but many, according to Shelley, do, for we have his "swallow summer" as well as "owlet night" and "wild swan youth," the swan which paused in its cloud to listen to that astonishing "Poet's Song" that put the nightingale out of conceit with himself and caused the wild hawk to leave tearing its prey and stare. Beautiful, however, as Tennyson's swallow pictures are, they pale before Jefferies' description of the "white backed eaved swallow" in the intense "Meadow Thoughts." Another favorite is the martin. There are in the "Day Dream" "roof haunting martins" that "warm their eggs," and in "Aylmer's Field" one of Edith's cottages has "martin haunted eaves;" both recall Shakespeare's "temple haunting martlet." The plover which appears in "Locksley Hall," "The May Queen" and the scathing "Come not, when I am dead," is of course the familiar peewit or silver plover, a bird that might well take the fancy of a poet by its quaint ways, its bold plumage with crest elevated or depressed at will, and its cry so frequent on moonlit nights in spring. In April the bird will, as Conway well expresses it, "fly round and round, tossing and tumbling in the air, and at the same time making the country resound with the echoes of its endless 'peewit!' and thus lead the intruder further and further from its nest." But it will do much the same at other times, when it has neither eggs nor young. How greatly do the curlews of "Locksley Hall" bring before us the desolation of the scene!

Dreary gleams about the moorland
flying over Locksley Hall.

The curlew, called *numenius*, "new

moon," from the crescented shape of its beak, loves the wild places of the earth: its loud clear whistle, referred to by Tennyson, is the call in spring of the male to the female, a sort of love song, like the nightjar's vibration, or the hum of the "dropping snipe" to which we are introduced in the exquisite lines "To a Mourner." The "many wintered crow" of "Locksley Hall," leading the clanging rookery home, is a slight and deliberate lapse from strict accuracy. "Many wintered crow"—the *annosa cornix* of Horace perhaps—is here not a crow at all but a rook. Rooks there were, too, in Maud's garden, and a "black republic" in the grounds of Sir Aylmer in his "Aylmerism," roused at daybreak by the old worldling on his cruel quests. The "moan of doves," the "wrangling" of the jackdaw, the "booming" of the bittern, and almost above all the "low preamble" of the

nightingale, are absolutely true to nature. There are many other bird pictures and similes scattered through Tennyson's poems, amongst them one of the "fire-crown'd king of the wrens"—which is probably not the rare fire crest, lately found in Brecon, but the gold crest—and several of the red linnet, evidently a favorite; but it is doubtful whether there is anything so rare and so perfect as that "first low matin chirp" of the birds of the loveliest lyric in the "Princess."

. . . . in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds.

There are few things for which it is worth while to have one's wholesome measure of sleep curtailed; but one of those few is to hear the small birds breaking into song, faint, desultory at first, anon "full quire," in the prime hours of a fresh spring morning.

The Saturday Review.

LAMENT

O could the fallen leaf
On the bough again be born;
The old joy, the old grief
Come fresh to the heart with morn!
Spring will bring new flowers,
And morning a new song;
But I want not these; I long
For the old days, the old hours.

The kisses that I kissed,
The sweet kisses you gave,
All are gone in a mist,
Gone into Time, their grave.
Could I once again
Feel that old first kiss,
This, and only this,
Could heal my heart of pain.

Laurence Binyon.

CARNIVAL TIME IN RUSSIA.

I.

No portion of the Christian Church demands more of its adherents than that of the Russo-Greek, the National Church of Russia. No fewer than six fasts stand in its calendar, extending from two to seven weeks each, or something like one hundred and thirty-five days in the year. Add to this every Wednesday and Friday in the non-fasting periods, and a total of two hundred days will be found as being devoted annually to religious observances. The Church directs that, during these times, all must abstain from animal food of every kind. Lent is the strictest of all the fasts, as not only flesh but fish is strictly forbidden, unless on one day—Palm Sunday. There are many Russians, however, who, by reason of their social position, decline to follow all the canons of their Church, and only fast on the first, fourth and last weeks in Lent. Many also only observe the fast two or three days before confession and communion. The commercial and lower grades of society, on the other hand, uphold to the letter every law of the Church. Lent alone is heralded by carnival, called by Russians "Maslanitzza"—the "Butter Wochen" of the Germans. Maslanitzza is held during the eighth week preceding Easter, the fast proper is observed during the intervening seven weeks. During Maslanitzza every article of diet, flesh excepted, is allowed to be partaken of, but over-indulgence in other articles, including drinks, is not forbidden.

Carnival commences on Sunday at noon, and continues until the close of the succeeding Sunday. The salutation during the week is "Maslanitzza," or "Sherokle Maslanitzza," "Sherokle"

meaning, literally, "broad," indicating a full amount of pleasure, and the facial expression accompanying this salutation shows plainly that unrestrained enjoyment is the aim and object for the week. Upon the discharge of the time gun at noon, there emerge from all parts of the city tiny sleighs driven by peasants, chiefly Finns, who for the time are allowed to ply for hire by the payment of a nominal tax imposed by the police or city corporation. Most of these Finns are unable to speak Russian intelligibly, although living at no great distance from the capital. It is said that from 5,000 to 10,000 of these jehus come annually to St. Petersburg for Maslanitzza, and they add materially to the gaiety of the city as they drive along the streets. These Finns are mostly patronized by the working classes, for the simple reason that their charges are lower than the ordinary *isvozchick* or cabby.

During the festivities the great center of attraction for the working population is the "Marco Pole," or "Champ de Mars," an immense plain on the banks of the Neva. Here a huge fair is held, with the usual assortment of stalls, loaded with sweetmeats and similar dainties. Actors from the city theaters are upon the ground, with smaller booths where the stage-struck hero acts the leading part. There are dwarfs, fat women, giants, and the renowned ubiquitous Punch and Judy, merry-go-rounds, card-sharpers, cheap-jacks, and a medley crowd of men and women, all catering for the roubles of the crowd. What are termed the "ice-hills" are perhaps the most attractive feature of the gathering. These are built of wood in the shape of a tower and are about forty feet in height, access being by a flight of steps. From

the landing-stage there is a very steep descent made of boards, on which are laid blocks of ice frozen hard together. On the level, and for a distance of three or four hundred yards, there is an ice-way, made also of blocks of ice at least two feet thick, which constitutes the so-called "ice-hills." For the course there are small sledges which are guided by men specially appointed for the purpose. You take your seat on one of these low sledges and stretch your legs out in front, while the guide sits behind you. Off you go over the ice-blocks, the guide meantime piloting the craft with his strong leather-gloved hands. The descent is very rapid, but on reaching the level the journey is quite pleasant.

In the city feasting and visiting are the order of the day. There is no limit to the consumption of "bleenies," a kind of pancake made of buckwheat flour, and eaten with butter sauce or fresh caviare, according to the circumstances of the families. Morn, noon, and night bleenies are cooked, and eaten by the dozen, moistened, of course, with the indispensable vodka or native gin, which is distilled from rye.

When midnight of the second Sunday arrives, all gaieties are supposed to vanish, and a subdued and demure aspect must be assumed, and the form of congratulation between friends and acquaintances is—"Pozdravlin vam post," or "I congratulate you on the fast." The church bells toll mournfully at brief intervals from four or five a. m., when early mass is celebrated, until about eight p. m., when evening service closes. The city during Lent, owing to the frequent tolling of the church bells, seems to be overshadowed with mourning. It is very questionable if the moral tone of the city is higher during Lent than in any other period of the year.

The food of the working people and peasantry during Lent consists mainly

of salted cabbage, soup, and "kashie," a kind of porridge made of coarse buckwheat flour like bran, both seasoned with hemp-seed or flax-seed oil, coarse rye bread, salted cucumbers, horse-radish, and very transparent tea, often without sugar. Those able to afford a sweetening substance for the tea or coffee use either candied honey or some specially prepared fast sugar, a composition of honey and almonds, believing, as they do, that animal blood and bones are used in purifying sugar. From almonds a cream is extracted which is used for tea and coffee instead of the genuine article; but only the well-to-do can afford this luxury. Such is the *régime* of the table for Lent, and certainly it ought to tend to the mortifying of the flesh.

All places of worship are open from early morning until evening falls. Devout worshippers stream in and out the whole day. All the services are strictly liturgical, preaching not being a portion of the Church service. The prostrations of the worshippers seem most extravagant to a Britisher, although many only incline the head quietly and cross themselves in an unobtrusive manner. All the churches are thronged daily in Lent, as confession, absolution, and partaking of the communion are considered imperative at this season. Parts of the church are screened off for confessional, and the penitents stand in long lines waiting their turn to appear before their father confessor. He hears their tale of sins, grants absolution, and the penitent worshipper places his offering before his "Batushka" or "Father," and retires. After confession he goes to communion, but not necessarily immediately. Probably he will go the following morning about five o'clock, having had a bath on the previous evening, and arrayed in his best. The cup only is administered, the bread being given in the form of a small loaf, called

"prosverra" or "host" in which wine is poured. A candle is bought by the penitent both before confession and communion, and placed in a candelabrum in front of the picture of his favorite saint. The sale of candles, which takes place in the church, is a source of revenue for the priesthood. After communion, many relax the rigor of the fast.

The seven long weeks of the fast drag wearily along, and the days and hours are anxiously counted. If the fast makes the devotees spiritually strong, it also makes them physically weak. The fast and the over-indulgence that follows after Easter, must increase materially the national bill of mortality. If it is a matter of conscience to abstain rigorously from flesh and all animal substances during Lent, it is also made a matter of conscience to eat and drink to excess after it is over.

II.

In the week preceding Palm Sunday gaiety pervades the city. The shops are gaily decorated with articles both useful and ornamental, and shopping becomes the order of the day, as present-giving is one of the features indispensable to the due observance of Easter. All the public markets, including the world-renowned Gostini Dvor, in Nevsky Prospect, famed for its shops and valuable merchandise, have stalls erected for the sale of toys, confections, and bric-à-brac. Every one is in the best of humor, and is bent upon the purchase of toys, artificial flowers, singing birds, ikons, or other wares. The higgling about prices is amusing, the seller always asking nearly double what he will take, the buyer offering considerably less than he will give. The former declares in God's name that he cannot take less than he asks, and declares solemnly that it is a ruin-

ation price. The principle upon which shopping is conducted is to make allowance for beating down the price by asking an exorbitant one, to allow space for that operation. If a Russian gets the price he asks for an article he is seized with remorse that he did not ask more; the buyer, if his first price is accepted, becomes remorseful that he did not offer less.

Palm Sunday is called Verba, the week preceding Verbni Nedeli. All must have a palm branch for that festival (not a real palm branch, but a willow covered with catkins), to which is generally attached the imitation of a face representing that of our Saviour. These so-called palms are brought home to adorn the family ikon, and generally remain till the following Palm Sunday. On this day fish can be eaten without committing sin. The last week, and by far the bitterest in Lent, begins with Palm Sunday, and is largely devoted to humiliation and cleaning.

Before the Passion—like the Jews, who at Passover search diligently for and cast out the old leaven—the Russian housewife likewise searches out every corner, most remorselessly sweeps from its hiding-place every particle of dust. Everything is done to make the house and its contents fitting to meet a risen Saviour. The streets, always very clean, receive special attention, even the lamp posts are carefully washed down and the kerbs sanded. Everything that will clean has brush and soap-and-water applied to it. The reason of this is the belief that our Saviour invisibly walks about the earth for forty days after Easter, that is, until Ascension Day.

On the Thursday of Passion Week, "Strashnaya Nedeli," i. e., Terrible Week, is enacted in a very realistic fashion one of the last acts of our Saviour—"washing of the disciples' feet." After the close of the second diet of

worship at St. Isaac's Cathedral this ceremony is performed. A *daïs*, covered with crimson cloth, is erected in front of the altar rails, or, rather, royal gates. At the end farthest from the royal gates is placed what may be properly called a chair of state, while six chairs are placed on each side of the *daïs*. A subdued reverence seems to pervade the worshippers as they look with expectancy towards the royal gates, from which will emerge the bishop, or other high dignitary of the Church, who is to impersonate Christ. At last he comes forth, clad in gorgeous vestments, resplendent with gold and silver, accompanied by a deacon and several acolytes, bearing an ewer and basin of solid silver gilt with gold, a towel, and other articles necessary for the occasion. Slowly, and with every appearance of sadness, he mounts the step of the *daïs*, and seats himself in the chair of state, the worshippers meanwhile crossing themselves most devoutly. After seating himself, the disciples, in twos, emerge from behind the royal gates and approach the *daïs*. Crossing themselves they wait until beckoned by the officiating "Christ" to ascend and take their places, one on the right side, the other on the left. All being assembled and seated, a priest or deacon reads the lesson for the occasion, in which is included the account of our Saviour washing his disciples' feet, as given in the Gospels. The reading of the lesson over, the representative of our Saviour

Good Words.

for the time rises from his seat, and, laying aside his garments, girds himself with a towel and prepares to wash the disciples' feet. Two acolytes bear the massive basin, and another the ewer. The officiating dignitary takes the ewer, pours the water into the basin, which is placed at the feet of one of the first disciples, who takes off the shoe and stocking from the right foot and places the foot in the basin. The kneeling "Christ" laves the foot with a little water, then takes the towel wherewith he is girded and wipes their feet, getting in return a kiss of love. At last the basin is placed at the feet of the impetuous Peter, who, rising, says, "Dost thou wash my feet? Thou shalt never wash my feet," to which the reply is in the literal words of our Saviour. Peter at last sits down, places his right foot in the basin, gets it washed, and is more demonstrative in his kiss of love than any of the other eleven.

Many of the more intellectual Russians will freely admit that this dramatic representation of one of the closing acts of our Saviour's life is absolutely necessary for the spiritual benefit of the masses, as otherwise they could not understand the work of the Saviour while on earth. They cannot but with difficulty be convinced that Christ was not a Russian, and are shocked if told he was a Jew, a race they hold in abhorrence for their crucifixion of the Saviour.

A. Nicol Simpson.

LUXURY IN AMERICA.

There must be some pleasure in possessing a very costly article simply for the costliness of it, or the millionaires of the world would not for the past two thousand years have accumulated such

articles. The great Roman nobles, who sometimes possessed millions, and who could invest their wealth at ten per cent., built themselves magnificent urban mansions as well as palatial "vil-

las," and filled them with the costliest articles they could hear of,—statues from Greece, great "pieces" in gold and silver, "murrhine vases"—possibly porcelain—mosaics of elaborate design and workmanship, rich furs, silks worth their weight in gold, then far above its present value, and curios in the way of ornamental furniture. So did the barbarian chiefs who at last stole these things from the Roman palaces, and so did the nobles of the Middle Ages, who even carried their treasures about with them to war—witness the Burgundian plunder carried off by the Swiss—an ostentatious, and one would think inconvenient, practice, in which, however, they were imitated by the Turks. Oriental nobles heap together the costliest goods, often in places where they never see them, and there are other Princes in Asia besides the Shah who could, if they would, display "buckets of jewels," such as our Minister once saw in Teheran, and bedsteads and tables of solid gold or silver. The present writer has himself seen emeralds as large as pigeons' eggs which were hung on the horses of the last Emperor of Delhi, the Nizam of Hyderabad offered £350,000 for one diamond—the figures were sworn to at a trial—and it is believed on good evidence that the plunder of the "Secluded City" in Pekin would yield millions. The millionaires of to-day do just the same. They build unusually large houses, ornamented with the costliest marbles, and they fill them with treasures, of which some are artistic, but all are purchased at great prices. The rich Americans, many of whom are getting seven per cent. for their money from undertakings which they themselves control, have actually altered the market prices of all the more valuable jewels, adorn their wives and daughters with furs and silks almost as costly as those of the Roman ladies—not quite, for the expense of transport from all places beyond the Roman

"world" must have been enormous—and appear to seek occasions for sinking money in great pieces of gold and silver. At the recent wedding of Miss Virginia Fair with Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., each of them representing a millionaire family of the first class, their relatives and friends appear to have vied with one another in gifts which Lucullus or Seneca would have considered splendid. Their total value is said to have exceeded £400,000. There were "rivers" of diamonds, "ropes" of pearls, bodices as much covered with jewels as that of the Empress Josephine's best dress, a pair of gold candelabra for ten lights each, a gold jewel-box, twenty-four dishes for sweets in gold, a coffee service in gold, tall golden candlesticks, four loving-cups in solid gold, and silver articles past counting or description, one gift alone including twenty-four trays. Now, what is the real pleasure of possessing those articles in such profusion? It cannot be merely their value; for besides the expense of guarding them, which must be considerable, even if they are partly guarded by the thieves' knowledge that if they stole them a fortune would be spent in hunting them down, their mere possession involves the burial of great incomes. Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., for instance, sacrifice in keeping their wedding gifts alone more than £20,000 a year. Do the millionaires genuinely admire these things? The feeling for precious stones which survive all changes we can partly understand, perceiving clearly that some gems are as beautiful as the flowers whose colors they reproduce for ever; but what is the beauty in a jewel-box of solid gold which steel or ebony would not possess? while the utility is of course far less, the object of a box being protection for what is inside it, an object baffled when the box is itself a temptation to

the dishonest. Works of art would surely excite more admiration in their possessors, and may be even more rare and just as costly. Is it simply the gratification of vanity, the pride of being richer than others? That is the usual explanation offered, particularly by the envious; but some of these millionaires, the Vanderbilts for instance, have arrived at the fourth generation, and ought to have lost that vanity, if only through the long habit of possession. Or is the fancy—for it is a fancy—akin to that of the collectors, who whenever the world is at peace ransack it for articles which they do not particularly care about, but which interest them because there are no others like them? We believe that feeling enters strongly into the display, that and a barbaric taste universal in Asia and common enough in Europe for splendor *quâ* splendor, the taste which made a Peruvian Viceroy shoe his mules with silver, and which makes a London factory girl hire colored ostrich feathers to adorn her bonnet outside the factory gates. It is not a taste to be set down as immoral, because it is instinctive with all children, but one regrets a little to see that civilization and education and philosophy and all the mental advances we so much admire conduce so very little towards its extinction. We breed out some of the savage impulses, but not the craving for beads. One would so much rather see something original in the disposition of this new generation of nobles, and watch self-will taking other directions, better directions if possible, but at all events newer. To find Antony and the last American billionaire boasting of the same things, and those rather vulgar things, compels one to reflect on the slowness with which human nature changes, and the wonderfully close relation between the savage and the latest product of civilized prosperity.

It is of no use to moralize upon the

evil effects of heavy luxury of the kind we have been describing. It is probably less than we are just now all tempted to imagine. The Socialist workman dislikes and envies the *bourgeois* just above him more than he envies or dislikes the millionaire, who, at all events, breaks the gray monotony of modern municipal life; and as for the degradation of the ideal, though that occurs, the George IV. kind of man produces a recoil among thinkers, while his wealth acts as a fiery whip upon thousands who would else be clods. We dread the power which the millionaires will one day possess, as the reverence for birth dies out and the thirst for physical enjoyment becomes more of a dominant passion, and, the brain waking up under new cultivation, content with monotony becomes too difficult, much more than we dread the effect of their example. The usual moralizing, too, though absolutely true, has lost its bite through over-much repetition, and we see abroad ominous signs that men may sicken of philanthropy, and say that it produces nothing save a new disposition to plunder in new ways. We prefer, therefore, to-day to speculate on the ultimate destination of all the finery of which this week the bulletins are full. It will last a long while, of course, for wealth is clothing itself in the magic armor of science, and unhampered by slavery, which in the Roman period always mined beneath it, will make a stouter fight than it did in the ancient world, or in France at the time of the Revolution; and the world has never yet been ruled by its majority, but by the concentrated strength of limited castes bound together by a common interest, a common conviction, or a common fear; but if history teaches anything, it is that accumulated wealth is at last transferred, and disappears in the transfer. The treasures of Rome have not merely passed into other hands, they have

passed away so completely that it is doubtful if a jewel exists or a gold cup of which it is even probable that it belonged to a Consular house, still less to a Prince whom the Romans plundered. Who will have it all, or destroy it all, when the existing order, which has rotten places in it, crumbles away? Will the barbarians from below explode the heap, as so many believe? It is not impossible, though, as we have said, wealth is putting on enchanted armor—insurrection against troops is even now impossible—and though the superficial crust has this protection, that all below who are admitted to share in it show a disposition to defend it. Or will Asia make its last rush, and, for a moment, overwhelm civilization? It is hardly conceivable, for locusts cannot cross the seas, numerous and irresistible as they are, and the Americas cannot practically be reached by land. Will the Jews get it all, as some of their dreamers fancy, and, using it as a weapon, build up a new and widely different civilization, intended to avenge the slavery of nearly two thousand years? Or will the dream of that strange dreamer, David Urquhart,

prove true? He thought that there was a centripetal force in capital which would gradually place the wealth of the world in the hands of one man, or one Trust, and ultimately provoke a savage civil war, in which all but the human race itself must perish. It is probable that we shall advance many steps in that direction, and that Mr. Rockefeller will in A.D. 2000 seem but a poor man, but thought, we think, has become the prerogative of too many to permit of an Armageddon between capitalists and their slaves. We should ourselves think it much more likely that a new phase of Christianity, the phase of abnegation, would seize upon mankind, and produce everywhere a scene of destruction like that which in Scotland accompanied the change to Protestantism, civilization thus sentencing itself, and recurring to the ancient village life, or even the life of the Thebaid, but such movements are usually short and local. No one knows, and all that experience tells us is that in A.D. 3000 Mrs. Vanderbilt, Jr.'s, jewels will have fallen to persons of whose reign neither she nor the wisest around her have so much as dreamed.

The Spectator.

"O THE LASH OF THE RAIN!"

O the lash of the rain lies loud on the misty leagues of heather,
And the wind is high in the pines, and the harried hedgerows drip,
And it's oh, farewell, alas, to the golden days together,
And their goodly fellowship!

For the end must come, you say, and the long road have its turning,
And the cross-ways vex the sense with the instant need of choice;
But how will it be for you when the winter dawn is burning,
A dawn without my voice?

And how will it be for me when the friendless street lamps glitter,

And the squalid pavements stare, and the blank dusk settles down?

Shall I loathe the thought of the sweet that turned on the tongue to bitter?

Shall I hate the weary town?

Shall I set your name apart for worship, or for derision?

Will it grace my heaven of heavens, or but point the way to hell?

Will it make the dark ways plain, or rack with dire division
Life's leaguered citadel?

The choice is yours, not mine. Were it mine, O love, what passion

Would move my heart to take what your heart was fain to give!

Will you bid me turn and go in the old imperious fashion?
Will you bid me stay, and live?

O the lash of the rain lies loud on the misty leagues of heather,

And the wind is high in the pines, and the harried hedgerows drip,

But it's oh, no more farewell, and it's hand in hand together,
And it's lip to clinging lip!

Fall Mall Magazine.

Charles Kennett Burrow.

THE HOUSE IN THE WOOD.

No dramatist could have devised a more picturesque and striking conclusion to our progressive nineteenth century than the coming Conference initiated by the Tsar of All the Russias. Armed to the teeth with the most destructive appliances that modern science could invent, the nations of the world are about to discuss the means of arriving at a universal and lasting peace! Jealousy, ambition, land-hunger, those Furies which have tormented the human race from the beginning, are to be exorcised from the face of the civilized world. Excessive armaments, the scourge of our time, are to be abandoned, and peaceful settlements are to keep the Temple of Janus henceforth

closed. We are, indeed, on the eve of a millennium if it prove not a will-o'-the-wisp. This dramatic event is all the more interesting from the fact that the youngest ruler in Europe, who began her reign under such happy auspices last summer, will welcome the delegates to her country. The House in the Wood, which her Majesty has placed at their disposal for the Conference, seems expressly made for the purpose. The large "Orange Hall," with its magnificent paintings commemorating the Peace of Munster, will be the theatre of the debates. Under the eyes of Pallas Athene the delegates will frame their resolutions, while the inspiring device is held up before them,

"Ultimus ante omnes de parva pace triumphus" ("The greatest victory is that by which peace is won").

The House in the Wood is a monument of the golden age of Dutch history. The seventeenth century produced in Holland that extraordinary outburst of energy and power in all directions which seems the climax in the life of a nation and leaves a glorious recollection for all times. Freedom's battle had been won. The Dutch flag was planted in Brazil, at the Cape, in North America, in the East and West Indies. It was the age of Vondel, the Dutch Milton, of Hooft, the great historian, of Rembrandt, of Huygens, of Grotius, of Spinoza. And he who during part of that great century presided over the destinies of the nation was the Stadholder Frederick Henry, son of William the Silent and of his wife Louise de Coligny. History has given him a place among great statesmen and great tacticians. The sieges of Bois-le-Duc, Maestricht, Breda are famous in military annals. He was liberal minded and of a kindly disposition. Good fortune, it was believed, attended his birth. The conjunction of the stars had been favorable; and the superstition grew when it was found that the Prince recklessly braved every danger and escaped unhurt. Till the age of forty he remained unmarried. Gossip said that, like his elder brother the Stadholder Maurice, he admired the fair sex too much to fix his choice. His mother had spared no efforts to arrange a marriage for him. In his youth he had been engaged to the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of the Landgrave of Hesse, but his coldness to the bride and differences about the settlement were the reasons the marriage never took place.

In 1621 the King and Queen of Bohemia, having been driven from their country, found a refuge at the Hague and settled there. Among those who

had shared their misfortunes was Countess Amalia de Solms, one of the Queen's ladies. She was a connection of the House of Nassau, a remarkable woman, young and handsome. The Prince showed a great admiration for her, but it did not overcome his disinclination to matrimony. The Stadholder Maurice, however, when he felt his end draw near, summoned his brother from the army, and urged him to marry Amalia de Solms and ensure the succession. The Prince obeyed, and perhaps it was well that pressure from outside accelerated the marriage, which took place a fortnight later, on the 4th of April, 1625. The honeymoon had only lasted a week, when the Prince had to hurry back to the army, as the town of Breda was threatened by the Spaniards; but notwithstanding such unfavorable auspices, the marriage turned out an extremely happy one. The Prince found in his wife a support and an adviser, and she won the affection of her people. Her own happiness is summed up in the motto she took on her wedding-day, "*Quid reddam Domino?*"

One son, afterwards William the Second, and four daughters were born of the marriage. The eldest daughter, Louise Henrietta, married the great Elector of Brandenburg, and was known for her piety. The second daughter, Albertina Agnes, married her relative the Stadholder of Friesland, from whom the reigning branch of the House of Orange-Nassau are descended.

No one can look at the portraits of Amalia de Solms without seeing that she was a woman full of character, decision and sagacity. Sir William Temple called her "a woman of the most wit and good sense in general" he had ever known. She was ambitious, but her ambition was of no mean order. Its object was the greatness of her house and of her country. She was

fond of pomp, luxury, jewels, but nevertheless there was a strong moral fibre in her nature admirably well suited to the country which she adopted as her own.

Prince Frederick Henry was the first of the Stadholders who held a brilliant Court. William the Silent's life had been one of perpetual struggle and self-sacrifice. His son Maurice was above all a great soldier; his tastes were simple, he was unmarried, and his only luxury was battle-steeds. Prince Frederick Henry loved art and splendor, and his consort encouraged his tastes. Rembrandt and Van Dyck painted for him, and he surrounded himself with works of art of various kinds. The Prince built two country houses, one at Ryswyk, where the Peace was afterwards concluded, and one at Honselaarsdyk. Neither exists any more. Amalla de Solms wished to have a country house of her own near the Hague, and selected for the site the neighboring wood. On the outskirts to the east side she bought a piece of land which was then not much more than a wilderness and a morass. The plans of the new palace were devised, according to the Princess' ideas, by the great architect of the day, Van Campen, and were submitted to the Prince, who was then conducting the campaign in Flanders. We know from a letter of his secretary, Constantyn Huygens, father of the celebrated Christian Huygens, that he wished the house to be on a more modest scale and to have no entrance-hall, but he wisely gave in to his wife's wishes. On the 2nd of September, 1645, the first stone of the House in the Wood was laid by the Queen of Bohemia, and the plan of building a large octagonal central hall, with a set of rooms on each side and an upper floor, was carried out by an architect of renown, Peter Post, who executed the plans of Van Campen. The wings were

not added till a later period. The gardens were laid out in Le Nôtre style, with hedges and shrubs cut into shapes and the traditional maze. Unfortunately the taste of later times has done away with these characteristic features. The garden has nevertheless kept its charm. The late Queen Sophia, who was passionately fond of the place, superintended the gardening with great taste and knowledge: not only when she lived there in summer, but almost every afternoon in winter she visited it and gave her directions. There may be some still who will remember how skilfully the space was laid out, how graceful were the flower arrangements and the black swans sailing on the water.

The house was not completed when, in 1647, Prince Frederick Henry died, at the age of sixty-three. He had long been suffering from gout and apoplectic attacks, and even the reputed panacea of the Polish quack doctor Cnoffellus, which had been tried as a last resort, proved of no avail. The Princess was inconsolable. She had been the most devoted wife. During the twenty-two years of her married life the Prince had gone every spring to the seat of war, and so great was her anxiety that she was not satisfied with the news he gave of himself, but directed his secretary, Huygens, to report to her constantly. She now resolved to dedicate the great hall of the House in the Wood to the memory of the Prince by commemorating in paintings on the walls the chief events of his life and his great feats of arms, which had so powerfully contributed to bring the eighty years' war with Spain to a close, though the Peace of Munster was not concluded till the year after his death.

Huygens remained the adviser of Amalla de Solms. He was a learned and accomplished man, with great taste and judgment, and a not incon-

siderable poet. Many were the conferences the Princess held with him and the architect Van Campen to settle the designs of the pictures and to select the artists. Rubens and Van Dyck were both dead; but next to Van Dyck, Jordaens of Antwerp was the greatest pupil of Rubens, and it was he who was chosen to execute the chief portion of the work—the triumph of Frederick Henry.

Jordaens, though inferior to his master in power of imagination and sense of beauty, was at least his equal in richness of coloring. His huge painting, which covers one side of the wall, is a masterpiece, and the description he wrote for the Princess helps us fully to understand his meaning. We see the noble figure of the Prince seated in the triumphal car and crowned by Victory, who reserves another crown for his son and successor, William the Second. The young Prince, at the head of a band of cavaliers, rides near the car, which is drawn by four white prancing horses, led by Pallas and Mercury. The statues of William the Silent and Maurice on either side are surrounded with spectators. Hatred and Discord are trodden under foot. Death, hovering above, vainly struggles with Fame for the mastery; while Peace, one of the last wishes of the Prince on earth, is seen descending from Heaven, holding an olive and a palm branch, and accompanied by angels bearing the symbols of the Arts and Sciences, and an unfolded scroll with the "*Ultimus ante omnes de parta pace triumphus*." The figure of Peace is dressed in white, as the painter tells us, to symbolize that peace should be "of sincere intention, and without fraud or guile."

It appears that the æsthetic sense of the artist at first revolted against the Calvinistic conception of the Princess, who wished Death to be introduced into the picture. He had already in an-

other design painted Death fighting with Envy; and in this triumphal scene there was, he thought, no place for the King of Terrors; but in giving way to the Princess he may have found that Fame conquering Death was a thought not unworthy of his brush. For the remaining work, two more pupils of Rubens were selected—Van Tulden of Boisdue and Peter Zoutman of Haarlem—besides several other painters of renown, among whom Gerard Honthorst, known also as Gherardo dalle Notti, is the most conspicuous. He painted the panels with the marriage of Frederick Henry and Amalia de Solms; that of her daughter Louise Henrietta with the great Elector; the scene representing William the Second bringing over his wife, Mary, the daughter of Charles the First; and the charming picture of Amalia with her four daughters. The paintings recording the naval and military education of Prince Frederick Henry, his return at the age of sixteen with Prince Maurice from the battle of Nieuwpoort, his elevation to the rank of Stadholder at the death of his brother, and the reversion of the Stadholdership granted to his son William, at the age of five, are all ascribed to Van Tulden.

Most of these representations are largely mixed with allegory and mythology. The picture in the ceiling of a knight in harness throwing himself into an abyss, is believed to be an allusion to Charles the First, who was beheaded during the time that the hall was being painted. Peace appears not only in the triumphal scene, but also on the painted doors of the hall, which are wrenched open for her by Pallas and Hercules. In the ceiling of the cupola there is a portrait of the foundress in widow's dress, with a skull in her hand, and below is the inscription: "*Fred. Henric. Princ. Araw. ipsum sese unicum ipso dignum luctus et amoris æterni Mon. Amalia de Solms*

vidua inconsolabilis marito incomparabili P."

In 1652 this beautiful hall was finished. No fewer than forty-four names had been suggested by Huygens for the new house, and he tells us that finally by his advice the Princess gave it the one which she had intended at first for the hall alone, "Oranje Zaal." This name is now only given to the great hall, and the house itself is known as the "Huis ten Bosch," or House in the Wood. While Amalia de Solms was erecting this memorial to her husband, her only son, William the Second, died at the age of twenty-four. Her sorrow was embittered by the thought that he had been estranged from her, that he had strenuously opposed the peace, and that his marriage with a daughter of the House of Stuart had far from realized her expectations. A week after his death, William the Third was born, and though, after some dispute, three guardians were appointed, his grandmother Amalia de Solms had the chief care of him, and a great part in forming his character. When, at the age of nine, the Prince was sent to Leiden with M. de Zuylesteyn, his tutor, the faithful secretary Huygens was ordered to draw up a series of instructions in which it is not difficult to trace the master mind of Amalia de Solms.

After the completion of her house, the Princess spent her summers there. Sir William Temple was struck with the luxury of her establishment, as she would not use anything which was not of gold; but he praised her order and economy, which enabled her to do so on a revenue not exceeding 12,000*l.* a year. Subsequent generations have more or less followed the habit of spending the summers at the House in the Wood, which became more attractive as the wood that led to it increased in beauty. Its record would present many a curious episode. We find an

entry in the journal of Constantyn Huygens the younger, William the Third's secretary, dated the 13th of February, 1691, stating incidentally that he did not see the King that day, as his Majesty had treated the Elector of Brandenburg at the House in the Wood, and they had had a carouse. "The King came home at nine, and slept some time in a chair before the fire ere he went to bed." Such touches of human nature, like the shadows that give relief to a portrait, make posterity feel in close touch with the great men of the past. After the death of William the Third, the house became for a time the property of the King of Prussia, who had a share, through his mother, in the succession of the late King. He allowed a former representative of the Republic at Berlin, General Keppel, to live in it; but in 1732, when the succession was finally settled, it was restored to the Prince of Orange, afterwards William the Fourth, and it became his favorite resort. It was he who added the two wings, and he also enlarged the entrance hall, and built a chapel over it, where the Anglican service was held for his wife, the daughter of George the Second. This was at a later period turned into a billiard room. William the Fifth, the last of the Stadholders, took no less interest in the house than his father. He had all the paintings carefully restored for the reception of his wife, the Princess of Prussia, to whom the Dresden chandelier which hangs in one of the drawing-rooms was given as a present by her uncle Frederick the Great; the beautiful Chinese decorations also date from his time. His eldest son, who became the first King of Holland, William the First, was born there. The House in the Wood has shared the destinies of the nation. When, in consequence of the Revolution, the Stadholder had left the country, it was declared national property, and it be-

came for a time the prison of members of the moderate party who had been arrested in the name of liberty on the 22nd of January, 1798. King Louis Bonaparte, in his turn, inhabited the house in summer.

The last brilliant days of the House in the Wood were those when the late Queen Sophia held her Court there, and when it became the centre of attraction for remarkable people from various countries. There was nothing the Queen liked better than being surrounded by a few friends with whom she could freely discuss politics, history, science, art; and she possessed the ready wit, the light touch, and the insight into men and things which give

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conversation its charm. The portrait of the great historian of Holland, Motley, was painted at her wish by the distinguished Dutch painter Bisschop, and has found a suitable place among the records of the House of Orange. When the Queen died at the House in the Wood, her remains were placed in the great hall, under the portrait of the widowed Amalia de Solms, and there her friends bade her a last farewell before she was taken to her final resting-place in the church at Delft, where the ashes of Amalia de Solms also rest. The Peace Conference gives a fresh lustre to the House in the Wood, and no place is more worthy to be associated with so noble an effort.

Elisabeth Lecky.

REMINISCENCES OF MEISSONIER.

I made the acquaintance of Meissonier in 1880, when my works were exhibited in Paris, at the Cercle Artistique et Littéraire, of which both of us were members.

Alexandre Dumas told me how the great French artist came running to him, quite alarmed by my pictures.

"*C'est vu, c'est observé*," he said, "and that is by one of yours—by a Russian."

Later on Meissonier said to myself somewhat reproachfully: "Look what you have done! After seeing your *Skobelev*, I could not finish a picture which I had commenced myself;" and he showed me a somewhat large board, representing Napoleon I. reviewing his troops after some battle. To be candid, I did not consider it a great misfortune, for both the Emperor and his chestnut horse looked heavy, quite wooden; and the soldiers were not rejoicing, but striking attitudes. The picture had evidently been made ac-

cording to Thiers and the official reports, but it lacked the main thing—*fighting ardor and enthusiasm*. Indeed, it has remained unfinished, and after the death of the artist it was sold in the same condition in which I saw it nineteen years ago.

Meissonier was then very famous, and it was an honor for our club to count him as a member. I was surprised, however, at the way he was treated by some of his colleagues, which must have been partly a consequence of his ways. On one occasion our vice-president, Wauquilain, shook hands with me almost over the head of Meissonier, and on my asking him whether he had not noticed Meissonier, he answered:

"Yes, I did; *mais c'est un vilain, monsieur*."

I once invited Meissonier to lunch, and picking up at the same time an old friend, the very talented painter Hell-

buth, I told him that Meissonier would be with us.

"Not for the world!" said he.

"How is that?" I asked.

"He is cross with me, and I do not want him to think that I am making up to him."

"Nonsense! You will be with me and not with him," I replied, thinking, however, that the former friends would speak again to one another at my table. But it turned out quite differently. During the whole conversation Meissonier did not exchange a single word with Heilbuth, but sat all the time half turned away from him, which looked rather comical.

Heilbuth no doubt made a note of this treatment, and tried to get revenge. At any rate, he frequently expressed surprise at my praising Meissonier:

"What, you too? How can you? Why! he is only a photographer and engraver combined!"

It is true, indeed, that some of the greatest pictures of Meissonier show a certain hardness; nevertheless, he was a great artist and had a most clever hand.

Meissonier's Paris house in the Avenue de Villiers was very characteristic on the outside and beautifully decorated inside. Among artists it was said to have cost him an enormous lot of money, chiefly owing to his lively temper, which prevented him from sticking to the approved plans, and was always demanding changes and alterations. They say, for instance, that when he found a sculptured frieze not to be sufficiently elegant, he ordered it to be replaced by another. When the architect observed, "*Cela vous coûtera 20,000 francs*," he replied, "Never mind! *Cela coûtera ce que cela pourra coûter*." He had two large studios filled with works of art, with a beautiful light from the open courtyard. But the model had to be placed, for the sake of

air and sun, on the balcony, so that he could not work without attracting the attention of the neighbors. I thought it strange that the architect, who had spent so much money on comparative trifles, did not care to settle the artist more comfortably, if it were only on the roof, which might have been easily reached by a lift.

Everybody is aware of the conscientious way in which Meissonier executed his work; but few know the labor and expense he bestowed on the preparations for it. I remember, for instance, his painting a horseman, in a dress of the last century, passing along a deserted road in a strong wind. The cloak was flowing, and the head of the rider, with his cap over his ears, was bowing before the storm, which was bringing on heavy clouds and lashing the grass and trees. Both the horse and the rider were first beautifully modelled in wax. The former model had a bridle and saddle elegantly worked out in every detail from the real materials. The rider's cloak, hat, and spurred boots were also miniature masterpieces, executed after drawings of the period. In order to get the folds of the twisting cloak it was dipped into thin glue, so that it stiffened in its proper pose. In short, everything was ingeniously fitted up so as to insure the greatest possible perfection, and showed, at any rate, very uncommon demands upon the artist's skill.

"But how did you paint the snowy road in your picture of *Napoleon in 1814*?" I asked him.

In reply he picked out from under the table a low platform, about a metre and a half square, and said:

"On this I prepared all that was required: snow, mud, and ruts. I kneaded the clay, and pushed across it this piece of cannon several times, up and down. With a shod hoof I then pressed the marks of the horses' feet; I strewed flour over it, pushed the can-

non across again, and continued to do so until I obtained the semblance of a real road. Then I salted it, and the road was ready."

"What did you salt it for?"

"To get the brilliancy of the snow. Why do you smile? How else could you do it?"

"It was very ingenious," I answered. "*Je vous fais mes compliments.* But, if I had been you, I should have gone to Russia, where nearly every road is dug up in the way you represented, and should have painted a study from nature."

"Yes! But *nous autres Parisiens* do not move about so easily."

I have been told by many persons that Meissonier used to work quickly. This is quite a mistake. He would work and draw slowly, and, what is more, he would draw and paint the piece over and over again with absolute self-devotion, sparing neither time nor labor. He knew how to sacrifice trifles for the main thing, details for the general effect. He is not equalled in this respect by his disciple Detaille, who gives you all the buttons, and all shining alike. Not only in painting, but in every art, it is rare to find the capacity of sacrificing details for the whole. A painter is loath to put into the shade, or to brush over, a well-executed detail, even at the risk of crowding the picture, just as an author is unwilling to cut out of his novel an amusing anecdote or an irrelevant character, though it may distract attention and drag out the action. This power is all the more remarkable in Meissonier, as the execution of *morceaux* was his *forte*. No recent artist has executed more patiently, or finished his work more carefully, without falling into dryness, or what the French call *le pénible*.

The same cannot be said of the conception of his pictures, in which routine and conventionality abound. His

wars, for instance, are not real, and betray the observation of reviews or evolutions as seen from the plan of the general staff, or the suite of the principal figure, which forms the whole substance of the picture, its beginning and its end. The troops are dealt with, not so much as men, but rather as a flock. This explains why Meissonier, on seeing the picture of Skobeleff, as caught from life, moving along the ranks among the slain, would not go on with his *Napoleon*, which was a painfully labored scene, without life or enthusiasm.

Though a realist in execution, Meissonier in his creation bears the old stamp of official history and official types. His Napoleon is that of Thiers in *Le Consulate et l'Empire*, without even any verification from Michelet. Nor could one expect more, as the artist was not prepared, either by education or development, to introduce views of his own into history, or to draw conclusions from its lessons. In his small pictures from the daily life of past generations he often displays not only humor, but even a certain amount of philosophy. It must be observed, however, that many excellent scenes are spoiled by the uniform type of the persons, which is very strange in so conscientious and scrupulous an artist. It would seem that, after having done everything to insure perfect execution in purely technical respects, he was too tired for the spiritual working out of the whole. It is, of course, hard to find suitable living models; but neither is it easy to order and to paint buckles, spurs, and other minute articles of dress that are not bigger than the head of a pin. But Meissonier used to work out those little details, not only with patience, but even with real enthusiasm. Why, then, did he not take care of the type of his figures? For instance, in the beautiful and characteristic scene, *A Reading at Diderot's*,

all the persons resemble one another, and only present slight variations of the physiognomy of Delacre, who used to serve the artist as a model by the year. The same model may be found, with even greater resemblance, in many other pictures. In the famous canvas, *The Attack of the Cuirassiers*, the soldiers are as like one another as drops of water, for the same reason. The dragoons in the *Guide* and other pictures are also very much alike, though in a lesser degree.

Meissonier's drawing is not only academically but really remarkably good. It is not dry, but, on the contrary, expressive in every fold and curl. Among contemporary painters I have only found such drawing in the Prussian artist Mentzel and the late Bavarian artist Korschelt. He has, of course, his faults. His riders often sit behind the saddle, and even lower than the horse's back. This could hardly be explained by an oversight in such an observant artist. One must rather suppose that even Meissonier was not always willing to paint over again a figure once executed.

In an album published for a charity, Meissonier's *Trumpeter* on the title-page was so short, such a manikin, that even the author of the drawing could not help noticing it. Nevertheless, the *Trumpeter* remained in the best place of the album, with his trumpet and his wooden torso. The right foot of the famous *Flute Player* is quite dislocated. The right hand of the soldier in *L'Ordonnance* is as long as that of an orang-outang; if stretched out, the fingers would reach the knee-cap. Both feet in the portrait of Dumas fils are so monstrously long that the late novelist looks seven feet high.

In their hunt after early signs of greatness, Meissonier's biographers have asserted that his youthful attempts were always showing his future power and the originality of his talent.

But I must say that his very first work, in the possession of Mr. Wallace, is a weak production in every respect. An enormous number of youthful artists at the age of eighteen or nineteen make their *début* with much more talented and promising works. Meissonier's fame began late, at the age of thirty-five, but grew very rapidly. Society got tired of enormous canvases and hypocritically noble subjects, of the sham classics and romantics, as well as of historical anecdotes. All that, together with the reduced size of living apartments, caused the public to crowd round, to be delighted with, and to pay any price for these miniature pictures, that were executed and finished in a style rarely to be met with even among the Flemings.

The prices of Meissonier's pictures used to be much talked about, and many were scandalized by them. But he never sold any of his works himself: he blindly trusted his dealer, who disposed of them, at his discretion, to the highest bidder. He referred all applications to —, who would take a good half of the price as his commission. If we deduct this commission, and distribute the remainder in proportion to the working hours of the artist, who never knew any rest or holidays, estimating also the long period of preparation, we arrive at a comparatively small remuneration, which reached large sums only because he worked unceasingly all the 365 days of the year.

A great noise was made at the time in Paris about the portrait of an American lady millionaire, whose pretensions and fancies were unbounded, though not supported by any beauty or talent, but merely by a well-filled purse. They say of her that, getting tired of seeing the Arc de Triomphe from her windows, she wanted to know what the Government would charge for the removal of that obnoxious monument. *Si non è vero . . .* : the joke is, at any

rate, characteristic. This lady wanted to have her portrait painted by Meissonier. The artist refused, but ———, who was standing behind him, and was anxious to make as quickly as possible "*son million à lui*," persuaded him to undertake the task. I saw the portrait, which I considered to be excellent in the highest sense of the word. The lady, however, imagined that her hand, which was putting on a glove, was too large, and wanted it to be made smaller, which Meissonier refused, saying:

"The hand, being in front of the body, is true both to nature and perspective. It must and cannot be diminished. I shall not alter it."

This determination received approval as well as blame in society. In clubs and drawing-rooms people were amusing themselves by propounding the riddle:

"Will he alter it or not?"

"Will she take it or not?"

In the end the painter did not alter it, but got his money all the same, while the offended lady is said to have destroyed the portrait.

The portrait of Madame M., as well as that of Meissonier's friend, the Senator Lefranc, and a few others, are real pearls of painting. The expression of the face, the skin, as well as the stuffs and every detail, are rendered truthfully and vividly without dryness at the finish, or any trace of a fatigued hand, though the painter was then over sixty years of age. It was not till after the age of seventy that he began to show signs of a weakened eye and hand. The former succulent finish made way for sharpness and minuteness. Nor were the enlarged dimensions of the canvases and figures of any use. In looking at Meissonier's later works one had to remember his old ones, just as a fading beauty gains by being remembered in her past condition.

Alexandre Dumas, who was one of

the most intimate friends of Meissonier, tells an interesting trait of the artist's absent-mindedness and candor.

"Is it true," he once asked the author, "that I am hated by many?"

"That may be; your talent, your fame, the prices of your pictures——"

"I don't mean that. I mean those who object to my character."

"Yes, it is true. They think you proud and haughty."

"But I swear to you that it is not true. The fact is that I am always absorbed in thinking about the gesture or movement of the figures, or of the tone of the picture I am working at. This accounts for my absent-mindedness. By-the-bye, tell me, is Giraud dead?"

"No, he is not dead; he is alive."

"Then I must have met him yesterday! He accosted me, and asked me how I was. Not recognizing him I answered: 'Thank you, I am all right.' Only afterwards did I remember that it was a familiar face, and now I am sure that it was Charles Giraud! To be sure, to be sure! Where does he live?"

When I told him the address he snatched up his overcoat, his cap, and stick, and dragged me with him to Giraud's house. As soon as he entered he threw himself into the arms of Giraud, and, with tears in his eyes, he asked him to forgive his coldness of the previous day.

This anecdote had a personal interest for me, as something similar had happened to myself.

One day, while waiting at the Gare St. Lazare for the train to my place at Maisons-Lafitte, Alexandre Dumas asked me:

"I dare say you often meet Meissonier here?"

"Sometimes, but now I pass him by."

"How is that?"

"He remembers one with difficulty. Last time he shook hands with me and looked at me so perplexed that I thought it best to go my own way."

"But, surely he did not know you at the moment!"

"That may be. But it is rather awkward. It might be taken as opportunity on my part."

"What a man!" exclaimed Dumas. "*Il passe son temps à ne pas reconnaître ses amis et à se faire des ennemis!*"

Dumas must have told the artist about our conversation, for shortly

afterwards, on my walking up into the waiting-room, I met Meissonier with a tender face, prepared for a greeting. I am sorry to have to confess, however, that I pretended not to notice him, and passed by. It was only after I heard from Dumas what had happened to Giraud that I realized how unjustly I had behaved towards the great and extremely absent-minded artist.

Vassil Verestchagin.

The Contemporary Review.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON: ESSAYIST, NOVELIST AND POET

Considering the high esteem and regard that Stevenson is held in by the English-speaking world, he appears to be comparatively little known in Germany, as may be judged from the fact that very few of his books have been translated into German and hardly half of them appear in the Tauchnitz Edition. It is, however, a sign of a quickening interest that his posthumous novels, "*Weir of Hermiston*" and "*St. Ives*," in spite of their disadvantage of being unfinished or even fragmentary, have been promptly issued in that series; nor is it at all difficult to understand how this comes about, nor can we in any sense blame the reading-public in Germany, unless indeed we include in the condemnation a very large proportion of the English-speaking countries. For the bulk of the latter know but little of the pre-Treasure-Island Stevenson, of the exquisite and piquant essayist and travel-writer, who delighted a select and cultured public for years, before, as with a mine, he breached the stolid defences of public indifference with that fascinating and immortal story of adventure, "*Treasure Island*," or even later, when he blew in the door of its citadel with "*The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*." But we all know well enough that the truth,

worth and importance of an author is not to be measured by immediate and contemporary popularity, and, indeed, that literary history shows rather traces of a law of inverse ratio. But, in any case, this seems not an unfavorable juncture, now that we have before us, especially in the splendid Edinburgh Edition of the man's works, and now in the authentic notice of his *Life* by Sidney Colvin, his authorized biographer (in the "*Dictionary of National Biography*"), such ample and exact materials, to attempt a calm and no longer loss-impassioned estimate of Stevenson's merits and his place and significance in the literature of his country.

But in addition to the above sources, which lie open to all, the present writer may claim the great advantage of a personal acquaintance and friendship with our author, extending from their common school-days to that sad and sudden death in far Samoa. Here must the writer also acknowledge the great kindness of Mr. Sidney Colvin in giving him access to early proofs of the article for the *Dictionary*.

Then, as the reader may possibly and justifiably say, "Who after all is Stevenson, that I should read him or about him?" I shall first of all proceed to answer, *à la* Browning, my supposed

interlocutor, and state in general terms the claims of Stevenson and his works, or rather of his works and Stevenson—as the works in the first instance form the crucial point—to attention and regard.

Stevenson died in 1894, at the comparatively early age of 44, and, as appears from his posthumous works, in the height and ripeness—if indeed even then quite at the zenith—of his powers; yet, although all his life more or less of an invalid, and often apparently tottering at the very portals of death, he has left behind him, in the collected and completed Edinburgh Edition of his works, some twenty-eight volumes, representing at least thirty-five works, as originally given to the public. Now a man, or even a woman, may easily in that time have written twenty-eight, or even fifty-eight, volumes, all of which the world will willingly and deservedly forget. What, then, is exceptional in these volumes of Stevenson's? They are, in the first instance, the work of one of the most conscientious and exquisite stylists of his own or perhaps any day. What this means in point of labor alone, only an author of equally fine literary conscience can fully realize. But something of the pains which Stevenson bestowed on his work one may judge from the fact, which we have explicitly on his own authority, that in one of his books, "Prince Otto," most of the chapters were written five or six times over and one nine times. This no doubt was an exception, but it shows the high degree of conscientiousness of the artist in his works, and renders it ground for wonder and admiration that with such a method, or in spite of such a method, he accomplished so much.

What, then, is the nature of his work?

If we were in the first instance astonished by its quantity, judged by the physical disabilities of the man, we are

now amazed by its variety; for it cannot be classified under less than seven or eight distinct heads, some of which would even admit of sub-division.

The first class, for instance (named first from their being characteristic of his early period and also because it is possible that they may eventually—as with many they already do—take precedence of all that follows in permanence of interest), might easily admit of division. I gather, however, here together in one all his essays and travels, because they both issue purely from the thought and experience of the man himself, and depend for their interest solely on that thought and experience and on the manner and style in which these are expressed.

Under this head I range the following, with date of appearance in volume form:

"An Inland Voyage" (1878), "Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes" (1877), "Virginibus Puerisque" (1881), "Familiar Studies of Man and Books" (1882), "The Silverado Squatters" (1883), "Memories and Portraits" (1887), "Across the Plains" (1892), to which we may add "The Amateur Emigrant" and the "South Sea Letters," first reprinted in the Edinburgh Edition.

In the second class I would place his short stories, a branch of art quite distinct from and, by consent, more difficult to excel in than the novel, but in which Stevenson, adding the interest of narrative and character to charm of style, achieved many successes, and indeed remained almost without rival in English literature till the advent of Rudyard Kipling.

The volumes containing these are:

"New Arabian Nights" (1882), including "The Suicide Club," "The Rajah's Diamond," "A Lodging for the Night," etc., etc.; "More New Arabian Nights," "The Dynamiter" (1886), in conjunction with his wife, including "The

Squire of Dames," "The Superfluous Mansion," "Narrative of the Spirited Old Lady," etc., etc.; "The Merry Men and Other Tales" (1886), including "Will o' the Mill," "Markheim," "Thrawn Janet," "The Treasure of Franchard," etc., etc.

Thirdly, we come to his romances or novels, beginning with his world-famous boys' romance, "Treasure Island," and ending with the splendid fragment, "Weir of Hermiston," and the unfinished but engrossing narrative of "St. Ives." To this class pertain the following:

"Treasure Island" (1882), "Prince Otto" (1885), "Kidnapped" (1886), "The Wrong Box," in conjunction with his stepson, Lloyd Osbourne (1888), "The Master of Ballantrae" (1889), "The Wrecker" (1892), also in conjunction with Lloyd Osbourne, "Catriona" (1893), sequel to "Kidnapped," "The Ebb-tide" (1894), also collaborated with Lloyd Osbourne, and, posthumously published, "Weir of Hermiston," unfinished (1896), and "St. Ives" (1897), completed by Mr. Quiller-Couch.

We now come to a fourth class, which Stevenson himself calls fables, but which are rather stories with a symbolic or allegorical significance superadded. The most charming of these is the "Bottle Imp" and the most famous, that appalling parable of our higher and lower nature, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." These are all to be found either in "Island-Nights Entertainments" (1893), or in "The Strange

Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, with other Fables" (1896).

Stevenson never, even in his youth, took himself quite seriously as a poet or verse-writer; but that does not prevent our finding in his writings a fifth class of poetry, which, if unimportant in comparison with his prose, contains much that is fine and some, such as his "Child's Garden of Verses" and his South-Sea ballad, "The Song of Rá-héro," which are unique in their several ways.

Not unfrequently, beginning with his earliest publication, the historical tract, "The Pentland Rising," has Stevenson essayed to deal with facts historic or personal, and hence arises another class—even setting aside his historical novels—of history and biography. To this belong the aforesaid "Pentland Rising" (1866), several of his essays, as "John Knox in his Relation to Woman," the "Memoir of Fleeming Jenkin" (1887), the unfinished "Family of Engineers" (the Stevensons), and his "Footnote to History" (1893).¹

We may even form a seventh class, that of his dramatic works, such as "Deacon Brodie," "Robert Macaire," "Admiral Guinea" and "Beau Austin."

His "Vallma Letters" and his yet unpublished correspondence entitle Stevenson also to consideration as a letter-writer.

But most remarkable of all is it, that throughout all these eight categories, unless it be in his professedly dramatic

¹ This volume had in Germany a brief and unfortunate career. Published in English by Messrs. Tauchnitz, it gave offence to the government on account of some strictures it contained on certain German officials in Samoa, and brought down on publisher and printer a state prosecution, with the result that Baron Tauchnitz and the printer were sharply fined and the book proscribed, and, people say, burned. I recall this picturesque incident because a quite unwarrantable conclusion has been drawn from it, viz., that Stevenson was an enemy of Germany and the Germans. Stevenson was far too much of the cosmopolitan and

philosopher to cherish any such narrow aversion. But he was by nature an instinctive foe of Officialism as such, and by disposition, character and circumstance an enthusiastic champion (like Sir George Gray in New Zealand) of the native races; and he was also, as we shall see, a person of no small authority in Samoa. Hence his attack on these officials—one of them a Swede—who were eventually removed, can cause no surprise, nor furnish any real ground for attributing to him a prejudice, which his excellent relations with individual Germans in Samoa on the face of it amply disproves.

writings, it would be impossible to point to one in which his successes do not out-number his failures. It would be far juster indeed to apply to him the hackneyed but irreplaceable classic eulogium and say he touched nothing he did not adorn. And if we compare him with his contemporaries, or even such great names as Tennyson, Browning, Carlyle and Ruskin, this versatility gives him a grace and movement which is more taking than the fidelity of these, wrapt ever in their singing robes or prophetic mantles, to one literary domain.

In one respect Stevenson is singular among men of his own literary rank and time, viz., in this, that in an age when fiction, to which the bulk of his work belongs, is chiefly read and largely produced by women, he is not a woman's writer, but a man's; and his appeal among men is to the young rather than the old, but also to the cultured rather than the many. That Stevenson interests women comparatively little is not hard to understand. Burns, as you may remember, was chiefly proud of his famous battle-song, "*Scots wha hae,*" because, as he said, he had succeeded in writing a lyric that was not a love-poem. In prose romance Stevenson constantly emulates this feat in that he seeks to do without the love-interest: so that in many of his stories that interest is either a-wanting, secondary, or at least ineffective. This ineffectiveness arises from what I might call a want of intimacy in his handling of his female characters, which prevents their taking a strong hold on our interest. or, indeed, being real creations, as some of his men certainly are. This applies chiefly, as in the case of Scott, to ladies and more especially to young ones, and in both cases is due, I suspect, to a sort of chivalrous respect to the sanctities of refined maidenhood, which keep the author at too polite a distance

from his subject. His women, as a rule, are accessory rather than leading characters, and not, as in Shakespeare, Goethe and other great writers, the moving springs of the action, or, at least, the principal axes or pivots about which the main action revolves. In Stevenson's later work no doubt exceptions to this are to be found, especially in "*Catriona*" and "*Weir of Hermiston*," in the characters of Miss Grant and *Catriona* in the one, and of the elder Kirsty in the other.

But some fair objector may say that women do not read a book for the sake of its love-interest or its female characters. As to the first point I have not the moral courage to argue such a point with a lady, but will merely say that I am not for a moment maintaining that women are not fully alive to many other sources of interest,—even in fiction,—but that a story without love-interest has the same hold on them as one that possesses it, few, if any, will be bold enough to assert. Then, just as a boy, as a rule, likes stories about boys, a girl about girls, a man about men, and that because we love to identify ourselves with some character in the books we read, so a woman naturally prefers books in which her own sex is well represented and well depicted.

No; Stevenson's main appeal is in the first instance to men, especially to young men, and even to boys, although the latter are hardly able to appreciate the finer qualities of his works. These finer qualities, indeed, it requires no small amount of culture to appreciate, and when you find a true Stevensonian you may depend also on finding a foundation of good reading and culture and a development of the literary sense.

One reason why Stevenson is admired and, one may say, loved by the young,*

* A very pretty instance of this occurred to me when I had once in the presence of a young Scotch boy spoken, as he thought, disparagingly

is because he is really the champion of youth and, indeed, the Laureate of childhood. This is very marked in his early essays, as in the volume "*Virginibus Puerisque*," more particularly in such essays as "Crabbed Age and Youth," "Child's Play," etc., from the former of which I quote:

Nay, by managing its own work and following its own happy inspiration, youth is doing the best it can to endow the leisure of age. A full, busy youth is your only prelude to a self-contained and independent age; the muff inevitably develops into the bore. There are not many Dr. Johnsons to set forth upon their first romantic voyage at sixty-four. If we wish to scale Mont Blanc, or visit a thieves' kitchen in the East-End, to go down in a diving dress or up in a balloon, we must be about it while we are still young. It will not do to delay until we are clogged with prudence and limping with rheumatism, and people begin to ask us, "What does Gravity out of bed?" Youth is the time to go flashing from one end of the world to the other, both in mind and body; to try the manners of various nations; to hear the chimes at midnight; to see Sunrise in Town and Country; to be converted at a revival; to circumnavigate the metaphysics, write halting verses, run a mile to see a fire, and wait all day long in a theater to applaud Hernani. There is some meaning in the old theory of wild oats, and the man who has not had his green sickness and got done with it for good, is as little to be relied on as an unvaccinated infant.

* * * * *

When the old man waggles his head and says, "Ah, I thought so when I was your age," he has proved the youth's case. Doubtless, whether from growth of experience or decline of animal heat, he thinks so no longer. But he thought so when he was young; and all men have thought so while they were young, since there was dew in the morning and hawthorn in May;

of "*Treasure Island*." He strode up to me with the air of a young paladin, and, so to speak, flung me down the gauntlet. "It's a fine book!" says he, with the air of Fitz James defying a Highland clan.

and here is another young man adding his vote to those of previous generations and riveting another link to the testimony. It is as natural and as right for a young man to be imprudent and exaggerated, to live in swoops and circles, and to beat about his cage like any other wild thing newly captured, as it is for old men to turn gray, or mothers to love their offspring, or heroes to die for something more valuable than their lives.

Stevenson, especially in his earlier books, flies the colors of youth; asserts the right of youth to be young, and even to be foolish, as the old count foolishness; just as the old have the right to be old and to be wise, as the old count wisdom. In his later books again he seems inclined to atone for his early partisanship, and appears rather as the apologist and vindicator of age, even in so forbidding a representative as old Weir of Hermiston. Yet Stevenson retains always, as we shall see later, much of the boy and even of the child in his nature.

After striking these few preliminary chords, let us turn to the facts of his life.

Robert Louis Balfour Stevenson, as his original naming ran, was born on the 13th November, 1850, so that his birth may almost be said to mark the first year of the second half of the present century, a date not without its significance—just a half-century later than that of Heine, with whom he has points of resemblance—for few men have held so high a place or wielded so great an influence on English literature in the latter decades of the nineteenth century. His birth took place in Edinburgh, at No. 8 Howard Place, whence his family shortly removed, first to No. 1 Inverleith Terrace and, later on, to a larger house, No. 17 Heriot Row, where they remained till the death of his father in 1887. Here it was that Stevenson lived when I made his acquaintance at school.

Two other houses, besides those already mentioned, are closely connected with Stevenson's childhood, viz., Swanston Cottage, near the hamlet of that name on the northern slopes of the Pentland hills near Edinburgh, and Colinton Manse, a little further to the westward, the residence of his maternal grandfather, an old Scottish Presbyterian minister. Those who know Stevenson's essays, especially the volume, "Memories and Portraits," will have these scenes and their leading characters (the old Scotch gardener, the shepherd, the old minister, etc.) immortally embalmed for them. Here we have only space for a few lines descriptive of the Manse.

It was a place at that time like no other; the garden cut into provinces by a great hedge of beech, and overlooked by the church and the terrace of the churchyard, where the tombstones were thick, and after nightfall "spunkies"^{*} might be seen to dance, at least by children; flower-pots lying warm in sunshine; laurels and the great yew making elsewhere a pleasing horror of shade; the smell of water rising from all round, with an added bang of paper-mills; the sound of water everywhere and the sound of mills—the wheel and the dam singing their alternate strain; the birds from every bush and from every corner of the overhanging woods pealing out their notes till the air throbbed with them; and in the midst of all this the manse.

Swanston Cottage and its neighborhood is also frequently alluded to and described by our author, and perhaps most definitely and fully in his latest novel of all, "St. Ives." Of the working of his childish imagination amid these surroundings, there is abundant record in his charming "Child's Garden of Verses," as in this poem.

MY KINGDOM.

Down by a shining water-mill
I found a very little dell,
No higher than my head.

^{*} Spunkie: Scottish diminutive from Spunk (fire)—corpse-light, Jack o' lantern, etc.

The heather and the gorse about,
In summer bloom were coming out,
Some yellow and some red.

I called the little pool a sea,
The little hills were big to me;
For I am very small.
I made a boat—I made a town,
I searched the caverns up and down
And named them, one and all.

And all about was mine, I said,
The little sparrows overhead,
The little minnows, too.
This was the world and I was king;
For me the bees came by to sing,
For me the swallows flew.

I played there were no deeper seas,
Nor any wider plains than these,
Nor other kings than me.
At last I heard my mother call,
Out from the house at evenfall,
To call me home to tea.

And I must rise and leave my dell,
And leave my dimpled water-well,
And leave my heather blooms.
Alas! and as my house I neared,
How very large my nurse appeared,
How great and cool the rooms.

But before going further a word of Stevenson's parentage will not come amiss.

He was the only son of Thomas Stevenson, son of Robert Stevenson and brother of David and Alan Stevenson, all of the famous Edinburgh firm of civil engineers, and, through his many and invaluable improvements in the illumination of lighthouses, himself the most famous of the Scottish Stevensons till the advent of his brilliant son. Indeed, as the son himself relates, there were till lately quarters of the globe where the father was still the more famous. Besides his achievements as an engineer, must be set those of authorship, especially his contributions to the defence of Christianity, which he not only valued highly himself, but which were esteemed by an earnest public and praised by such men as Dr. Hutchison Stirling. Of his

character there is a reverent yet finely touched and discriminating sketch by the son in "Memories and Portraits." And it is through this father, strange as it may seem, that Stevenson gets the Celtic elements so marked in his person, character and genius; for his father's pedigree runs back to the Highland Clan Macgregor, the kin of Rob Roy.

Stevenson's mother was Margaret Isabella, youngest daughter of the Rev. James Balfour, minister of Colinton, Midlothian (see above). His grandfather again had been Professor of Moral Philosophy, etc., and his wife was daughter to the Rev. George Smith (referred to in Burns' Holy Fair), a woman of uncommon beauty and charm of manner. The Balfour of Burleigh, so splendidly described in Scott's "Old Mortality," was some sort of kin to these Balfours.

Louis—he was never, that I ever heard of, called by his first name—was always a delicate child and had several illnesses in his youth, notably an attack of gastric fever in 1858, through which he was tenderly nursed by his mother, and his nurse, Alison Cunningham, to whom he dedicates his "Child Garden of Verses." He was specially liable to take cold and, much as he loved Scotland and even Edinburgh in other respects, he bore a life-long grudge to the climate of his native city—a healthy climate to the robust, indeed, but cruel, especially in spring with its biting east winds and its mocking, treacherous sunshine, to the weak. Being an ailing and an only child, and his mother being likewise at this time delicate, his regular education was much interrupted from his having to spend his winters and springs abroad and in the south of England. From the ordinary standpoint he was rather a backward child, as he could not read till he was eight years of age. His mother and nurse, however, told

and read him countless stories, and the instinct of authorship was early awakened. At the age of six he dictated to his mother a "History of Moses," founded no doubt on the Bible narrative, but illustrated by himself with colored pictures, giving a very naïve presentment of the early Israelites, as these were depicted as wearing "cylinder" hats and smoking Dutch pipes. Stevenson showed thus early and continued throughout his career to show, like Goethe, Thackeray and other notable writers, an aptitude to express himself not only in words, but also in graphic form, with the pencil as well as with the pen. Indeed, so strong was this tendency with Stevenson that it was at one time doubtful whether he would not have followed Art rather than Letters as a profession. In the winter number of the "Studio" for 1896-97, two series of reproductions are given, one "Some Lead-pencil Drawings made in the neighborhood of Montastier, France" (see "Travels with a Donkey"), and the other "Robert Louis Stevenson, Illustrator," by the well-known artist and author, Joseph Pennell. These latter were taken from a series of *jeux d'esprit*, published and printed by Stevenson and his stepson Osbourne at their private press in Davos. These illustrations are quaint, humorous and even grotesque, and are much praised by Mr. Pennell for their technical qualities as wood cuts, and are certainly remarkable for the simplicity of means by which strong effects are produced, the high lights being sharply and trenchantly cut out from a dense black background. Crude and intentionally rough as these curious, white-out-of-black sketches are, they show at least a sense of sound method in the wood-cutter's art and a swift perception of essentials, so that it is hardly too much to say that we read here almost as readily some characteristics of the author's method and

aims as in a "Master of Ballantrae" or in "Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Still there is no cause for regret that Stevenson gave himself to letters, in so many departments of which he has shown undoubted technical mastery.

In his eighth year being particularly anxious to read "Cassell's Miscellany," he rapidly taught himself to read, a piece of self-education which probably accounts for an uncertainty on points of punctuation, and even spelling, by which he professes himself troubled to the end of his days. For, strange as it may seem to the pedant, a man may be a great writer and yet remain hazy to the last on certain minutiae of grammar, punctuation or spelling. Robert Browning, for example, publicly confesses his imperfect education in syntax, which he says was knocked into him "not with hob-nails, but tin tacks." The great Sir Walter signalized his secretaryship of the "Speculative Society" in Edinburgh University by invariably spelling Tuesday with a eu, not to speak of his general slovenliness of style both in prose and verse. I suspect the best prose writers, like poets, write by ear and give in the first instance little thought to spelling or even punctuation, which after all is only an imperfect and approximate method of indicating grammatical relations or even rhetorical effects.

Like other literary men in their childhood Stevenson was strongly attracted to the stage, and performed many wonderful and blood-curdling dramas on the boards of his own toy theatre. I sometimes think that this familiarity with the slaughter of cardboard crews and painted-paper pirates in his youth has something to do with that apparent callousness—not to say gusto—with which Stevenson handles the criminal and sanguinary in his books. The gentle, rather girlish boy, who I am sure was never responsible for a black eye or bloody nose among his

schoolfellows, and whose one attempt to play the "big boy" and bully was, to my knowledge, one of his failures, seems in private to have sated himself with theatrical and imaginary carnage. It is an element existing in most children, this delight in the horrible, in stories of wild beasts, pirates, cruel giants, wild Indians and such forbidding agents as death and pain. Such stories are, in a child's phrase I once heard, "awful and nice." Their relation produces on the well-cared-for child, safe in its snug nursery, a pleasing thrill of horror, happily compounded of half-belief and half-scepticism. Now I take it that the love of or the fascination for the horrible, which we undoubtedly find exemplified in Stevenson's works, is a trait of childhood, which has survived in him far more strongly than with most of us.

Stevenson's first school was Henderson's Preparatory School, Edinburgh (1858-61), whence he proceeded to the famous Edinburgh Academy, where it was found he could not attend regularly enough on account of his health, and a boarding-school near London was tried in 1863; but the absence from home did not suit the delicate sensitive child, and he was again removed to the care of a Mr. Robert Thomson, M. A., who kept a small day-school in Frederick street, Edinburgh, specially designed for backward or delicate boys. Here it was, in 1864, that I first met Stevenson, and we were much together till I left for Edinburgh University in the autumn of 1865. Stevenson remained there, I understand, some two years longer, with, as usual with him, frequent absences, caused by illnesses or by his enforced flights sunward and southward.

At school Stevenson was a quick and bright, but somewhat desultory scholar, and never—being encouraged in this position by his father—strove after distinction in his class. Nor was he want-

ing in liking or ability for his tasks, and at any rate French, Latin, and geometry were interesting and congenial studies to him. In Greek I doubt if he ever got very far, certainly never to the length of reading the original with ease and pleasure. In French he had the advantage of having been a good deal in the country, and already appreciated some of the beauties of French prose. Latin he enjoyed also from a literary and stylistic point of view, and some of the care and finish of his style and its frequent felicities may be traced back to his early love for Cicero and Horace, Ovid and Virgil.⁴

But he was already full of his own literary projects and activities, and we took, I fancy, a keener interest in the School Magazine (beginning modestly and dubiously under the title of "The Trial" to blossom forth later into the avowedly romantic "Jack o' Lantern") than in our more regular and legitimate studies. That we were rather ambitious is witnessed by the fact that we must needs run two serial stories abreast. One of these Stevenson wrote himself, while he and I collaborated over the other. He suggested and discussed with me the plot, which was of true Stevensonian type and was laid in the tropical island of Jamaica, and I wrote up the details (including a monstrous negro of colossal villany, with his headquarters in an appropriately horrible and inaccessible cavern) with such unfortunate vividness and effect that the story was speedily proscribed by my parents as sensational and either remained a torso, to use a fine phrase, or was finished single-handed by Stevenson.

Of Stevenson's appearance about this time the following lines from my own article in "Temple Bar" for March, 1895, will give the reader some idea,

and I quote them with the more confidence in that the descriptions in that article were approved and commended by Stevenson's mother,—

"In body Stevenson was assuredly badly set up. His limbs were long and lean and spidery, and his chest flat, so as almost to suggest some malnutrition, such sharp angles and corners did his joints make under his clothes. But in his face this was belied. His brow was oval and full, over soft brown eyes, that seemed already to have drunk the sunlight under southern vines. The whole face had a tendency to an oval, Madonna-like type. But, about the mouth and in the mirthful, mocking light of the eyes, there lingered ever a ready Autolycus roguery, that rather suggested the sly god Hermes masquerading as a mortal. Yet the eyes were always genial, however gayly the lights danced in them, but about the mouth there was something of trickery and mocking, as of a spirit that had already peeped behind the scenes of Life's pageant and more than guessed its unrealities."

There was always in Stevenson a great deal of the Bohemian in a rather innocent sense, and even of the *Stürmer-und-dränger*, so that while listening last winter to the highly interesting lectures of Professor Weissenfels (Freiburg i. Baden) on the young Goethe, I was not infrequently reminded of my friend Stevenson. His father and mother, for instance, present something of a parallel case to that of Goethe's parents; and he had consequently a similar struggle, before he was allowed to follow out as a profession his chosen and proper career. He had, like Goethe and the other *Stürmer-und-dränger*, an intense dislike to any fixed industry and especially to anything of the nature of office work. But in contrast to Goethe, on the other hand,

⁴ I do not think he was learning German when at school with me, but I understand he learnt

it later on, but never had the same familiarity and mastery of it that he had of French.

Stevenson was but little affected by his relations to women, and when this point is fully gone into it will probably be found that his mother and nurse in childhood and his wife and step-daughter in later life are about the only women who seriously influenced either his character or his art.

Stevenson's father was no despiser of literature, but he was anxious that his son should not take to it as a profession, but keep it as a hobby for his leisure; and this attitude of his is well-attested by the fact that Stevenson's first printed publication was produced at the father's instance and expense. This was the short historical tract or sketch depicting an unsuccessful revolt of the Scottish covenanters, which goes by the name of "The Pentland Rising." This brochure, which was probably part of a "covenanting novel," of which we shall hear later, was remarkable alike for its maturity and its promise. It is now extremely rare and much sought after by collectors, having on one occasion fetched more than three times its own weight in gold. This is, of course, no proof of its literary merit, but only a sign of the fervor of the Stevenson cult. The pamphlet is also an historical curiosity, being issued in the bi-centenary year of the ill-starred rising itself, *i.e.*, in 1866.

Of Stevenson's attitude towards his father's profession about two years later, we gather the best idea from these words of his own, from an essay called "Random Memories" (see "Across the Plains").

"Anstruther," he writes, "is a place sacred to the muse; she inspired (really to a considerable extent) Tennant's vernacular poem of "Anster Fair;" and I have waited upon her there myself with much devotion. This was when I came as a young man to glean engineering experience from the building of a breakwater. What I gleaned I am sure I don't know; but, indeed, I had already my own private deter-

mination to be an author; I loved the art of words, and the appearances of life; and 'travellers' and 'headers' and 'rubble' and 'polishing Ashlar' and '*pierres perdues*,' and even the thrilling question of the 'string-course' interested me only (if they interested me at all) as properties for some possible romance, or as words to add to my vocabulary. To grow a little catholic is the compensation of years; youth is one-eyed; and in those days, though I haunted the breakwater by day, and even loved the place for the sake of the sunshine, the thrilling sea-side air, the wash of the waves on the sea-face, the green glimmer of the diver's helmet far below, and the musical clinking of the masons, my one genuine preoccupation lay elsewhere, and my only industry was in the house when I was not on duty. I lodged with a certain Baillie Brown, a carpenter by trade; and there, as soon as dinner was despatched, in a chamber scented with dry rose-leaves, drew in my chair to the table and proceeded to pour forth literature, at such speed and with such intimations of early death and immortality, as I now look back upon with wonder. There it was I wrote '*Voces Fidelium*,' a series of dramatic monologues in verse; there that I indited the bulk of a covenanting novel (see above)—like so many others, never finished."

No trace is to be found, I believe, of either the covenanting novel or "*Voces Fidelium*," and although we can hardly but commend the wisdom of an author who puts his crude and tentative productions out of the reach of misguided admirers, still the biographer must lament the loss of material that would have helped to throw light on this stage of the author's progress and development.

Long before this, however, in spite of the flirtations with the muses here indicated, Stevenson had definitely selected prose as his vehicle rather than verse, and set about the formation of a prose style. To this he schooled himself with rigor and perseverance, carrying about with him constantly pencil

and note-books, in which he wrote down favorite passages from the authors whose style he admired and his own attempts in emulation of them. Invalid and almost weakling as he was physically, he owes his success greatly to sheer hard work, or, as he puts it himself, to "elbow-grease;" and he says, with a curious mixture of humility and self-satisfaction, he believes he had made more of his original talents, such as they were, than any of his contemporaries had of theirs. I may perhaps be indeed excused, as it so characteristic of this mixture of humility and self-confidence, quoting his judgment on myself when we were boys together. He said to his mother, "There's a fellow at school who has more ability than I have, but he does not know how to use it." However mistaken was the first part of this opinion, and it is characteristic of Stevenson to overestimate his friends and literary contemporaries, the second seems partly true, at least when compared with Stevenson's own shrewd self-judgment and its brilliant results. In choosing prose no doubt Stevenson chose a more hopeful and promising medium than verse, and with his marvellous prescience he perhaps foresaw the coming predominance of prose-fiction and the even unusual odds against which for the last fifteen or twenty years a verse-writer must contend. Nothing better exemplifies this than the limited circulation of Stevenson's own verse compared with his prose.

Both during the time that he was making trial of the engineering business and later, when he had decided to become an advocate, he matriculated and paid class fees at the University of Edinburgh. At the classes of the professors he was (according to his own account, probably in his usual mischievous spirit somewhat exaggerated)

conspicuous by his absence. The story goes that when he applied to a certain professor for a certificate of attendance, the professor declared he had never set eyes on him before. This, Stevenson had to admit, was highly probable, but so ingeniously and winningly did he plead his case that he did not leave without the required signature. He seems, indeed, to have found more interesting subjects of study outside the university curriculum than within it, and to have preferred the society of gay, brilliant, and I fear not always very steady, companions, to the grave themes of the professors, or even the time-honored professorial jokes, with which a Scotch professor is wont to delight successive generations of students.

The following description of our author at this period is quoted from "Robert Louis Stevenson: a Reminiscence," by Charles Lowe in the "Bookman," November, 1891.

"His whole appearance was much more indicative of the poet or aesthete than of the scientist, and yet here was this attractive youth tapping my shoulder in one of the front benches of the mathematical class-room. . . . From the mathematical class-room we hastened to repair to the privacy of a snug house of entertainment close by, called 'the Pump,' there to continue our discussion over Edinburgh ale and cold meat-plates, and I cannot remember that I ever spent a more pleasant or, indeed, a more inspiring hour in Auld Reekie⁸ than the first one I thus passed with Stevenson. From that single hour's conversation with the embryo author of 'Treasure Island,' I certainly derived more intellectual and personal stimulus than ever was imparted to me by any six months' course of lectures within the walls of 'good King James' College.' He was so perfectly frank and

⁸ Edinburgh, so called either from its smokiness or, as seems likely enough, to judge from

descriptions by Dunbar and others, from the prevalence of evil odors in its wynds and closes.

ingenuous, so ebullient and open-hearted, so sunny, so sparkling, so confiding, so vaulting in his literary ambitions, and withal so widely read and well-informed—notwithstanding his youth, for he could scarcely have been out of his teens—that I could not help saying to myself that here was a young man who commended himself more to my approval and emulation than any other of my fellow-students.”

These few lines of self-delineation refer to about the same period of his development,—

“He was of a conversable temper, and insatiably curious in the aspects of life and spent much of his time scraping acquaintance with all sorts of men and women kind.”

That he was not on the other hand without gifts in the direction of his father's department of work, is shown by his being awarded a silver medal by the Scottish Society of Arts in 1871 for “Suggested Improvements in Lighthouse Apparatus.” And one of his best and most intimate friends of this and later years was the highly gifted Henry Charles Fleeming Jenkin, professor of engineering, who, among his other genial gifts, possessed that of being an excellent amateur actor. In the theatrical entertainments that were frequent at his house, Stevenson took part, but without distinguishing himself.

At the same time it is no use denying the fact that during these days Stevenson's mode of life gave his parents genuine ground for anxiety, and in one of his last letters to me he points out the very spot where he had his most critical encounter with the tempter, from which he issued victorious. He had a notion, which seems to have haunted him, half as a pride and pleasure, half as a fate and terror, that he closely resembled Robert Fergusson, whom we may call the Scottish Chatterton, who “perished ere his prime,”

dying in a mad-house before completing his twenty-fourth year. Like Stevenson, Fergusson was naturally slight and delicate, and no doubt hastened his sad end by indiscretions of living which would hardly have affected one of more sound and robust physique. When Stevenson felt himself treading the same perilous path, Fergusson seems to have appeared as a warning phantom motioning him back. He certainly had some experience of what is called “life,” and was familiar (see “Misadventures of John Nicholson”) with haunts known only, in respectable Edinburgh, to the initiated. That he thus “sowed his wild oats,” or, in his own phrase, passed through his “green-sickness,” seems clear enough, and without committing ourselves to his position on this point, it may at least be said that the critical point in all such cases seems to be, not whether a man falls into certain follies, or, if you like, sins, for a time, but whether he has the force of character, like Prince Hal, to cast them behind him and play the man when his call comes. That Stevenson himself had this manhood, admits, I think, of no doubt. His relations to women were, for example, never those of a Burns, a Byron, or a Heine; nor had he in this direction the same tempestuous ungovernable passion, or, at least, the insatiable longing for the companionship and intimacy with the other sex which characterized these three, not to name others. If his art suffered from his virtue in this respect, his character remained the purer and nobler. Indeed, to anticipate for a moment, if we set aside the standards of the prude and the purist, there can be no doubt that, regarded humanly, honestly and fairly, Stevenson can be called nothing less than a good man.

Stevenson's university career had two periods, in the first of which he was still heading ostensibly in the di-

rection of engineering, and the second, in which, with his father's consent, he took up the study of law with the object of becoming an advocate of the Scottish Bar. This he accomplished, and in 1875, eight years after he first matriculated, he was, as it is termed, "called to the Bar." As an advocate he had no success, for after walking the floor of the Parliament House, as it is called in Edinburgh, along with other briefed and briefless advocates, and securing only one case, which brought him four guineas, he abandoned that practice and settled down seriously to his true life work of literature.

Already in 1873 had appeared his first contribution to regular periodical literature, a paper on "Roads" in the December number of the *Portfolio*, edited by Mr. P. G. Hamerton, a consistent friend and admirer of Stevenson. But the first I personally remember was the beautiful and pathetic "Ordered South" (*Macmillan's Magazine*, May, 1874), occasioned by a serious break-down in his health, which sent him to the Riviera—chiefly Mentone—for that winter. But already he was in the habit of making frequent excursions in Scotland, England and abroad, as Frankfort, the Black Forest and Normandy in 1872, the Western Isles (Scotland), Chester, Wales and Buckinghamshire in 1874.

"Now in 1875," writes Mr. Colvin, "began the first series of visits to the artistic settlements in the neighborhood of Fontainebleau, where his cousin, Mr. R. A. M. Stevenson, was for the time established. He found the forest climate restorative to his health, and the life and company of Brabizon and the other student resorts congenial. Their effects on his mind and talent can be gathered from the essays, "Forest Notes," "Village Communities of Painters," and the tales, "Providence and the Guitar," the "Treasure of Franchard," and the early chapters of "The

Wreckers." His other haunts about this time were his home in Edinburgh or at Swanston, in London, mostly at the Saville Club, and in Cambridge. He was soon on terms of friendship with such men as Leslie Stephen (editor of the *Academy*), Professor Clifford, Walter Pollock, Egmont Hake, Cosmo Monkhouse, Andrew Lang and Edmund Gosse, and, a little later, at Burford Bridge, with George Meredith, for whom he cherished a warm admiration. It was in company with Sir Walter Simpon, son of the world-famous promulgator of chloroform, that Stevenson made his canoe-trip in Belgium and France in 1876, which resulted in the production of his first printed book, "An Inland Voyage." Two years later he spent a month at Monastier in Velay, and took the memorable walk with his donkey and sleeping-sack, so delightfully and humorously recorded in "Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes," which, following on his "Picturesque Notes on Edinburgh," formed his third published volume. In the meantime he was contributing essays and stories to several magazines, and especially to *Cornhill*, where they appeared merely designated by his initials, which by some were taken for those of the editor. How distinctive and personal his style already was may be guessed from the fact that I could always recognize it from the first paragraph, and never recollect being at fault. One might almost define Stevenson's style in his essays by calling him a prose Horace, for to Horace has been attributed the quality of a *curiosa felicitas*, and in Stevenson these singular felicities of phrase are very numerous and striking. But perhaps a still greater charm than this is the sense of personal frankness and intimacy his writings convey to the reader. We do not conceive of the author as addressing us from the vantage-ground of platform or pulpit, or even seriously labor-

ing at his desk; we seem rather to be seated beside him, listening to his ripple of talk in the winter sunshine of Davos or Mentone, or drawing in our chairs round a steaming punch bowl in some snug inn-parlor, while his fancies disengage themselves as freely and naturally as the rings and ringlets of cigarette smoke follow each other upward from his lips. Stevenson had in fact thus early acquired what some writers never attain to: the art of conveying his personality, and that an interesting, picturesque and inviting one, to his readers. Hence it comes that no writer since Dickens has engaged the affections of his readers like Stevenson; in fact, when we consider how many hundreds of thousands in Great Britain and America alone had acquired this warm regard for him, and how much he was esteemed and loved by the natives of Samoa, where he spent his last years and where he died and laid his bones, one inclines to believe that few of his contemporaries had possessed themselves of so large a share of the affections of the human race.

About the same time as he was producing the kind of work we have classed together as essays and travels, he was also appearing as an author of our second class, viz., short stories. The very earliest of these were, "A Lodging for the Night," in *Temple Bar*, October, 1877, "The *Sieur de Maletroit's Door*," in the same magazine for January, 1878, and "Will o' the Mill," in *Cornhill Magazine* for the same month. There could be no doubt, to the discerning reader of these finely touched and at once vivid and delicately-drawn stories, that here was a domain in which Stevenson was also a master, and, indeed, he himself has never excelled these early efforts. "Will o' the Mill" was, as I know from his own lips, that which he set most store by, and we cannot wonder. It sets forth with idyl-

lic beauty one side of his curious doctrine of life's vanity, which lies behind and alternates with an almost feverish zest and appetite for living. Later in life, when his cousin, Graham Balfour, praised Will's philosophy, Stevenson repudiates it. It is not his whole philosophy certainly, but it is a side, a phase, a pole of it.

So Stevenson worked on, ever getting ardent admirers of the most covetable sort, but hardly cutting skin-deep into the insensitive hide of the "general reader." That was to come later, and in the meanwhile he "made salt to his kail," as the Scotch saying goes,—that is, he began partially to support himself by his pen. His name brought a certain blandness to the editorial temper, and, like an accomplished burglar, he was able to approach the publisher's "bull-dog" without fear. Matters were to go yet more smoothly later on, but in the meantime it was in his life that a new element appeared. It was an element of passion, or, at least, of strong attraction and attachment.

In France, about the year 1878, he met an American lady, Mrs. Osbourne (*née* Van de Grift), who, having left an uncongenial husband in California, was living with her son and daughter "in the art-student circles of Paris and Fontainebleau." There can be no doubt the attachment formed was strong on both sides, and the desire for each other's society one not readily put aside. Mrs. Osbourne returned to California early in 1879, and in a few months Stevenson followed her, travelling, partly for economy, partly for experience, in an emigrant ship. This was the most trying passage of Stevenson's life. His friends disapproved of his course of conduct. He supported himself entirely, and very economically, at Monterey and San Francisco by his writing. He was nursed through an almost fatal illness by Mrs. Osbourne, and finally, when she had ob-

tained a divorce⁶ from her husband, Stevenson married her in the spring of 1880. In August, 1880, his friends having become reconciled to the match, he brought his wife home and presented her to them. It so happened I was not introduced to her and only saw her at some little distance, and that in a carriage. I saw only a small, swart little American lady, whom I surmised, having heard she was already a grandmother, must be a good deal older than Stevenson. As a matter of fact, both Mrs. Stevenson and her daughter, Mrs. Strong, having married, Southern fashion, in their early teens, Mrs. Stevenson need not have been much over thirty at the time of her second marriage, and thus only a few years senior to her husband; and I take that to be pretty near the mark. From all I can gather, her attraction was not any great or strict beauty of feature, but in a magnetic force and fire which, for want of a better phrase, we may call mesmeric. The Samoans, very subject to such influences, stood, I believe, in some awe of her. But I have never heard anything to gainsay the idea one forms from the information already available, that she proved a faithful and loving wife, a brave and fitting comrade, a tender and skillful nurse (when her own ill health permitted) to the delicate, sensitive and much-suffering author. Herself already an author, she published the "Dynamiter" in conjunction with him, and is, I understand, responsible for nearly all the stories in that volume, though it is probable there are touches not a few by Stevenson himself, who possessed a peculiar gift of inserting such touches and giving the whole a Stevensonian ring, so that critics are, I believe, often sadly at fault in any attempts they make to discriminate between his own

work and that of his collaborators. "The Wrong Box," for example, was written in the first instance entirely by Lloyd Osbourne and merely touched up by Stevenson.

Stevenson's health was at this time precarious and unsatisfactory. "For the next seven or eight years," writes Mr. Colvin, "his life seemed to hang by a thread. Chronic lung disease, not of the tubercular, but of the less malignant fibroid or catarrhal type, had now declared itself, and the slightest exposure or exertion was apt to bring on a prostrating attack of cough, hemorrhage and fever. . . His life became that of an invalid, vainly seeking health by change of place, rarely out of the doctor's hands, often forbidden to speak (a deprivation almost as great to himself as to those about him), and for the most part denied the pleasures of out-door exercise. His courage, naturally of the kind that courts danger in a life of action and adventure, had to be trained to the passive mood of endurance under distressing physical disabilities. The trial was manfully borne; his presence never ceased to be sunshine to those about him, and in every interval of respite he worked with eager toil and in unremitting pursuit of the standards he had set before himself." In his search for health he spent two winters at Davos Platz, and there met and formed a warm friendship with a fellow-sufferer, John Adlington Symonds. While at Bræmar in the spring of 1881 the notion of writing a boy's book of adventure, such as he himself had used to delight in, occurred to him, and he started to write the "Sea Cook," afterwards "Treasure Island," and finished it in the autumn at Davos. Published first in "Young Folks," it created no great stir, but republished in book-form a year later it

⁶ It has been often stated, and I myself have been confidently told, that this divorce was "by consent." That, it appears, was not the case,

Mrs. Osbourne having sufficient ground for divorcing her husband under the marriage laws of the state of California.

reached a public able to appreciate its literary, imaginative and psychologic qualities, and at once created a kind of *furor*. It at once made its author famous and remains, with the possible exception of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," his most popular work. Nor is it difficult to understand its attraction, combining as it does charm of style, vividness and compactness of narration and the supreme fascination of one evil, but masterful, character, Long John Silver, who rivets the reader's attention throughout, even as the eyes of the Ancient Mariner held the Wedding Guest. Writing, as Stevenson did, purely to entertain and interest young people, there is little of his rather perplexing philosophy, which in a book like "Prince Otto" seems to mock and baffle our interest; and in others, like "Dr. Jekyll," "The Master of Ballantrae" and "Ebbtide," distresses us with a sense of moral and spiritual defeat and disaster. Something of the same sort applies to "Kidnapped," which appeared in 1886. In that year came also "Dr. Jekyll," a book which took the non-literary public by storm and was the sensation of the year. Stevenson's success as a writer was now fully assured, but it seems that up to this year, in which he scored two successes, he had never cleared more than three hundred pounds per annum. Even three hundred pounds a year, in a dear country like England, and for an invalid with a delicate wife, compelled constantly to travel, and whose doctor's bill alone must have been a formidable item, is hardly wealth. Still, from this point, his receipts from his writings must have grown with considerable speed, and he had at least attained the position of having secured a certain and good market for his books, and was indeed now sought after and even courted by editors and publishers. He had already published the most popular of his books, and stood in one

sense in the zenith of his fame, if not of his achievement. The remainder of his life was a continuation of the same heroic industry and endurance, and the same pathetic pursuit of possible conditions of life.

In 1887 the death of his father put an end to one of the strongest inducements he had to remain in Europe, and on August 17th of that year he left his native shores for the last time—taking his mother as well as his wife and step-son with him—and sailed for America. Too ill to accept the public ovations that had otherwise awaited him, he made the acquaintance and friendship of many distinguished Americans, his reputation there, in virtue of the profound impression created by "Dr. Jekyll," standing fully as high as at home. His health, however, received little benefit from the health resorts he tried on the American continent, and on June 26th the whole family, including, I fancy, his step-daughter Mrs. Strong, her husband and child, sailed on board the steam yacht "Cusco" (Captain Otis) for their memorable voyage among the South Sea Islands. Much pleasure and benefit issuing to him from this mode of life, Stevenson bought, in April, 1890, the property near Apla in the Samoan Island of Upolo, to which he gave the name Vallima ("five streams," though in fact there were but four). In the course of a few months he was installed there in a rough house, succeeded eventually by a better, which by additions and improvements grew to quite a mansion, which he called jocosely his Subpriorsford in reference to Scott's Abbotsford. In possession or in prospect of a handsome yearly income, Stevenson proceeded to spend it, or, indeed, in some measure to anticipate it, till there is no doubt that, like his illustrious predecessor in fiction, he became somewhat embarrassed, in spite of the fact that he was now receiving between three

and four thousand pounds a year. The estate itself swallowed much more than it gave. Stevenson kept a kind of open house like a feudal lord, and was surrounded by numerous native retainers, forming a sort of clan and "sporting" the Stewart tartan. The native Samoans were a people after Stevenson's own heart. They are beautiful, proud, poetic, impulsive children. In his establishment he was king and patriarch, and ruled with mild but inexorable justice, as a judge in a court of final appeal.

But one pretty incident can hardly be omitted before we draw all too quickly to the pathetic close. While Stevenson's friend Mataafa, one of the claimants for the throne in Upolo, was imprisoned by the European powers (American, English and German), along with the chiefs who had sided with him, Stevenson cheered their captivity with numerous presents of tobacco and other comforts such as they prized. On their release they came to thank him, and declared they must commemorate his kindness by some lasting work, so they decided to make a fine wide road to his house through the bush, a work involving great labor, a thing not loved by any Samoan and despised as unworthy by a chief. Despite all this, it was duly finished and opened with a great feast under the name, "The Road of the Loving-Heart." On another occasion his favorite body-servant, Sosimo, had very cleverly anticipated some of Stevenson's wants, and Stevenson had in Samoan fashion thanked him with the compliment, "Great is the Wisdom!" "Nay!" replied Sosimo with truer psychology than the great author, "Great is the Love."

As long as he remained in Samoa, Stevenson had, for him, marvellous health, but even a visit to Sydney would bring on a relapse. He worked both physically and mentally with

great vigor, rising very early and working till midday and sometimes longer—perhaps too long. To this period belong "The Master of Ballantrae," certainly, although gloomy and repellent as a story, one of his greatest, if not his greatest book, both for picturesque and narrative power and profound psychologic truth and subtlety of handling; "Ballads," containing some very powerful poetry, but falling quite flat with the public; "The Wreckers," in conjunction with Osbourne, a rather confused and confusing story, redeemed by much excellent work and the extraordinary vividness and power of the most sanguinary and horrible passages; "A Footnote to History," admirably written and notable for a magnificent portrayal of the hurricane in Apia Bay, where ironclads were tossed about like cock-boats, one being heaved bodily ashore and landed high and dry on her side, as a trophy of the titanic force and fury of the elements. To these one must add the charming "Catriona," sequel to "Kidnapped," and in the opinion of some critics an advance even on that, written in what I may call Stevenson's cheerier, daylight manner. In the "Ebb-tide," in which Osbourne had a share, we are back in the atmosphere of crime, blasphemy, drunkenness, greed and blood, in which, marvellously as it is portrayed, we wonder that the author himself can so long subsist. Here in the character of Huisti he plumbs the nadir of vulgar wickedness, as in the "Master of Ballantrae" he displays what one may call the sublime of refined and polished devilry. In the last year of his life he worked chiefly on "St. Ives" and "Weir of Hermiston," both of which exhibit not only unabated, but expanding powers—especially the latter work, of which he himself writes, "My success frightens me," and so, like a soldier charging home with "Victory" on his lips, he was suddenly

smitten by the long-threatening, long-delaying threat of death, and in a few hours from his first swift seizure lay silent for ever amid the grief-stricken company of his family and his faithful Samoan attendants. It was on the afternoon of the 4th December, 1894, after he had been working well and successfully, and was chatting cheerily with his wife, who was out of spirits and, indeed, oppressed with a presentiment of coming evil, he suddenly clapped his hands to his head, crying, "What's that?" fell on his knees by his wife, was helped into an old arm-chair of his grandfather's, and so, his warfare being accomplished, he fell asleep.

By the morning his devoted Samoans had cut an almost perpendicular pathway to the top of the mountain Vaëa, which he had designed as his last resting-place. Thither with almost herculean labors they bore him, and decked his grave with costly presents of the most valuable and highly prized mats. There he lies, by a strange, ironic fate, under other stars than ours. Driven forth not, thank God, by neglect nor by any injustice of man, but by the scourge of sickness and threat of death and the unfriendliness of his native skies into his beautiful exile amid tropic seas, he draws and long will

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draw, perhaps while the language lasts, with a strange tenderness the hearts of men to that far and lonely Samoan mount.

The actual cause of death was apoplexy, promoted perhaps by over-application, but really an outcome of his original lung-trouble; for the wasted lungs could not do the work demanded of them by his physical and mental activity, and, indeed, his healthiness in other respects may, paradoxical as it seems, have fought against him. His "Vaillima Letters" show that, in spite of this comparative healthiness, he was not without a presentiment of coming evil; indeed, one of his letters written in 1894 to me reads now like a prophesy of his death. But he had his wish. His one fear and horror was of "dying at the top." From that he certainly was saved, though the very same disease that carried him off might have left him to linger out years of mental and bodily helplessness and decay. No, if the gods loved him not well enough to claim him in his youth, they at least were not willing that so bright a flower of genius should be left to wilt and fade; or perhaps they envied us our *Tusitala*' (Teller of Tales), and would fain have him for minstrel at their Olympian feasts.

H. B. Baildon.

THE LITERATURE OF SNIPPETS.

About eighteen years ago, an enterprising editor began, in a very modest way, to issue a weekly collection of extracts "from all the most interesting books, periodicals and contributors in the world." It is probable that very few, and the inventor of this happy thought least of all, imagined that the

seed so unobtrusively sown was destined to be the parent of a harvest of literary docks and darnels absolutely unprecedented in the history of man. The new venture found first hundreds of readers, and then thousands; some ten years ago, its success became notorious, and a host of rivals determined

to prove to the original editor that he had no copyright in his idea. A whole tribe of weeklies appeared, each closely imitating the parent journal, each asserting that its intention was "to interest, to elevate and to amuse." Of these a few have forced their way to the front, and compete with their predecessor in a settled success. Others, in astonishing number, come forth, and run their little course upon the book-stalls, and disappear. Every railway station displays them, in multi-colored rank on rank—orange and sage-green and dull pink, golden yellow and lead-blue and buff—all thronged with advertisements, each for the price of one penny offering snacks and snippets of instruction, elevation and amusement.

We believe that the effect of all this gaudy, kaleidoscopic literature on the minds of the generation which is just passing from boyhood to manhood is immense, and, *pace* Canon Scott-Holland, emphatically bad. Thousands of unformed minds receive no mental discipline but what these scrappy journals supply for a modest penny. You slip your copper coin into the slot, and by a mechanical process you are instructed, elevated and amused. We are bound to say that we are unable, after a wide comparative study of these journals, to admit that the three aims of which they boast are carried out to an equal degree. The purpose is, first of all, to amuse at any cost, and to instruct in a strictly secondary degree. To elevate seems entirely neglected: nothing could be less elevating than the whole tendency and character of these papers. We are not sanguine, we confess, that any efforts of ours will stem, for a moment, the tide of emptiness and folly on which this rainbow-colored literature floats and flaunts itself. Here, we are afraid, is a supply which answers more and more to an imperative demand. The production of all this penny-in-the-slot journalism has led to the

formation of a large public which not only reads it with avidity, but reads nothing else, and is thereby so demoralized that it loses the power of exercising any intelligent persistence. The snippet journals are educating a vast population into an inability to fix the attention on any subject whatever for more than, say, two minutes at a time.

Our readers, we know, belong to the dwindling minority which does not find its intellectual pastime in these compendiums of scissor-cuttings. We believe, therefore, that a statement, offered without prejudice, of what these penny journals really do present to their myriad subscribers, will not be unwelcome. In the first place, the idea that anything immoral or "improper" is printed in these popular papers is a complete error. The jesting in some of the vulgarer "comic" journals is occasionally rather gross, but nothing could surpass its intensity of moral purpose. The Nonconformist conscience leans back in its padded chair, with a lapful of scraps, in buff and pink and green, and finds not a word or a thought which, in its own vernacular, "could bring a blush to the cheek of a young person." We are tempted to say that the morality of the colored journal is one of its faults, so utterly empty and conventional is it, so indicative of a timid and insincere outlook upon life. In this twilight of the lower middle classes, all the cats are gray. We are willing, however, to commend this decency for what it is worth, and to admit that the absence of any approach to license contrasts favorably with the carnal obsession of the French or Italian newspapers of the same class. When we have said this, our commendation of the so-called "comic" papers must cease. The fun in their illustrations and their text alike is of the poorest, the most monotonous, the most degrading kind, and from week to week, in journal upon journal, the

same sort of pictorial practical joke, preposterously violent, recurs over and over again with so amazing a want of freshness that it is difficult to understand how such jaded merriment can be offered to the youngest subscriber with the faintest hope of awakening a smile.

When we turn to the serious part of these journals, however, we find that what the convinced lover of snippet literature really desires is decorous enough. No joint of information is put upon the table, but there is supplied a bewildering profusion of science tabloids, and dish upon dish of literary mince. Here we find, for instance, in twenty-five lines, a complete history and geography of Christmas Island. An essay on training-ships for sailors is finished in twenty-four lines. The biography of a successful Russian engineer is exhaustively treated in twenty-six lines. All information is, in this way, cut down on the Procrustean bed of brevity, and what the nature of it is, is of no consequence, if it is only succinct and short. Hence, in breathless haste, we pass from "Remarkable Flags" to the "Newest Fixed Star," and back by the annals of the Pharmaceutical Society to the statistics of heavy football teams. We are informed, in exactly the same style, about "A Gold Mine on the Kaiser's Upper Lip" and about the new satellite of Saturn, while improvements in the cinematograph jostle the ancient dialects of Mexico. The ingenuity shown in rummaging the visible and invisible worlds for the siftings and scrapings of information is really laudable, and we need not reproach the compilers with an accuracy to which they make no claim. Their object, frankly confessed, is to concentrate the attention of idle-minded readers for the shortest practicable space of time.

We have made various experiments as to the amount of time which these

journals have decided should be given to each of their snippets. In other words, their business being accurately to gauge the duration of their readers' capacity for concentration, we have taken for granted that they have now discovered it, and have come to the conclusion that the space in which the attention of a reader can be held is not safely to be extended beyond eighty seconds. To read the longest average snippet aloud, and to dwell proportionately on what it purveys, does not, we find, take any longer than this, and the only exceptions to this rule of brevity are the passages of fiction, which demand no attention at all, and the "competitions," which excite the commercial instincts of the reader, and are, without doubt, the mainstay of all these publications. When you are offered "cash £100 prize and two hundred handsome consolation gifts," or a "£2-a-Week-for-Life Competition," or a "£1,000 insurance," the attention that was so sluggish with regard to "Plant Hygiene" or "Peerages to Let," becomes amazingly brightened up, and will remain for hours in alert consideration of the rubbishy questions with answers to which the "coupons" must be filled. That this latter form of half-concealed gambling is the real source of the success of the penny journals is not yet openly acknowledged. But these are the only portions of this literature on which the reader is supposed to be able to prolong his attention beyond the time indicated.

We propose to take no other feature of snippet literature into consideration to-day. Its brevity is, perhaps, its greatest curse. It is, as we have said, encouraging a vast population of readers to grow up with brains which become fatigued, and hopelessly inattentive, if a mental effort is demanded for more than eighty seconds. It assumes that information is welcome to the mind, but that the modern reader is

incapable of pursuing it to its sources, or holding it when it is presented to him. We believe that the old habit of reading standard works in poetry or history or biography is almost extinct among young readers to-day. For the chronicle of the early growth and slow intellectual development of a celebrated character, crude anecdotes are substituted, as in one of the papers now before us, where we are informed, under the head of "literature," that a well-known and much-esteemed author of to-day "with the proceeds of some blueberries, sold to the mother of her future husband, bought the pencil with which her first story was written." This is the fabulous and vulgar trash which takes the place of history and criticism, and this is the full extent to which the editors of these journals can venture to tax the strained attention of their readers with the exhausting topic of "literature."

It is useless to resist these abuses of the printing-press, but we think the nul-

sance which they cause worth protesting against. Cheaply illustrated and still more cheaply edited, with scissors and paste instead of independent thought, they are aiding in the mental deterioration of hundreds and thousands of young minds. They weaken the power of the brain in assimilating information, they reduce to a minimum its capacity for retaining and connecting ideas. The only hope we have is that when the whole generation has been fed upon nothing but pap and mince-meat, there will come a revolt against the purveyors of this miserable diet, and that the victims of violent mental indigestion will decide that their children shall, at least, not be fed upon the trash which was supplied to them. But they will not be able to concentrate their attention on their sufferings for more than eighty seconds at most, and this is hardly a long enough time to determine upon a plan of revolution.

The Saturday Review.

LIFE AND DEATH.

Stronger than life is death, for all things die.
Stronger than death is life, for death is nought.
Life—what is life? A flash that streaks the sky.
Death—what is death? A name, a haunting thought.
Stronger than life is death, for death subdues
Life's flaring torchlight with its argent rays.
Stronger than death is life, for life renews
Through death the firesprings of its vanished days.
Stronger than life is love, for love's warm breath
Kindles and keeps aglow life's myriad fires.
Stronger than death is love, for love through death
Kindles a larger life when life expires.
Life—what is life? Love's foreglow in the skies.
Death—what is death? Love dawning on our eyes.

From The Silence of Love.

Edmond Holmes.

WOMEN AND SCIENCE.

We understand the admiration excited by the idea of Mrs. Ayrton's lecture better than the surprise. That lady delivered a discourse before the institute of Electrical Engineers upon "the hissing of the electric arc," and as she has a high reputation as an investigator, a considerable audience of skilled electricians assembled, obviously ready to listen carefully to any new facts that she might be able to present. The announcement has attracted unusual attention, and half the journals in the Kingdom are expressing in courteous terms their surprise that a woman should have so mastered so difficult experimental science that its experts think it worth while to listen to her opinion. Why? We are aware that thirty years ago, when women first made their demand for more thorough education, it was fancied that they might succeed in classics, *belles-lettres*, and even in history, but that they would never do anything in mathematics or science; but we supposed that experience had dissipated that illusion. The whole educational history of that period shows that women have a distinct proclivity towards science and mathematics, finding them less exhausting and easier than either history or classics. Hundreds have passed well in mathematics, and, though few may have reached Mrs. Ayrton's level, hundreds more are engaged in scientific investigation, many of them as assistants to the greatest scientific men of the day. The truth is, we believe, that women, so far from being incapable of studying the exact sciences, have a natural capacity for comprehending them. Owing, probably, to the eagerness of the sex to please, men have made a mistake as to the character of their special intelli-

gence. Their defect is not want of the power of rigid thinking, but deficiency of imagination as well as of creative force. They produce no poets of the first, scarcely even of the second, class, for if Mrs. E. Barrett Browning wrote "The Great God Pan," which Shakespeare might have written, she also published some sad stuff. They have not been original even in music, for which they have had opportunities as good as those of men; but their ratiocinative faculties are admirable, and they can learn anything which requires only logical deduction from accepted facts. They can think along a groove, so to speak, better than men, and arrive not only quicker at conclusions, but at conclusions which are more accurate. There is not a Board-school in the country where inspectors do not find that the girls beat the boys as arithmeticians, and their superior popularity on the Continent as accountants is not due only to their superior honesty or their readiness to accept less pay. They are most trusted, indeed, by fathers and husbands who do not intend to pay them. The truth is, that granted the premises, women draw the deductions with singular rapidity and accuracy, leaping to conclusions with a facility which has induced many acute observers to credit them with a separate faculty of insight, distinct not only in degree, but in kind, from that of men, who often in comparison seem positively stupid, whereas they are only slow. Add to this their capacity for accepting hypotheses as instruments of thought, and so reducing series of facts to some general law; and their habit of interest in details, and we have all the equipment in the way of natural or acquired faculties necessary to admirable investi-

gators. They watch as entomologists with the unwearied patience which produces a Miss Ormerod; they are succeeding as botanists; and we shall be greatly surprised if during the next century there are not many among them to whom men will acknowledge their obligations as investigating chemists and calculating astronomers. There is nothing in any of those studies to which their powers are inadequate, and now that the road is so much more open those powers will be used. They cannot create, by natural law, but they can search, and draw from their searching accurate deduction. Men have demanded of them abstract thought, whereas they, far more than men, demand concrete bases for thinking; but those bases granted, they can go forward unhesitatingly until they reach the point where the links break, and they must fill up the hiatus from the strength of their imaginations. Then they usually fail. There is no reason whatever, for instance, in the structure of their minds why the next great success in agriculture, which would do more for mankind than almost any triumph of the investigator, should not be achieved by a woman.

The weak point in feminine thinking, as the present writer conceives, is exactly the contrary of the one usually attributed to them. They think too much of each fact as they ascertain it, carry it on too logically, have too mathematical a mode of computation, or, as the case is stated in popular parlance, take everything too hard. They do not recognize sufficiently that even as regards facts most conclusions ought to be merely provisional, and are consequently defective, not in insight or acumen, but in largeness of view. It is very difficult for a woman not to hold her "view" on any subject, concrete or abstract, as if it were not open to refutation from new discoveries, to believe that a law true as regards one people

can be false as regards another, to conceive that the thing she has recognized in one situation may in another be exposed to unseen influences which modify its very nature. Women are very slow to recognize the great truth embodied in the words "compensations in character." That is the reason why, though they are gifted with more insight into character than men, they are often so profoundly puzzled by what they think men's perversities, occasionally even living for years with fathers, husbands, and sons whom they are aware in some dim way they do not "quite understand." That defect, due to a certain want of imagination, may always prevent their producing Newtons, or even Galvanis; but it probably up to a point strengthens their power of investigation and of drawing true inductions from the facts which they discover. The majority of men of science are not Newtons either, and some of the most successful among them have been singularly deficient in imagination. Darwin thought, accurately or inaccurately, that he was; and that he did not even comprehend work which was the outcome of that faculty. He probably underrated himself, for the conception by which he is best known is in a high degree imaginative, but that was his belief; and every woman of science is in her way a Darwin as he appeared to Darwin himself,—that is, a being who can observe with endless patience, and from a mass of facts draw a deduction which, subject to other unperceived facts, is accurate.

There is, of course, nothing in this argument, whatever its value, fatal to the chance that a woman of genius may arise even in the department of physics, and prove, as it were, at a blow that all general appreciations have been ludicrously wrong. Whatever the true definition of genius, whether, as many think, it is the power of taking infinite pains, or, as we should rather

say, the power of seeing intuitively and clearly what others see more dimly by study and reflection, it cannot by possibility be confined to one sex. The woman's brain is the man's brain, though it works under different conditions; and it is absurd to decide that it will never in any instance reveal equal powers of thought, or of acting with that intuition which, however we may explain it, transcends ordinary thinking power. There may be a "calculating girl" tomorrow whose perception of the way numbers combine may be brighter and deeper than that of any "calculating boy." All that there is any reason for saying is that this has not occurred yet, and that the usual plea, lack of opportunity, does not quite sufficiently explain the facts. It is, for instance, difficult to see why women should not excel men in poetry, or in dramatic creation, or in music, or in painting, or

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in theology, or, we are under strong temptation to add, in the work of legislation. They have had the fullest opportunities in all those departments of effort, and have as yet accomplished nothing which can be ranked as equal to the best men's work. As Ebenezer Elliott sang,—

She hath no Raphael, painting saith;
No Newton, learning cries;
Show us her steamship, her Macbeth,
Her thought-won victories.

The future may yet reveal them, and, meanwhile, we only contend that any inferiority in the work of women is due rather to their brains working too much than too little in the mathematical direction. They will produce a Laplace or a Lord Kelvin before they produce a Paul of Tarsus or a Shakespeare.

THE MOAT.

Around this lichened home of hoary peace,
Invulnerable in its glassy moat,
A breath of ghostly summers seems to float
And murmur 'mid the immemorial trees.
The tender slopes, where cattle browse at ease,
Swell softly, like a pigeon's emerald throat;
And self-oblivious Time forgets to note
The flight of velvet-footed centuries.

The golden sunshine, netted in the close,
Sleeps indolently by the Yew's slow shade;
Still, as some relic an old master made,
The jewelled peacock's rich enamel glows,
And on yon mossy wall that youthful rose
Blooms like a rose which never means to fade.

Mathilde Blind.

